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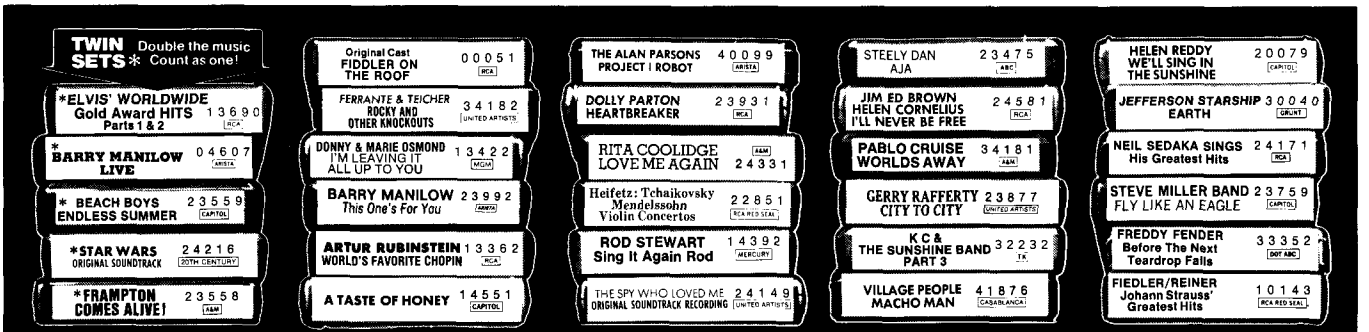
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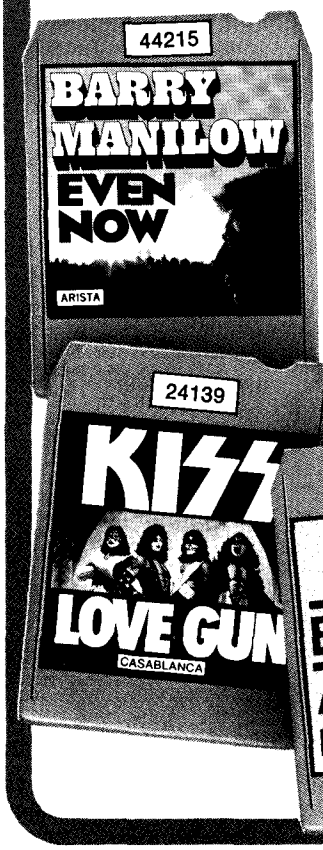

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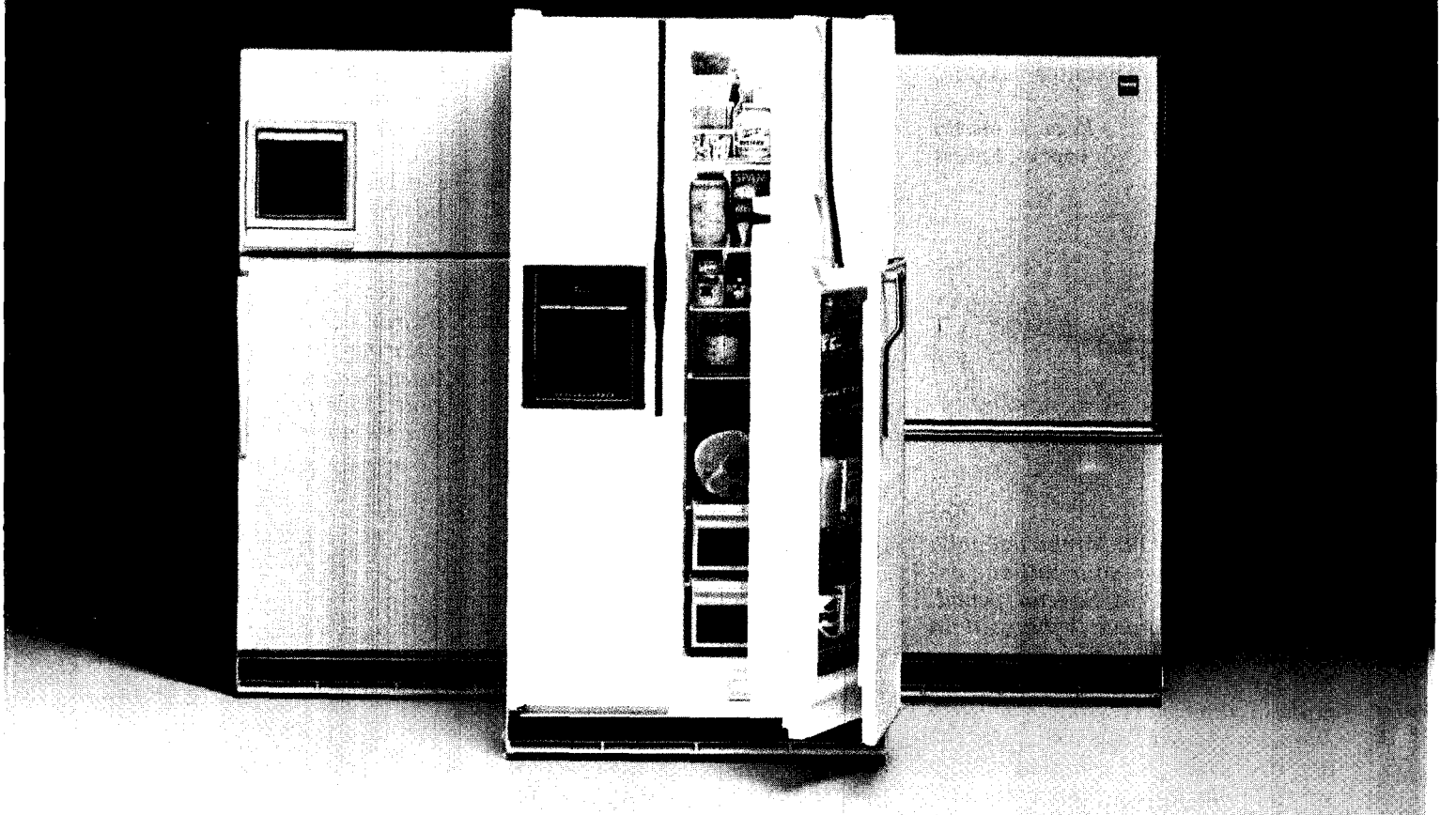

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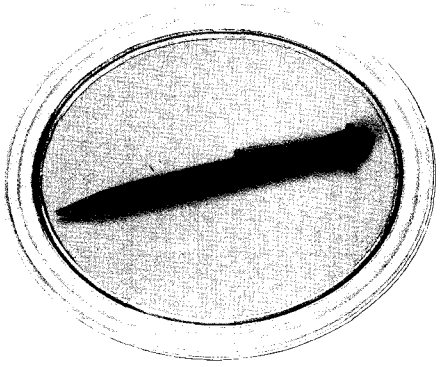
Letters to the Editor

Charitable Antique

I am enclosing an old pencil which may be of interest to you for your company archives. I am disposing of my 40-year-old pencil collection and donating money to the American Diabetes Association, a nonprofit group. If this pencil is of interest to you, I will appreciate your donation check to the American Diabetes Assoc.

Edgar L. Martin
Topeka, Kansas



Editor's Note: Our archivist, who was happy to buy your antique engraved SatEvePost *Special pencil, is having it framed to hang it in our museum. We are sending you $50 for the pencil so that you can make a donation to the American Diabetes Association and take the tax deduction for yourself. Since you like old things, please come to visit our archives (250 years' worth of it) in Indianapolis.*

We collect old memorabilia about the SatEvePost, *Benjamin Franklin,* The Country Gent, *Cyrus Curtis, and Norman Rockwell. What a good idea you had—to raise money for the ADA with your pencil collection. Good luck!*

Remember When

In this so-called enlightened age, how can one thank you properly for such a magazine? No matter who enters my home, I never find it necessary to "cover up" an objectionable cover picture. I am never embarrassed by an article that I am reading. The *Post* is the same great magazine that graced my table in the days of covers by Norman Rockwell. The contents hold my attention until I have read every article. Ads? There are a great many, but I know that they are essential. And the clever cartoons are just like in the "old days."

May the *Post* live many more years than I so that my grandchildren may say, "Grandpa and Grandma used to take this magazine."

Laura B. Lobeck
Hammondsport, New York

Norman Rockwell

I want to write and thank you for putting together the beautiful tribute to Norman Rockwell in your February 1979 issue. It will be treasured, along with our collection of books, prints, calendar pictures, etc., by a dear and humble man. As a fellow Iowan, we always felt he was painting us.

I, too, would like to relate a little story on Norman Rockwell's kindness. In 1971 I purchased the large volume *Norman Rockwell Illustrator* to present to my husband for a Christmas gift. He had sold *The Saturday Evening Post* door to door as a young lad, and Mr. Rockwell captured his interest at a young age. I thought, if only I could get Mr. Rockwell's autograph for the book, it would truly please my husband. So I wrote to him, never expecting to hear from him, as I knew he was getting on in years and was still a very busy man. Within a week, I not only had a personally inscribed autograph, "My best wishes to Al Riley, Jr., Cordially, Norman Rockwell," but the nicest personal letter to me as well.

May God bless your work and may a little of the goodness and talent of Rockwell enrich all of our lives.

Kathleen M. Riley
New Hampton, Iowa

Artistic Roles

One of my favorite Norman Rockwell covers over the years is the hilarious conference of big league baseball umpires having a summit conference as to whether the few drops of rain falling on the game will abate or turn into a downpour. Brooklyn is playing Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh is one run ahead in the beginning of the sixth, and the Brooklyn manager is gleefully informing the Pitt manager that if the game is called on account of rain, it will have to be played over and the Pitt run will be washed out.

Wonderful! That man Rockwell. . .how did he ever work out such situations?

And what types. How true to life!

I feel that way about everything he did.

Paul Barker
Los Angeles, California

Editor's Note: You'll enjoy the painting even more when you learn—unless you knew it before—that Rockwell, the master, actually assembled as his models for this

great picture real umpires Larry Goetz, Beans Reardon, and Lou Jorda, and posing as the managers in the background for this 1949 cover are Dodgers coach Clyde Sukeforth and Pirates manager Bill Meyer. Once again, Rockwell was a perfectionist to the core.

Thanks, SatEvePost

In recent years I've lost many old friends, which is sad indeed, and I cannot tell you how good it is to enjoy again the privilege of reading about Norman Rockwell in the good, ole SEP.

S.S. Sawyer
Jacksonville, Florida

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A Tribute To America's Best-Loved Artist

Norman Rockwell

"Triple Self-Portrait"

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A LETTER FROM IRAN

A young American engineer, working in Tehran at the height of the uproar over the Shah, reports the action from a seat on the 50-yard barricades: a career demolished, but some good skiing discovered.

by Paul SerVaas

The electric power's off again tonight so I'm writing by candlelight. I'm still cold for lack of heating oil and have only cooking gas for perhaps another week.

For my company, it's over here, for now. A lot of jobs and dreams are down the drain for the engineers who came here. All of the American corporations are cutting back drastically on future plans, or icing them. One thing seems sure, regardless of what happens, Iran will be heading for more social welfare and agriculture improvements with less priority for defense spending and large construction projects.

Rumors are wild about what's going on in town. We heard that the water shot at rioters was tinted with purple dye so that the troublemakers could be spotted if they're hurt, or apprehended later. I wasn't sure it was true, but yesterday I did notice what appeared to be lavender-colored water being hosed into a crowd of rioters who were burning cars.

A neighbor whose son was killed in a riot claims he was charged 500 rials (approximately $6.25) per bullet to get his son's body out of the hospital. Rumor has it that this is the policy to discourage violations.

For some friends I have been taking care of a car, a motorcycle, and three dogs. I was on the motorcycle on my way to my friend's house to feed his dogs when I was blocked by gathering crowds on both sides and surrounded. I was wearing a helmet and had hoped they would not notice that I wasn't an Iranian. I simply drove into the wrong place at the wrong time. Suddenly there was a fire blockade on the road in front of me, and then one behind. I just had to run the gauntlet at high speed, straight forward, skim around the right end of the blaze, and, a few flung rocks and skids later, I was in the clear, shaky but without wounds.

The water board never did go on strike (after I stockpiled a lot of water), but gasoline is in pitifully short supply. Soldiers guard the stations to keep order. On two different occasions I saw soldiers fire shots into the air to stop people from trying to take over the pumps. Iranians aren't used to waiting in single-file lines. It is almost funny to see the soldiers pointing guns at just about each individual car to keep them in a queue. There is a mob scene around every filling station. The gas lines can be as long as 3 kilometers. A lot of stations are shut down with people in line just anticipating gas arrival. Having gas is like having uranium.

The black market price for gas is ten times the official rate. A friend paid $100 to go 60 miles and $30 to get a short distance from the airport. It is really much more serious than the gas shortage in the U.S. a few years ago. Here, if trucks can't get gas, no food can get to the city. This is a car and truck oriented society. Since the fuel shortage has become so acute, it seems there are fewer fires.

Rioters have burned out the cinemas. They don't

Editor's Note: The author, a 23-year-old engineer in Iran, has been there for nine months. He arrived from the U.S. by way of Alaska, Australia, South Africa, and a climb to the summit of Mt. Kilimanjaro, working his way from one adventure to another.

Entrance to a "modest" summer home on the shore of the Caspian Sea. Its back faces seawards.

Iran is rent with conflicting opinions on the values of rapid Westernization. However, this scene suggests that some values can be compatible—it is that of a man-made reservoir, which offers power facilities while preserving natural beauty.

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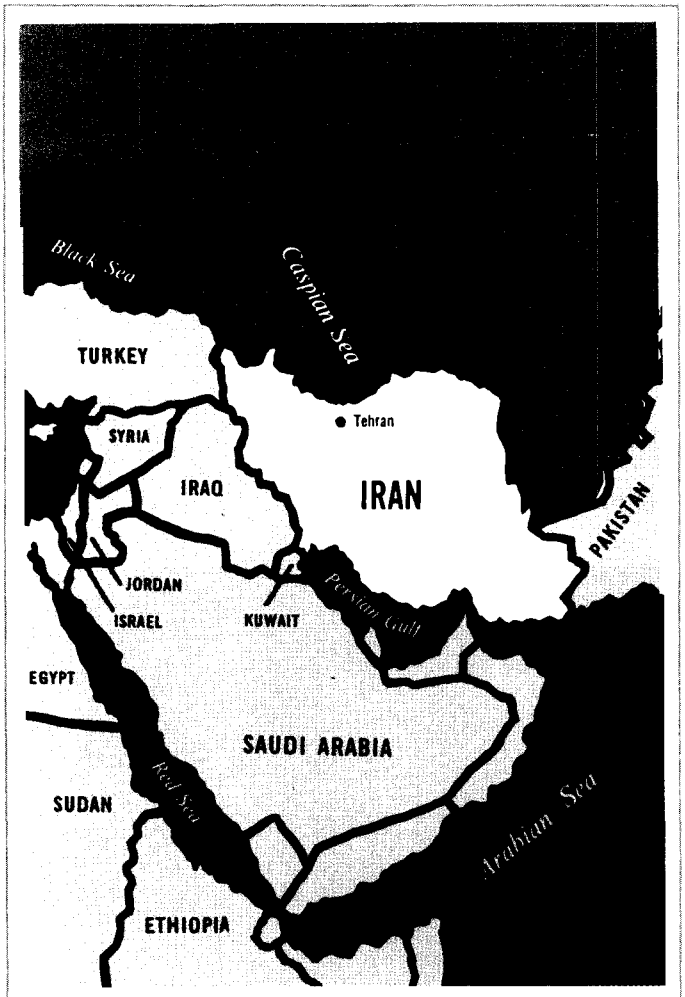


This map highlights the ticklish geographical situation of Iran in view of current political pressures: to the north, a 1,100-mile frontier shared with Russia; to the west, Turkey, allied with U.S. and European interests; southwest, the rival oil-producing nations of OPEC; to the east, Afghanistan, under strong Russian influence, and Pakistan, at odds with India.

In Iran, towering mountains of Alpine dimensions suddenly drop into coastal plains. These peaks are in the northern range, and the White River in the foreground drains into the Caspian.

like theaters because they think that movies are against the Islamic religion.

The people have never had so much freedom before and it seems as if they do not know how to use it. The congress is powerless and even the taxi drivers laugh at the impotence of the politicians.

Many conservatives have been against the Shah because they say he was giving the country too much freedom too fast. The religious leaders stood against the Shah because he attempted to modernize the country and to institute land reform. He took land away from the powerful religious leaders.

The priests (mullahs) in Iran are not like our clerics in the U.S. They have, or appear to have, a great deal of money, land, and material wealth.

Many factions of political thought turned against the Shah, all the way from communists and socialists to conservatives. Americans I know have strong feelings—mostly at one extreme or the other—about the Shah.

I've moved out of the company guesthouse and now live with a group of people who work for Bell Helicopter. In Tehran, food is not so bad pricewise, but housing is murder. I live in a suburb called Tajrish, in the foothills above the city. The house is a stone's throw from the field where *Time* magazine showed all those people praying last fall.

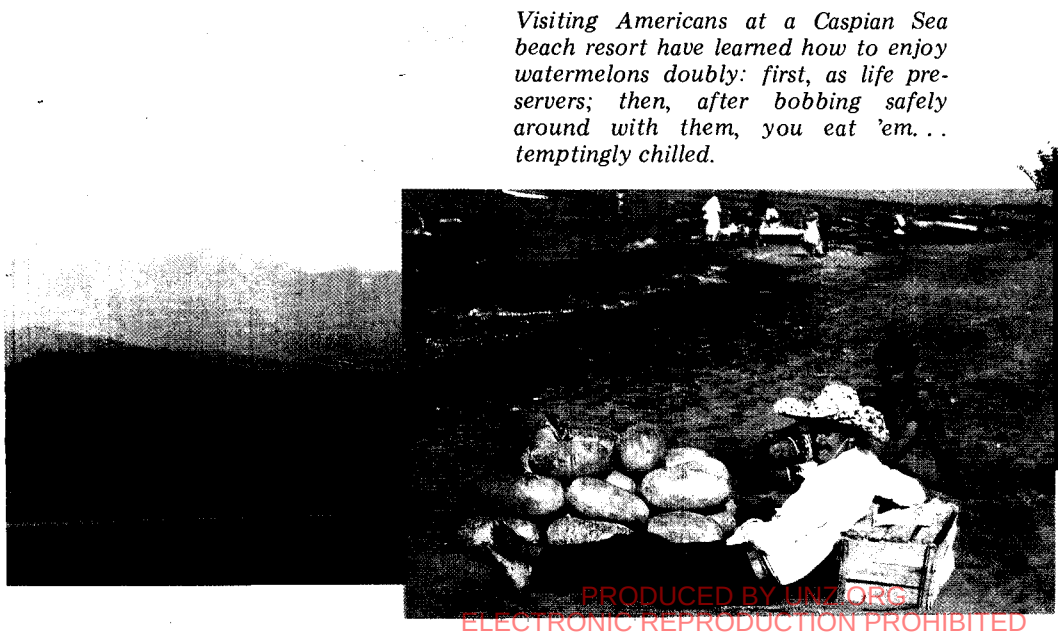
Even with a houseboy, it's a lot harder to maintain myself here as well as at the company guesthouse, where they wait on one hand and foot. I like doing my own shopping. It gets me out among the people more.

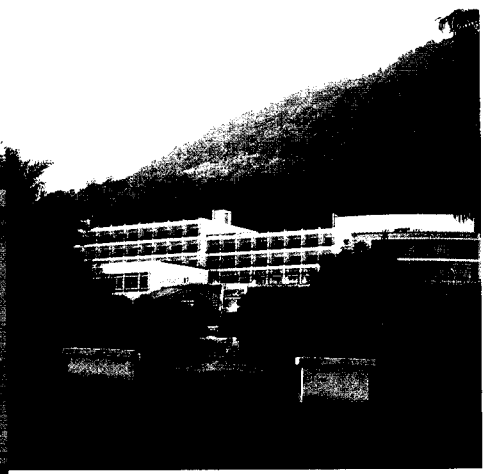
The good news is the *snow!* The same rain that kept demonstrators indoors during the emotional religious holidays also brought snow to the mountains. There's also a rumor that the customs people are going back to work, so maybe I can get my ski equipment out.

I'll probably move to Shimshak, about 30 miles from here, where I have a share in a ski lodge for the season. I was planning to use it only on weekends, with eight others, but if I'm not working, I could ski all during the week when the lines are short. Lift tickets are only $4.25 for some truly world-class ski-

Continued on page 144

Visiting Americans at a Caspian Sea beach resort have learned how to enjoy watermelons doubly: first, as life preservers; then, after bobbing safely around with them, you eat 'em... temptingly chilled.





The Hotel Darvand, near the Shah's summer palace in the Shamiran foothills, is famous for cuisine and fine facilities.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF NORMAN ROCKWELL

This is the beginning of a nine-part series as the beloved artist tells his own thoroughly entrancing story. Warm, witty, utterly candid, and mischievously revealing of the world around him, Rockwell the artist suddenly becomes another figure—the Boswell of his own life and career.

by Norman Rockwell as told to Thomas Rockwell

When I was ten years old, a skinny kid with a long neck and narrow shoulders, I wanted to be a weight lifter. So I began a program of exercises to strengthen myself. Every morning I would do push-ups, deep knee bends, jumping jacks, and the like before my bedroom mirror. After a month or so, unable to detect any improvement, I gave up. Instead of becoming a weight lifter, I decided to fall back on what seemed to be my only talent—drawing. And here I am, 56 years later, still drawing.

Every so often, usually when I'm having trouble with a picture, I spread on my studio floor reproductions of the 306 *Post* covers I have painted since 1916, walk around them, and try to decide whether my work has progressed through all those years. If it hasn't, I say to myself, I'm washed up.

I never seem able to decide whether my work has improved, because my memories keep intruding. Looking at all those covers, I recall their history: the models I used, the trouble I had getting the original idea, how the public reacted. Everything I have ever seen or done has gone into my pictures in one way or another. The story of my life is really the story of my pictures and how I made them.

There was my uncle, Gil Waughlum, for example, a well-to-do elderly gentleman, who in his youth had been something of a scientist and inventor. It was always told with pride in my family that Uncle Gil, in the course of one of his experiments, had flown the great Gil Waughlum kite from a tower on Washington Square in New York. I don't know what the experiment proved—something to do with Benjamin Franklin and electricity, I believe—but it was important, for in their day Gil Waughlum and the great Gil Waughlum kite were well known.

When I knew him he had given up science. A stout old gentleman with pink cheeks and a bald head, he was always giggling and nudging my brother Jarvis and me to make sure we were properly merry. Whenever I think of him, I'm reminded of Mister Dick, the kindly, gay simpleton who was Betsey Trotwood's companion in Dickens' *David Copperfield*. I don't mean that Uncle Gil was a simpleton. He wasn't. But he had one eccentricity—he got holidays mixed up.

On Christmas Day, with snow on the ground, Uncle Gil would bring firecrackers to celebrate the

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Fourth of July. On Easter he would bring us Christmas gifts; on Thanksgiving, chocolate rabbits. The next year we had firecrackers on my birthday and chocolate rabbits for Christmas. We never knew what to expect. I always wondered where he got firecrackers in December or Christmas cards in April. But I guess the merchants in Yonkers, his home town, understood his problem.

He always sneaked into the house and hid our gifts—under pillows, behind the couch in the parlor, in dresser drawers—so that we might have the fun of a treasure hunt. I remember him shouting, "Warm. Norman, warm!" as I approached a hidden present, and "Hurrah!" when I found it. In 1936, when I painted a *Post* cover of a small boy searching the pockets of his grandfather's overcoat for a gift, I was really painting Uncle Gil.

Of course, I don't claim to have put on canvas 66 years' worth of people, places, and events. Rather, I store up things in my mind, and when I need something for a picture—a feeling, a character, a wry smile—there it is. And I draw it out and paint it.

Whenever I want embarrassment, I think of the time I tried, and for several agonizing minutes failed, to lift a 250-pound soprano during a performance at the Metropolitan Opera. For rackety-bang confusion, I recall my early days as an illustrator, when my models were surly dogs, rambunctious children, and a cheerful duck. Whenever I want despair, I remember the time I was swindled out of $10,000. For chagrin I remember my flops—the affair of me and the seven movie stars; the United Nations picture I couldn't bring off.

And for a mixture of embarrassment, confusion, despair, and chagrin I recall my dinner at the White House. Come to think of it, that dinner embraces vanity, exuberance, fright, and a wonderful, warm personality. It's too complex to paint; it wouldn't fit inside a frame.

It all began one sunny day in May, 1955, when I received a note from President Eisenhower, inviting me to a stag dinner at the White House. I had painted his portrait in 1952, but I had never expected an invitation to dinner. Overcome with delight and anxiety, I posted my acceptance and hurried to the attic to dig out my tuxedo. As I pulled it from a steamer trunk, a cloud of moths flew up. The sleeves were tattered, the seat ragged, the lapels threadbare. Hastening to a local haberdasher for a replacement, I was shown a midnight blue jacket with lapels dropping in a fat, glittering curve to the waist. I thought it looked cheap.

"You're sure it's fashionable?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," said the clerk, "Midnight blue, shawl collar—that's the latest." So, in spite of my misgivings, I bought it.

That wasn't the end of my preparations. I expected to be nervous, even scared, at the dinner. Suppose my mouth dried up and I was unable to speak? *What then?* I thought. *Why, you'll be ashamed of yourself.* ("Hello," says the President—"Gargle," say I.)

I visited the office of my friend, Dr. Donald Campbell. Could medical science help me? It could. Doctor Campbell handed me a tranquilizer pill. "Take it 20 minutes before you go to the White House," he said, "and you won't be afraid of a thing, Norman. It obliterates apprehension, tension, and dread."

Armed with my pill (pea green) and my tuxedo (midnight blue) I went to Washington, confident that I was bulwarked against catastrophe. On arriving at my hotel I inquired how long it took to drive to the White House. Then I went to my room and worked out a schedule. At 6:30, exactly one hour before the dinner, I gave my tuxedo to the valet to press. At 7:00 he brought it back. As I fumbled for a tip, I noticed him looking at the tuxedo queerly.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing, sir, nothing," he said, recovering the blank stare of valets waiting for a tip.

"The tux isn't fashionable, is it?"

"Well, sir," said the valet, "I might say that I have never seen that particular shade of blue before."

When he had left, I stared morosely at my reflection in the shiny lapels of the tuxedo. Patting the pillbox in my coat pocket, I thought, *At least you've got that; you may look like a fool, but you'll feel like Grant at Appomattox.*

I went into the bathroom, drew a glass of water, and shook the pill out of its box into my hand. It fell on its edge, rolled into the sink, and went down the drain.

"In 15 years," I said out loud, "I'll laugh at that." Stunned, I went into the bedroom, put on my extraordinary tux, tied my tie, and went downstairs.

As I reached the taxi stand outside the hotel, a battered old cab chugged up, clanking and rattling. At the wheel was a stout, middle-aged woman with a chauffeur's cap cocked over one eye. The doorman waved her away, but I signaled her to stop, feeling that we two, the cab and I, victims of adversity, should stick together.

"The White House," I said.

"My land!" she exploded heartily. "You going to the White House? Whatta you going to do there?"

"I'm going to dinner," I said, cheered by this onslaught of good nature.

"Wow!" she exclaimed. "I've never taken nobody to the White House before. I'll get ya there in five minutes flat." The cab leaped forward with a roar like a wounded rhinoceros.

"Wait!" I said. "I don't want to be early. We'd

Rockwell (left) in his Stockbridge, Massachusetts, studio, even at the height of success, agonized to create the perfect concept. (Right) A lively badminton stint loosens the juices. Red building is studio. White residence once belonged to Aaron Burr.

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better go to the White House and then drive back and forth in front of it until the dot of 7:30."

"O.K., mister," she said.

While we were cruising up and down Pennsylvania Avenue she asked, "What's your name? You famous?"

"I do covers for *The Saturday Evening Post*," I said. "My name's Norman Rockwell."

"Are you scared?"

"Yes," I said, studying my watch. "Get ready now. It's almost time. . . . Now!"

We turned into the White House gate and jolted to a stop. The guards checked my invitation. Continuing up the drive, we waited while a chauffeur helped a gentleman out of a limousine. A crowd of Secret Service men and other functionaries were standing at the entrance. I paid my fare and started up the steps. "Hey, Mr. Rockwell," boomed a voice behind me. I turned around. The cab driver was waving at me. "Good luck, Mr. Rockwell!" she shouted. "Good luck!" The Secret Service men laughed. I waved back. "Thanks," I called.

A secretary ushered me upstairs and into a sitting room. I almost panicked as I crossed the threshold, for all the tuxedoes were black, with dull lapels. A minute later President Eisenhower greeted me warmly, and I felt right at home.

Then the President, raising his voice a trifle, explained to all of us that his stag dinners are informal get-togethers; he hoped we would not talk to the press about the dinner. So I will only say that I had a fine, easy time and enjoyed myself very much.

After leaving the President, as we were standing on the steps of the White House, we sounded like a bunch of kids discussing the high school football hero. A secretary had told us that our evening had lasted *one-half hour longer* than any of the President's other informal evenings. We were delighted and flattered, which shows how President Eisenhower affects people. You just can't help liking him.

I have one dark confession to make. Before each place at the dinner table was a small jackknife, a gift from the President to each guest. There was no inscription on the knife, however, so I went to a jeweler's in New York the next day and asked to have "From DDE to NR" engraved on the knife. During the next few months, whenever I took out my knife, always being careful to show the inscription, people would say, "DDE? Is that President Eisenhower? Where'd you get that knife?" So I'd get a chance to describe my evening at the White House. Ah, vanity, vanity, thy name is Norman!

I sometimes wonder why I was so nervous at the prospect of dining at the White House. After all, I'm no pink-cheeked innocent. Still, I have a rather simple view of life. To me, a President is an awe-inspiring figure. I can't be as cool as a clam at the prospect of dining at the White House.

And then I have a mercurial temperament. When that pill rolled down the drain, my spirits followed. The same sort of thing happens with my work. When

Continued on page 102

(Above) Rockwell was always a great hand at pets. (Among his earliest models were surly dogs and a cheerful duck.) (Left) In a 1960's scene, Rockwell stage-manages a scene for a Savings Bond poster. Model's mother is at far left, then the artist's daughter-in-law Gail, son Tom, model Robin White, neighbor Ken Hall, Rockwell, and photographer Bill Scovill.

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'I made a decision about smoking.'

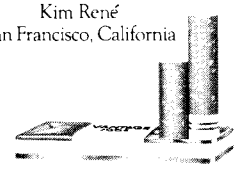
"I smoke for taste—that's my decision. It's that simple. But I couldn't avoid the tar story. It bothered me.

"So I searched out a low tar cigarette that had taste. That wasn't easy. Then I found Vantage. They give me the taste I always enjoyed.

"And Vantage isn't like any other low tar cigarette. Take the filter—there's not another one like it. I don't have to draw hard.

"Every once in awhile, when I remember the taste of my old cigarette, I'm glad there's Vantage."

Kim René
San Francisco, California



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100's

20 FILTER CIGARETTES

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FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

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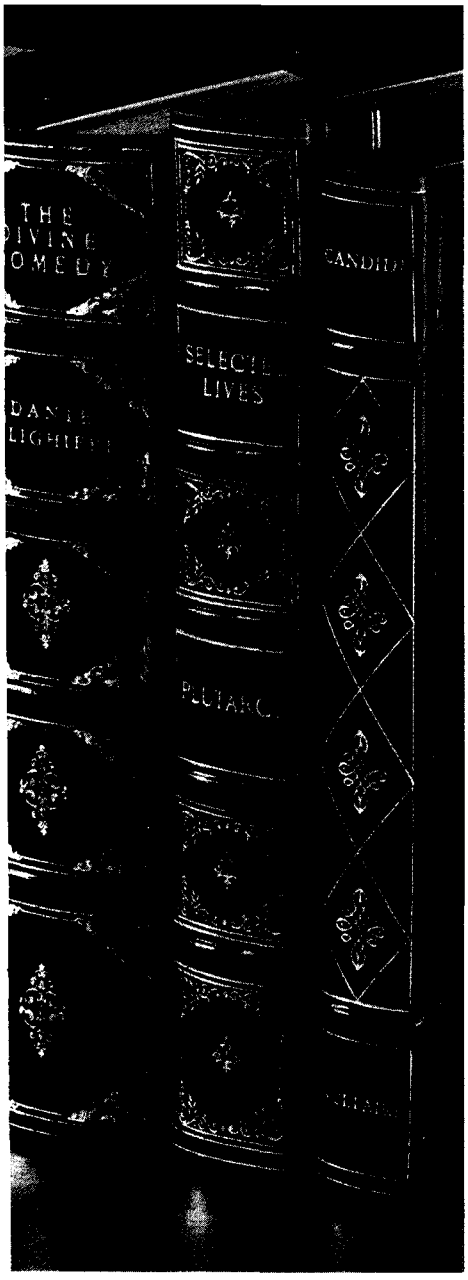

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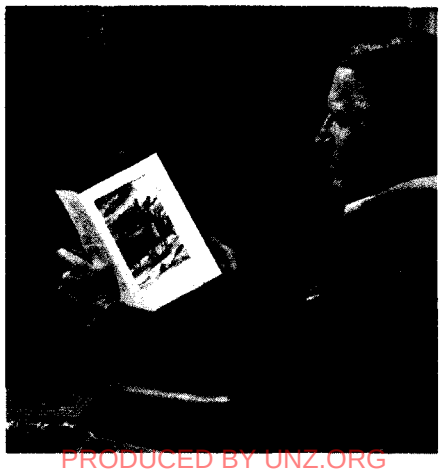

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TIP O'NEILL: WARTS AND ALL

Democrat to the core, the second most powerful man in America wallows in people, excels at a back-slapping, baby-kissing brand of politics, and is most comfortable in a (cigar) smoke-filled room.

by Nick Thimmesch

"Tip O'Neill can communicate more with a wink and a nod than most politicians can in a two-hour speech. He's one of the great leaders of our time, not just because he's from Massachusetts, or just because he's Irish. But that's part of the reason. Anybody who knows his district, which includes, on one hand, Harvard and M.I.T., and on the other, East Cambridge, should not be surprised at the success he has had in winning the support of all factions of the House of Representatives—freshmen and veterans, Northerners and Southerners, liberals and conservatives. There is no doubt in my mind that he will go down in history as one of the greatest Speakers the House has ever had."
—Senator Edward M. Kennedy

Says Majority Whip John Brademas of Speaker O'Neill, "Tip believes he should work for the Democratic President and the Democratic program. But he also has great personal warmth."

When he lumbers toward you, it's a hulk (6 feet, 3 inches, and 250 pounds) of a man, preceded by a pink, bulbous nose that quickly leads to small, deep-set blue eyes, and eventually to quite large ears. The whole W. C. Fields floridity is topped off with a shock of white hair, one lock of which is sure to fall across the broad brow. A handshake sticks out of the blue suit, and if a bearlike arm wraps around you, it is likely in search of a favor, maybe even a vote.

What also has come at you is 42 years of Democratic politics of the Massachusetts Irish Catholic kind, an insistence on fierce loyalty that can be traced to a historic Irish distrust of the British and an unrelenting partisanship that makes Republicans grate their teeth.

Thomas P. "Tip" O'Neill, Jr., 66, is the Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives, a body of 435 citizens who, since the fall of once powerful men (Lyndon Johnson, Richard M. Nixon, and a dozen tyrannical congressional committee chairmen) is not inclined to submit to anyone's discipline. This is a reality O'Neill appreciates, since he would love to practice the iron-hand leadership for which his predecessor-hero, Sam Rayburn, was known, leadership that Tip himself employed when he was the leader of the Massachusetts legislature decades ago.

To grow up, as Tip did, in Massachusetts Irish politics, is to learn to "go along," and this is why this graduate ward-heeler goes against much of his deep-seated self to get as much as he can out of House members. He is an old-fashioned traditionalist who accommodates himself to a band of younger and rather secular-minded men and women who never took baskets to the deserving poor at Christmas or much worried who got jobs shoveling snow when times were hard.

O'Neill does, because he grew up the son of a bricklayer who once picketed Harvard University for hiring scabs, and soon learned who the enemy was—the then dominant owner class of White Anglo-Saxon Protestants who were also Republicans. Politics was the way to conquer them, and ultimately Irish politics did in Massachusetts.

And so O'Neill relishes being around vestigial old pols, sharing their cigar smoke and back-slapping stories and tales of political war. Tip loves to wallow in people, regardless of party, and always has.

Though he is not of our time, he recognizes that to lead he must operate within what is today, and he does that. As a devout Roman Catholic who never misses Mass on Sunday or a Holy Day of Obligation, O'Neill still opposes tuition tax-credits which would help nonpublic, therefore Roman Catholic, schools. He shudders at the thought of a woman having an abortion, but makes it clear that he would never use his vast power to interfere with any legislative effort to liberalize abortion. He respects and regards women as madonnas, though he vigorously pushes any legislation advancing equal rights for women because "our side wants it." Though pot

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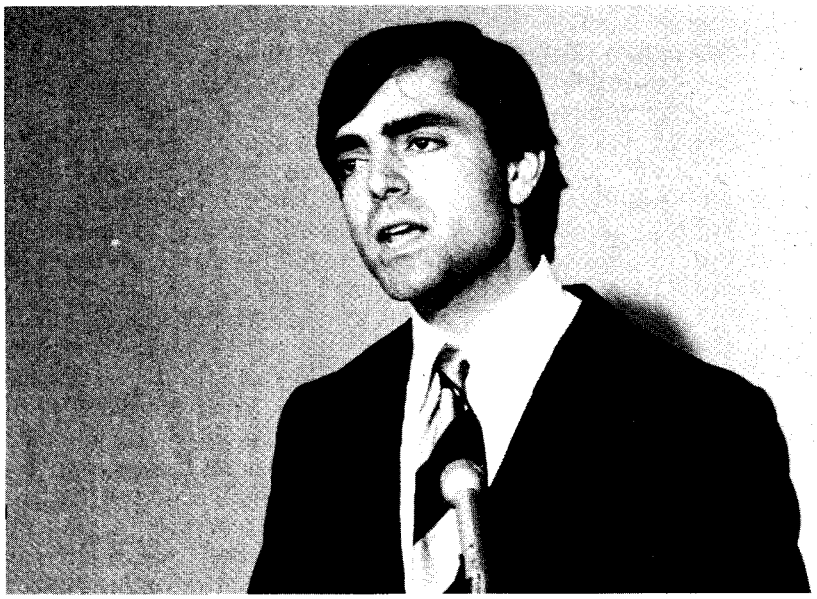

Accused of covering up Koreagate, Tip called former Congressman Caputo (above) a "rare type" not "good for Congress." Jaworski (right) left the investigation frustrated.

appalls him, he would never speak a critical word to those few House members reported to have smoked it.

The taint of scandal hovered near him during the flare-up of publicity around Tongsun Park, the Korean bagman and dispenser of favors to congressmen, but nothing felonious was proved on Tip. He angrily brushes aside any probing questions about his financial affairs—though many have been asked—and thus far has been given a clean bill of health.

Being a successful anachronism carries its pains and longings. Sure, he enjoys the deference paid him in public as "Mr. Speaker" and the way the old gang around Duke Zeibert's macho eatery in Washington homes toward him at that moment after a meal when the coffee needs warming up and the brandy is poured.

But days on the Hill are increasingly difficult. The members are generally an independent-minded lot, mindful of how a five percent constituency (a pressure group) can knock off a candidate. Party discipline doesn't mean that much. Then there's the Carter White House, whose congressional liaison people cause Tip to grieve. And there are impudent young men like the departed Bruce Caputo who audaciously questioned Tip's integrity, thus causing grievous offense to his deeply ingrained notion that loyalty must be absolute. Tip would have thrived and enjoyed it all the more if he had been Speaker 15 to 20 years ago.

"There's no question that it would have been easier being Speaker in President Kennedy's time," he told me late one afternoon after a rather grueling day. "Or under Johnson, who was the master. What this [Carter] White House lacks is a strong voice to get something done. I think there is the feeling down there that they don't want to create a Haldeman.

"In the Kennedy and Johnson days, the members were used to a different system. We had the Irish Mafia—Larry O'Brien, Kenny O'Donnell, Dick McGuire, Dick Donahue, and Dave Powers—guys who told the members, 'We want you reelected and we're working for you.'

"It was all outgoing. These weren't the guys who came up here with a chip on their shoulders, like they came from running the Georgia legislature."

Tip's relationship with Carter didn't get off to an auspicious beginning. In their first conversation after Carter was elected, the President impressed on Tip how he had gone over the heads of the Georgia legislature, directly to the people. But Tip wasn't intimadated by such a declaration from any newly elected President. He knew the mood of Congress, and after all, he had pushed along the impeachment proceeding on Nixon when others blanched at the idea. Tip reminded President Carter that the 289 House Democrats ran against the Ford administration and would run against him if they felt like it. The way Tip tells it, Carter airily dismissed the prospect by casually remarking, "Oh, really?"

But little by little, as he and Carter had one-on-one meetings in the White House, Carter broke down Tip's reservations about the Protestant President with the markedly Southern accent. By the spring of 1978, with a commendable list of legislative victories under his belt, Tip actually went around Congress and his district raving about how "beautiful a guy" Carter was.

There have been ups and downs since, particularly over the way the White House handled the firing of Tip's old buddy from Cambridge, Robert Griffin, but Tip is willing to live and let live now. However, he won't let up on one of his favorite themes: that Congress today sees itself in a new relationship with any President—Democrat or Republican—with Congress reasserting its power.

But for all his discourse on how open Congress is now, O'Neill is the most partisan Speaker in anyone's memory in Washington. When he holds the gavel Republicans squirm, for this two-to-one minority knows he can look over their heads and ignore their request for the floor. In the spring of 1978, O'Neill brazenly tried to ram through changes in the federal

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election law that would have virtually destroyed political action committees of the conservative or probusiness persuasion, the same kind of PAC's that labor unions have used for many years to defeat Republican candidates.

House Minority Leader John Rhodes (R., Arizona), while often complaining about Tip's blatant partisanship, sometimes flinches when O'Neill lets loose with a power blast, but this time, he stood firm. The Democrat measure was defeated, in no small way, because Republican Bob Bauman (R., Maryland) got 50 G.O.P. House members to petition against any deal with Tip.

If Bauman irritates Tip, the name "Caputo" (now a former congressman) causes his eyes to cross in anger. When Bruce Caputo (a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, though his grandfather was an Italian Catholic iceman in the Bronx) was a freshly elected congressman, he became disgusted with what he regarded as a "coverup" in investigation of Korean influence-buying in Congress.

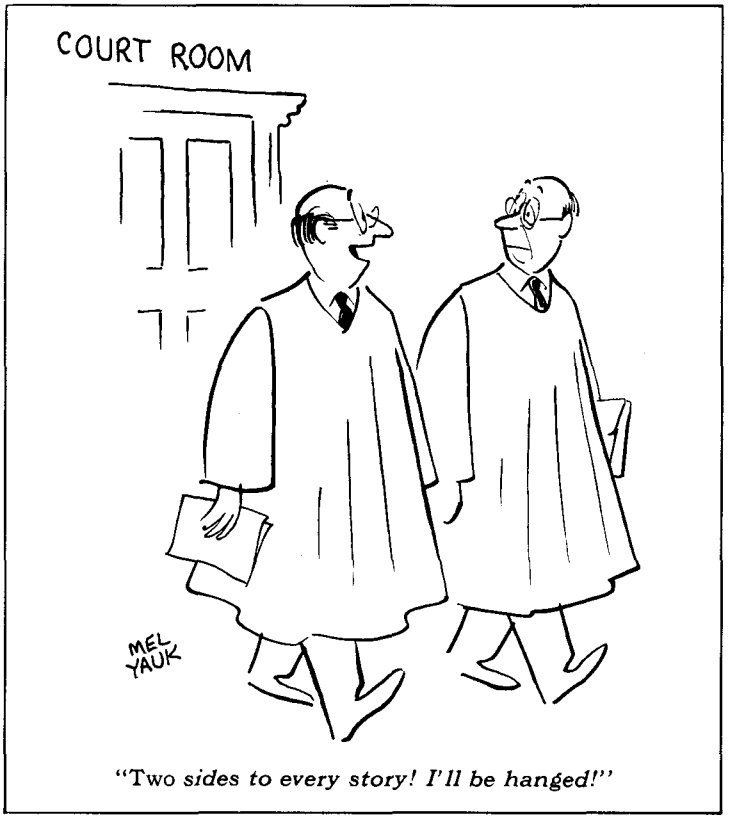
Caputo (in conversations with newsmen) insisted that the Speaker wasn't using the full force of his office to move the investigations and might, indeed, have something to hide himself. One story got out that Caputo claimed that Tongsun Park used O'Neill's office as a hangout.

Caputo had already been spit on at a cocktail party by a congressman angry with the freshman's audacious probing into the Korean matter. But he got his real shock when Tip, submitting himself to a rare TV interview, exploded.

"I have no confidence in him," he said of Caputo. "From what I've been told he has two employees on his payroll who check the sex life of his colleagues, who check to see if they are out cheating on their wives, who check to see if they go on corporate planes.

"If he. . .wants to have his employees do that. . .does he have any respect for his fellow-man? No! His fellow congressmen? No! He leaked everything. . .and he exaggerated."

Caputo coolly responded that he regretted O'Neill's "defamatory statements, which he himself describes as hearsay." He also denied asking any staffer to collect information as O'Neill described and challenged the Speaker to name the staff members he was accusing. "On reflection," O'Neill said a few days later, "I feel I should not have uttered the personal remarks." The big bear nursed his wounds for a while.



"Two *sides to every story! I'll be hanged!*"

Tip can get ornery, but only after he has failed with a dose of Irish good humor. "It's very difficult not to like Tip O'Neill," a Republican congressman admits. Tip tries to say something good about everybody, even if it is repetitive and seemingly by rote, i.e., "an able, talented, and hard-working member."

The substance of Tip O'Neill is dealing with people. And because Congress is afflicted with ten times more work than it was a generation ago when Tip first arrived, he is forever being plucked at by people. So, if it's an energy bill, for Tip, that means moving it, not determining whether it's sound. He must accept other people's judgments. Even when he meets with the press, according to one regular, "it's usually more friendly than informative. It's more *how* he's going to do it than what the bill means. Sometimes he just plain doesn't know."

Still, as Congressman Tom Foley, one of Tip's close friends, says, "Tip does pretty well because of his great knowledge of the House. Tip knows the members don't want the committee chairmen to determine what the legislation will be, so he doesn't let the chairmen run things the way they used to."

A quick look at the record shows that in 1977, the House passed the energy bill while the Senate dawdled with it, and it also enacted legislation on congressional ethics, Comprehensive Employment Training Administration (CETA), and a new minimum wage. In 1978 Congress lifted the embargo on arms sales to Turkey, startled even Tip by approving Civil Service Reform, and voted for a modest tax cut and labor-law reform.

But in this two-year period, Tip and the administration lost on votes on Common Situs picketing, a consumer affairs agency, public financing of congressional campaigns, instant voter registration, and what many thought was a payoff by the Carter administration to the maritime industry and unions—the cargo preference bill.

All in all, O'Neill was given good marks for his first two years as Speaker. But they just don't make congressmen like they used to, namely, the kind who are loyal to party and respectful of a Speaker's ultimate power. Besides, Tip didn't have the benefit of a squad of sharp White House staffers assigned to keep liason with Congress.

"There is still a prosecutorial at-

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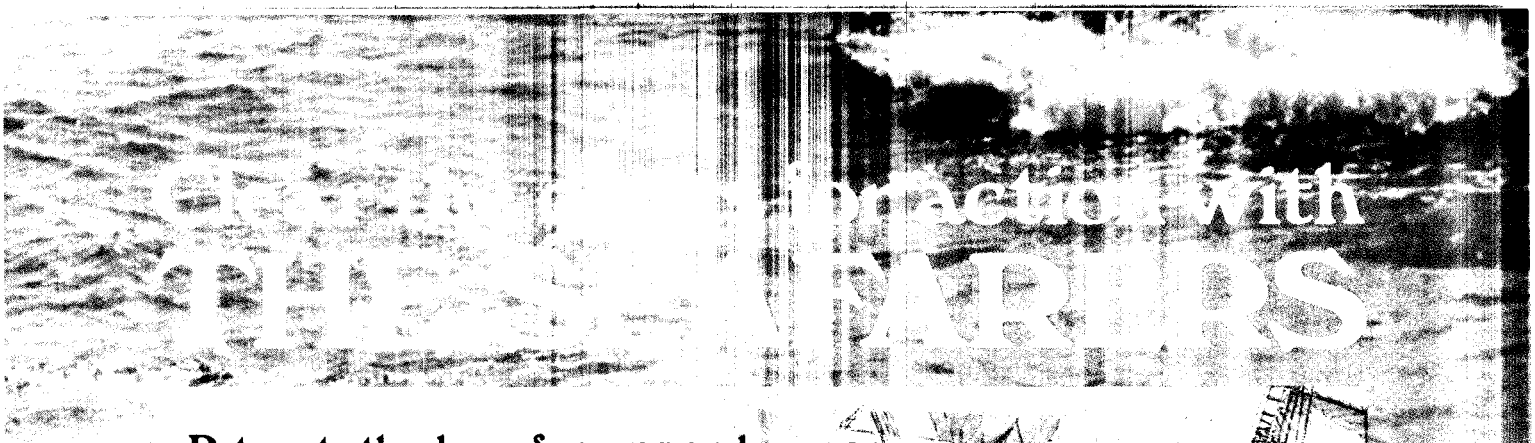

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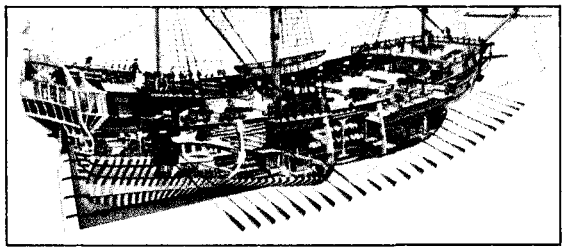

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mosphere around here coming out of Watergate," Tip complained when I asked him how come so many questions were being raised about his private finances. "Ever since Woodward and Bernstein, there are all these reporters trying to be like them and nail people."

Had there been no Watergate, there might not have been a Koreagate. Influence-buying in Washington is an old story, most of it buried by time. As it was, when it was revealed in early 1976 that Tongsun Park, a popular social figure in the Capitol, had dispensed favors and money to congressmen, there was only a ripple.

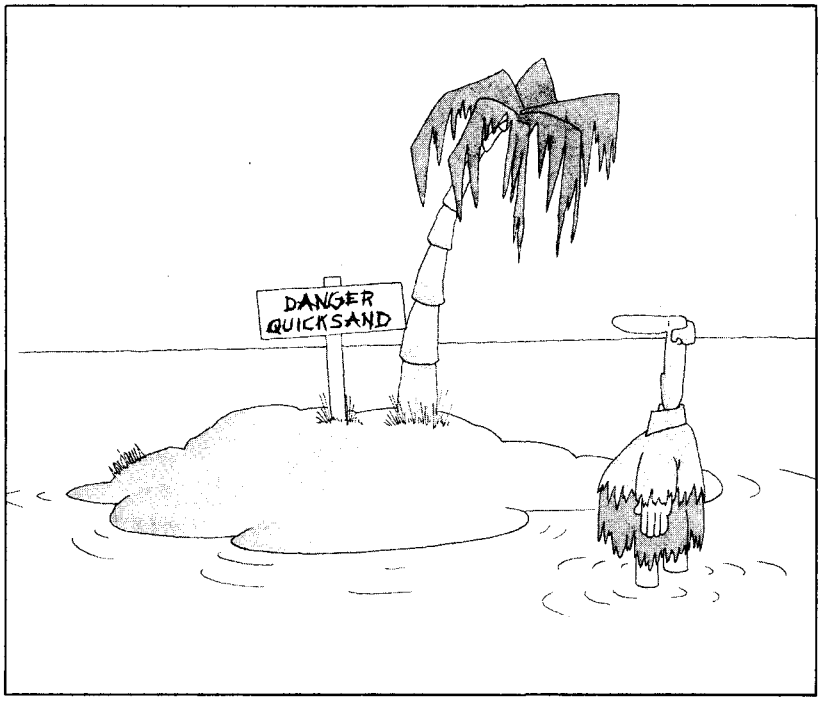
Tip, of course, had two enormous birthday parties given for him by Park and had accepted an expensive set of golf clubs and some charming hurricane lamps as well from the Korean man about town. Total value, as later determined: $8,000.

With rumors about that 115 present or former members of Congress, most of them Democrats, had enjoyed Park's largesse, Tip was hardly motivated to pursue sin, as, say, he had in trying to hang Nixon during Watergate.

Tip runs the Congress, which means he had much to say about how the committee investigating the Korean scandal would proceed and at what pace. The committee, headed by John J. Flynt, Jr., a turgid Southerner, became known as a suitable station for taking long naps. Its only disturber of the peace was Caputo, whose youthful appearance made him look like a recent high school graduate in search of a college.

On and on it dragged, until the summer of 1977 (18 months after the first revelation) when the committee's chief investigator, Philip A. Lacovara, a hero-sleuth during Watergate, resigned in exasperation, claiming there was impossible foot-dragging in the probe. Suddenly, there was a ground swell of demand for action in the Congress, mostly from younger, Class of '74 members who didn't want to be brushed with older members' tar.

Tip is no fool. A Speaker cannot push for a House Code of Ethics and then allow an investigation of congressmen to be stymied. Besides, some members were calling for the appointment of a Special Prosecutor, Watergate-style. Tip's pulse quickened. He quickly met with the six Democrats on the Ethics Commitee to discuss new rules by which the new Chief Investigator could proceed, and then had a long session with Flynt to get his approval of the plan. Leon Jaworski, the Watergate prosecutor, was hired to replace Lacovara.



If Jaworski cut through the Nixon administration like a hot knife through butter, he was scraping a stone wall during Koreagate. It seemed the only names that surfaced were those of former or dead congressmen, or Koreans whose names were quite forgettable—Tongsun Park excepted. Jaworski, too, became exasperated and resigned in the summer of 1978.

Meanwhile, the House Committee on Standards of Official Conduct, a pompous-sounding body, issued a report clearing O'Neill and Brademas but charging McFall and three other Democrats with unethical conduct.

The report stated that O'Neill acted with "questionable propriety" in accepting Park's gifts and favors but didn't recommend disciplinary action. It noted, however, in chiding fashion, that ". . . judged by today's standards, it may be unwise for an important congressman [O'Neill] to permit either a foreigner or a suspected lobbyist to give him a party."

The fact is that the U.S. Constitution expressly forbids any member of Congress to accept gifts from foreign officials. But O'Neill and others argued that when they accepted Park's goodies, they were not aware he was an agent of a foreign government.

Another touchy area is Tip's friendship with Robert T. Griffin, a high-level bureaucrat, who became embroiled in an in-house dispute at the General Services Administration, the powerful federal agency that spends $5 billion a year. This flap caused Tip to become very angry at the Carter White House and showed how the Georgians had no understanding of loyalty as Tip practiced it.

"No question I was mad," Tip said after he finally cooled off. "I wasn't informed. I wasn't given any personal consideration at all."

So Griffin was fired from his $50,000-a-year job at GSA, ostensibly because he wasn't competent to serve Jay Solomon. But then the White House turned around and hired him at $50,000 a year to be assistant to trade specialist Robert Strauss.

In the weeks following, however, as a widespread scandal at GSA was revealed, Solomon's friends claimed that Griffin was a foot-dragger whose views prevented overdue reform.

The O'Neill name is a door-opener in Washington. When a $40 million demonstration housing project, sponsored by the Housing and Urban Development Depart-

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ment, got bogged down, young Tommy O'Neill, Tip's son and lieutenant governor of Massachusetts, phoned HUD Secretary Patricia Harris and got satisfaction. When corporate executives in Massachusetts become ensnarled in federal red tape, they often call on young O'Neill for help.

Tommy actually gets so many requests to intervene that he has assigned his codirector the job of taking business executives around to meet the "right people" in Washington. "What is good for corporations is often good for our state," young O'Neill says.

Young O'Neill, a political liberal, likes business well enough that he got into it himself with Tongsun Park. In 1972-73, before he was lieutenant governor, O'Neill served with Park on the board of directors of the McLaughlin Fisheries. But young O'Neill's office explained that "Tommy didn't know Tongsun Park from Fenway Park" (where the Red Sox play) and "never met or talked with Park." Tommy quit the board when he ran for lieutenant governor.

If some righteous politician had friends like Robert Griffin or a son like Tommy in the lobbying business, there would no doubt be all manner of protest by Pecksniffians, and the politician would not be able to work his will. Tip does, however, and a documentary produced and broadcast by Boston's Public Broadcast System station, WGBH-TV, is a good example of how he succeeds. Titled "Mr. Speaker: A Portrait of Tip O'Neill," it came off as a one-sided picture indeed.

Just as there was hometown Boston adulation for the portrait of Tip, there was also hometown criticism, as expressed by the Boston *Globe*'s David B. Wilson, who wrote:

"If House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill, Jr., had commissioned the program . . . and had exercised artistic control, he could not have produced a more flattering campaign film. . . .

"But even the least partisan observer may question whether it is appropriate for a nonprofit educational institution, funded with tax-deductive contributions, tax-sheltered foundation grants, and appropriated public money, to underwrite a program which, for all its artistic merit, amounts to a dazzling campaign puff piece."

A Washington *Post* review, by Mary Russell, concluded the program was not a "serious documentary" but rather "a totally uncritical look," and she observed, ". . . there's never a hint that O'Neill himself was involved [in the Korean scandal], although he was given parties and gifts by the central figure in the investigation, Korean businessman Tongsun Park. O'Neill looks good, perhaps because the special was made by his hometown station, perhaps because he controlled access of the filmmakers."

But all critics agreed that the human and appealing side of Tip O'Neill came through. "He is an unfailingly human, likable man, warm, blunt, schmaltzy, not good on detail but decisive. There is grit to his character, but no artifice" is what Mary Russell wrote.

Indeed, that is why Tip O'Neill has been a marvelous success as a politician and has been able to work his will as Speaker in an era when authority is resisted in Congress. ☐

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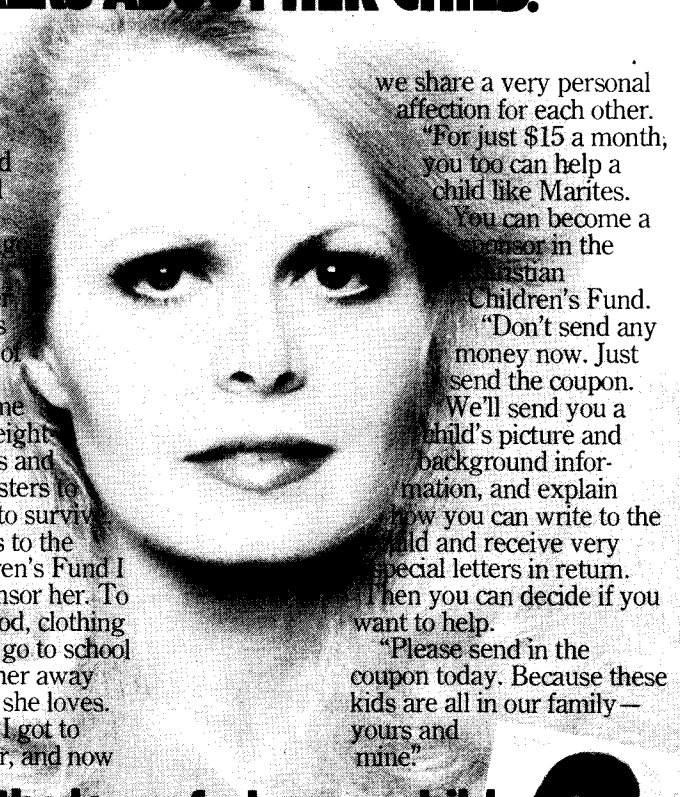

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"Don't stare at me like that," cried the distraught girl. "I didn't do it. I didn't. Why should I? My own mother!"

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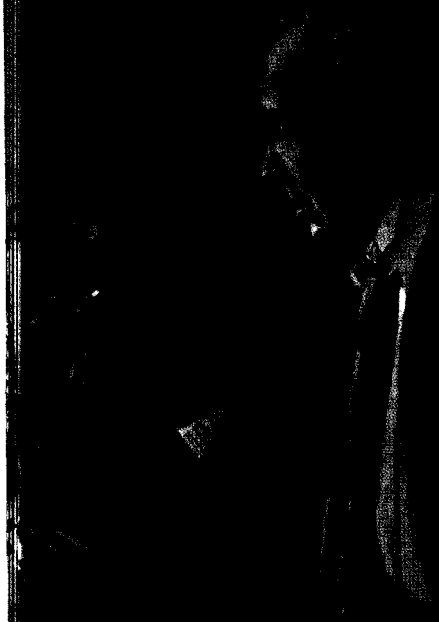
A killer may be smart, but he can still forget there are stubborn cops like Brent— who don't believe in the

by Mary Roberts Rinehart

Illustrated by Rob Sauber



Inspector Brent stood at the door of the bedroom. The woman's body had gone, but the bed remained as she had left it. It was almost smooth, as though she had made little or no struggle. And there was no disorder in the room, save where the fingerprint men had left their smudge of powder. On the floor lay a discarded flash lamp, and Brent stooped and, picking it up, put it in his pocket. He was a tidy man.

His sergeant was standing in the hall when he went out. He closed the door behind him.

"Guess you'd better stick around, Joe," he told him. "I'll be coming back. Nobody to go in there, of course."

He went slowly down the stairs, aware that Joe's eyes were following him with something like pity. For this was his last case before he was retired, and it looked like a stinker. A man ought to be able to get out quietly, to end his long service with dignity. But this murder was front-page stuff. The big substantial house, the social standing of the family, ensured that it would be plastered all over the front pages of the newspapers. Already reporters were crowding the pavement outside. Soon he would have to call them in and tell them something. He didn't know what.

The house was quiet. The precinct men had gone. So had the homicide squad, except for Joe. In the lower hall he called his wife over the phone. Her familiar voice soothed him, as usual. But her tone was sharp.

"Now see here, Tom Brent," she said. "Have you had any breakfast?"

"Just about to get it, Emma," he told her pacifically.

"Well, see that you do. How are your feet?"

"Fine," he said. "Just fine. Don't worry."

It was a lie, of course. He had a bunion on each big toe, and they burned furiously. What he wanted was to sit down somewhere and take his weight off them. But Emma kept on.

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"I think I'll go out and look over that place today, Tom," she said. "The paper said four acres. It sounds pretty good, doesn't it?"

He supposed that Joe, in the hall above, was listening. He'd know what it was about, too. Emma had set her heart on a chicken farm when he retired, but he hated chickens.

"Don't be in too much of a hurry," he said. "We'll talk it over tonight. Just now I'm busy. I'll call you later."

He hung up and stood listening. Queer, how still a house was after tragedy. Even the street was quiet, except for the voice of the patrolman trying to keep the crowd moving.

"Move on," he was saying over and over. "There's nothing to see. Move on, please."

Brent knew that the girl and the young man were waiting for him in the library, but he did not go in immediately. Instead he wandered back to the dining room, with its mammoth Georgian silver tea service on the sideboard and a wide window overlooking a scrap of city yard. Standing there he saw a dog, a Scottie, apparently burying a bone. And he watched him for a minute or two. He liked dogs. One of his dreams when he retired was to have a kennel and raise them. But for some reason Emma was hellbent over a chicken farm.

When at last he went into the library the girl had stopped crying. She sat, red-eyed and practically collapsed, in the corner of a sofa, and a man in his late 20's beside her had his arm around her. He got up as Brent entered.

"Can't you put this off for a while, inspector?" he asked. "She's quieter now, but she needs rest. I've sent for some coffee for her."

Brent eyed the young man. His name was Townsend, and the girl called him Ken. He was a likable-looking fellow, but Brent knew that looks meant nothing in a case like this. Angel faces sometimes committed murder. But his voice was friendly.

"I'll be as easy as I can, son. Better sit down. You a friend of Miss Ingalls?"

"We're engaged to be married."

"I see. Mother approved of it, did she?"

The girl gave him a quick, almost desperate look. She was still in a negligee over a nightgown, as she had been earlier. She must have been rather lovely, he thought, before long weeping had swollen her face and reddened her eyes. His own girl would have been about her age, had she lived. It was young Townsend who spoke, however.

"No use lying, Joy," he said. "He'll find it out sooner or later. . . . No, she didn't approve of it, sir. She didn't approve of anything that would take Joy away from her. There are women like that. They hold on like grim death——." He stopped abruptly, as though the word had been a mistake.

The girl, however, did not seem to notice. "She was sick," she protested. "You know that, Ken. She had a bad heart. She needed me."

Ken had recovered his poise.

"You'll learn it all anyway, inspector. I had a heck of a row with Mrs. Ingalls yesterday afternoon."

"I'd like a post-mortem to prove that," he said grimly. "It's a queer heart that only acts up when you take an evening out with me." He glanced at Brent defiantly. "I suppose you'll suspect me after that."

"Not necessarily." Brent eased his feet in his shoes. "But I'd like to know more about last night. You were here, you said, until one o'clock."

"I was. We came in about twelve, and I stayed awhile. What's more, I let myself out. Joy's room is back of her mother's, and I waited to see if the old—if her mother called her. When she didn't, I left. There's a snap lock on the front door. I tried it from the outside to see if it was all right."

"And it was?"

"It was. Locked tight."

"And after that?"

"I went home, believe it or not. I live in a walk-up apartment. Nobody saw me. I slept until seven o'clock, and I slept alone."

"Sure making things hard for yourself, aren't you?" Brent smiled faintly.

For the first time, the girl showed some spirit. "What are you trying to do, Ken?" she said. "What's all that got to do with it? You went out. I heard you close the door."

Brent looked at her. Was she afraid that young Townsend had done it? Certainly she had risen quickly to his defense. But the boy—he was that to the older man—gave her a quick look and went on.

"You'll learn it all anyway, inspector," he said. "What's more, I had a heck of a row with Mrs. Ingalls yesterday afternoon, because I wanted to take Joy out last night. I don't remember what I said, but it was plenty. That Filipino in the kitchen heard it. Just ask him."

The girl sagged again. Evidently this was what she had been afraid of. She sat back, looking at her fingertips, from which, Brent saw with annoyance, the ink had been poorly removed by the men who had taken her prints. But it was his method to put his suspects at ease when he queried them. He lit a cigarette and smiled at her.

"You remind me of a hen pheasant," he said easily. "Ever see her try to lead somebody off from her chicks? She don't fool anybody, but she sure gets 'E' for effort."

Townsend grinned and patted her. "Thanks, darling," he said. "Only don't try to fool the inspector. He knows his onions. You didn't hear me close the door. Yours was shut before I left."

Brent put down his cigarette. He was all policeman now. He fixed steady eyes on the girl and reached into his pocket and pulled out a long, sheer silk stocking. "This belong to you?" he inquired.

She stared at it, looking sick. "Was that—was that what did it?"

"Yes. Is it yours?"

"I don't know," she said feverishly. "They're all alike. Don't make me look at it," she added, her voice faint. "I don't want to see it. Put it away."

Brent rolled up the stocking, but he still held it in his hand. He

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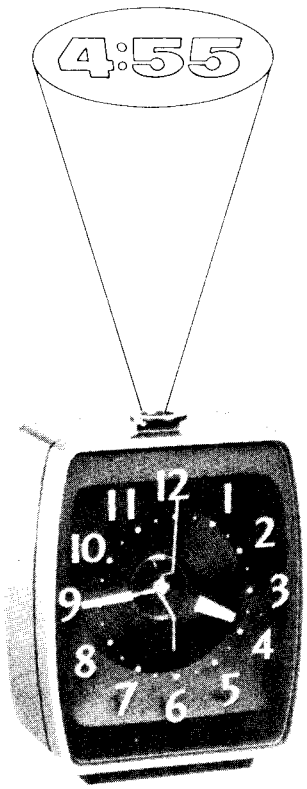

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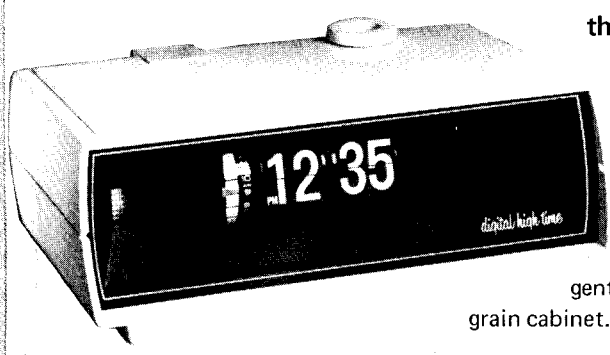

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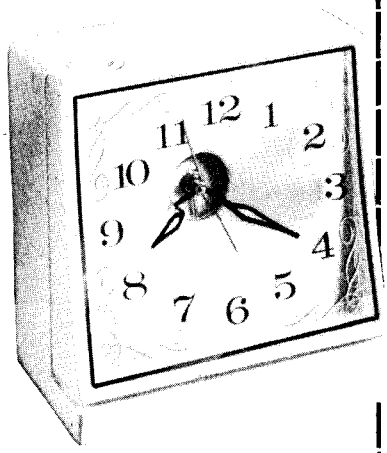

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kept his eyes fixed on the girl.

"It's still kind of damp," he said. "That mean anything to you?"

It did. He saw that. There was incredulity in her face, and terror.

"No, of course not," she said. "Why should it? And don't stare at me like that. I didn't do it. I didn't. My own mother!"

Brent put the stocking back in his pocket and got up. He was not satisfied, but it was hard to connect those two good-looking youngsters with murder. Nevertheless, he tried.

"I think it belongs to you," he said. "I think that last night before you went to bed you washed your stockings. My wife does the same thing, so I know about it. And you hung them in your bathroom to dry. There's only one there now. The other is here in my pocket."

The girl looked stricken. Young Townsend reached over and put an arm around her. "Easy does it, darling," he said.

But Brent's face had hardened. "I've been in your bathroom, Miss Ingalls," he said. "To get to it, somebody would have to go through your bedroom. How soundly do you sleep? You had to listen for your mother, didn't you? If she called you?"

"No. She had a bell. She didn't ring for me at all last night. And I was tired."

"What about the dog? Didn't he bark?"

"I didn't hear him. I put him out when I was ready for bed. He sleeps at the head of the back stairs, and the door was closed."

"But someone knew those stockings were there. Someone who knew his way about the house."

"Meaning me, I suppose," young Townsend said. "Well, that lets me out. I've never been upstairs in my life. By Mrs. Ingalls' orders, the newel post in the hall was my limit. And if you think Joy did it you're crazy."

"Who knew those stockings were there? The Filipino?"

"He never comes upstairs to our part of the house," Joy said. "And he's been with us for years. Anyone could have seen those stockings. It was hot last night. My door was open, and I keep a light in the bathroom all night, in case mother rings for me. Rang for me," she added, and went, if possible, paler than before.

Brent felt vaguely dissatisfied. The girl had the best motive so far, but she had all the answers, too. According to her, anyone who could get into the house could have done it. The dog was shut off, the stockings in full view from the upper hall. But an outsider would have to get into the house, and apparently all doors and windows had been found locked that morning. He got up. The smell of coffee from below reminded him that he had had no breakfast.

"I guess that'll do for now," he said. "There's a police sergeant upstairs, but he won't bother you. Just keep out of your mother's room. That's all."

He went out to the front door. A dozen reporters and cameramen were there, and beyond them the usual curious onlookers. To escape the crowd, he let the newsmen into the hall. He knew most of them and liked them. Also, they knew it was probably his last case. They did not push him. They stood and waited.

"Mrs. Ingalls was strangled somewhere about three this morning. Apparently she didn't put up much of a fight."

"It's like this, boys," he said. "Mrs. Ingalls was strangled somewhere about three this morning. That's what the medical examiner thinks, anyhow. If it was attempted burglary, something scared the killer off. Nothing was taken. She was an invalid. Apparently she didn't put up much of a fight. Nothing more so far."

They grumbled a bit. They knew most of that already, so they fired innumerable questions at him. In the end he let them go upstairs, on condition nothing was touched or moved.

"Keep an eye on them, Joe!" he called up the stairs. "Only the one room! No place else up there, and give them half an hour! That's time enough for them to finish up!"

One of the men did not go up at once, however. He was an older man, and he watched the others go out of sight. Then he turned to Brent.

"Bad luck, inspector," he said. "The commissioner has been on your neck for a long time. Unless you get a break on this, it means trouble."

Brent nodded. "I've got to get one," he said. "Just now I've given you about all I have. It isn't much."

The reporter hesitated. Then: "I'd hate like hell to see you reduced before you retire," he said. "He'd like nothing better. You've been too good. That's his trouble. And the press likes you. It hates his guts. And he knows it. Would mean a cut in your pension, too. If I can do anything——."

"Thanks. I'll call on you if I need to, Clarke. I—I appreciate your interest. You know that."

He felt depressed as he watched Clarke go up the stairs. It was true, and he knew it. Ever since the new commissioner took office he had resented him. It was notorious at headquarters. Probably it was because there had been talk that Brent would get the job. After all, he had been almost 40 years in the service, and the newspapers had been for him. But it was a political plum, and so he lost out.

He grunted and, turning to the back of the house, went down to the basement kitchen. He did not expect to get any information there, however. He had already interrogated the Filipino cook, now busy over the range, and he was the only servant who slept in. The other, a woman, came by the day, and had not yet appeared. And the Filipino had been of no use whatever. His room was on the third floor back. He had heard no noise, except once about three o'clock when he had heard the dog scratching at the door on the landing. And he had been the one to notify the police after he heard the girl screaming at seven that morning and had investigated.

Brent sat down on a kitchen chair and rested his feet. "Tell me something, Miguel," he said. "You heard Miss Ingalls screaming and found her in her mother's room.

Continued on page 136

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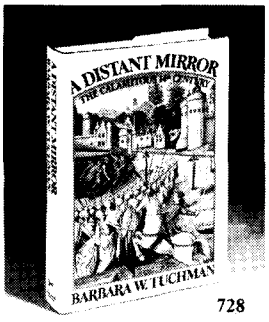

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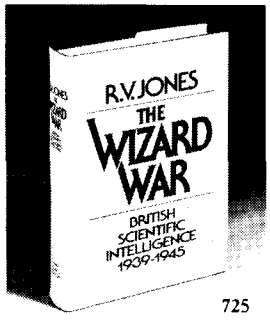

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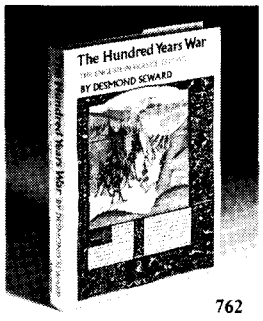

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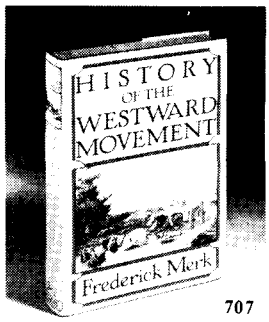

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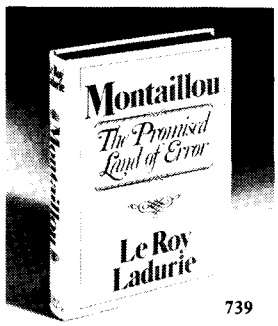

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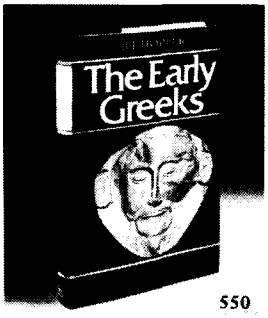

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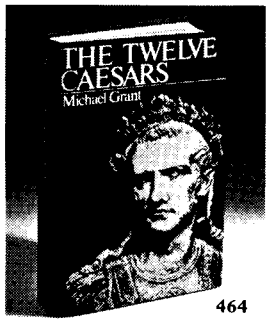

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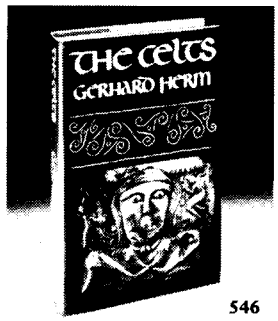

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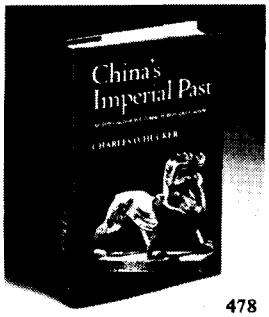

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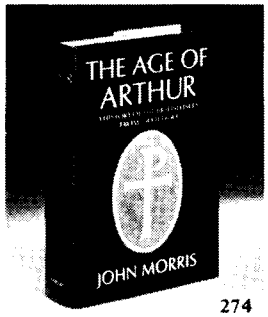

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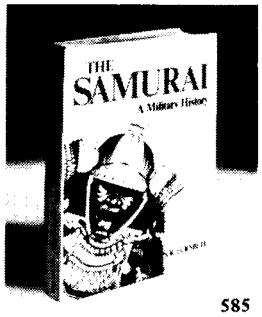

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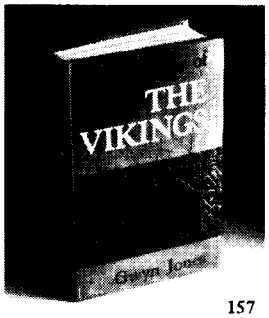

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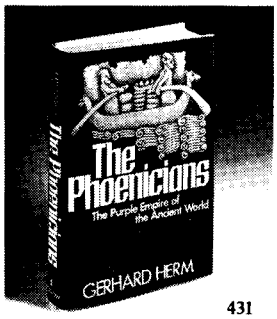

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RELIGION

OBSESSED WITH FAITH: THE MINNESOTA CONNECTION

"It couldn't be happening here," said the Minneapolis preacher-law officer. Then he uncovered the most vicious game of all—a national teen-age prostitution pipeline beginning right in his own community.

by Marlin Bree

Photography by Laurie Jean Schendel

The Scene: A teen-age girl looks about furtively. A runaway from a small city, she is quickly picked up by a man who turns out to be a pimp. She is partially kidnapped, partially seduced, tied up on a bed, injected with drugs. In a little while, she has been turned into a teen-age prostitute, walking the streets for the pimp.

"Hey, come on," Al Palmquist said as he heaved his 6-foot, 3-inch frame up from his chair. With an angry motion, he snapped off the television program he had been watching, "Police Story." "It doesn't happen that way," he muttered to himself. As a cop who was also a street minister, Palmquist felt he had some knowledge of the realities of the situation, and it was soon to embark him on a new course in his life.

Palmquist shows newsmen a police photo of a murdered teen-age prostitute. Many of the girls meet violent deaths within a year after they begin walking the streets of New York's "strip."

The turning point came in the halls of the Minneapolis Police Department as Palmquist walked to work. "Hi, Reverend," a friend of his from the vice squad greeted him. And on the spur of the moment, Palmquist began talking about the "Police Story" episode he had seen.

Then the hammer fell: "If anything," the vice cop said in a low voice, "the show was tame." He then took the surprised Palmquist to his office. With a sweep of his hand, he snatched up a stack of eight photographic enlargements. It looked to Palmquist like pictures of eight different people.

"Actually," explained the vice cop in a patient voice now, "they are before-and-after photographs of only four girls."

With his police chief's blessing, Palmquist began his own investigation into teen-age prostitution in Minneapolis. And the evidence that began amassing startled even him: Here in one of the nation's most sophisticated Midwest cities was a center of the most vicious racket of all, a national teen-age prostitution pipeline. The pipeline pulled young girls in from Minneapolis and ultimately took them to New York where the infamous "Minnesota Strip" near Times Square operated.

What's more, Palmquist found, the demand for these fair children was so great and so lucrative that many pimps came from throughout the nation to find the girls. Systematically, they checked out public places where runaways would congregate, including the bus terminal and the downtown malls.

Once ensnared with small talk, a party, and some drugs, the girls were easy prey for the pimps. Some runaways were "turned out" onto the streets within 48 hours of a pimp's brutal brainwashing, which included drugs, alcohol, group sex, and, in some cases, photographs. No prisoner of war, Palmquist decided, underwent a more thorough brainwashing.

Palmquist was appalled. Moreover, he was determined to try to battle the situation, and his first step was through legal channels. But he quickly found that attempts directly and forcibly to curb the deadly business could not effectively be enforced by law or changed through legislation.

Palmquist considered his background and his own maverick life. He had spent three years of ministerial training at Bethany Fellowship in Minneapolis. But then he received his first call from the streets, and he went east. "Go out on the street and trust the Lord," were the words of David Wilker-

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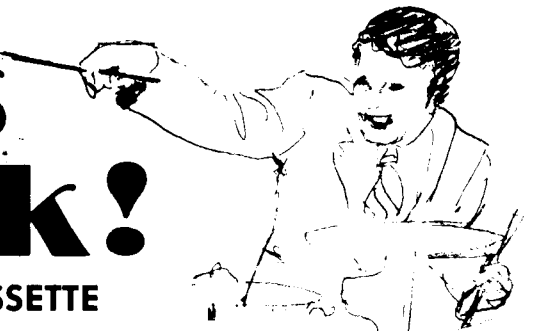

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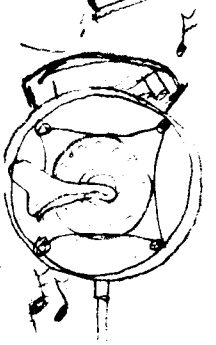

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SONGS (ARTIST)

These Foolish Things (Ted Weems)
I've Heard That Song Before (Harry James)
A Tisket, A Tasket (Ella Fitzgerald)
It's the Talk of the Town (Johnny Desmond)
I Surrender Dear (Mel Torme)
Blueberry Hill (Louie Armstrong)
Green Eyes (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Navy Fight Song (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Boogie Woogie (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
To Each His Own (Ink Spots)
In The Mood (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Yankee Doodle Boy (Norman Brooks Orch.)
Moonlight Serenade (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Sing, Sing, Sing (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Frankie & Johnny (Lena Horne)
You Made Me Love You (Judy Garland)

SOUNDSTAGE III

SONGS (ARTIST)

You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To (Kate Smith)
Got a Pebble in My Shoe (Ella Fitzgerald)
Don't Get Around Much (Duke Ellington)
I've Got a Crush on You (Frank Sinatra)
This Can't Be Love (Johnny Desmond)
Somewhere Over the Rainbow (Judy Garland)
Don't Fence Me In (Shep Fields Orch.)
Moonlight Cocktail (Glenn Miller Orch.)
So Rare (Jimmy Dorsey Orch.)
Bugle Call Rag (Benny Goodman Orch.)
If I Didn't Care (Ink Spots)
Twilight Time (Les Brown Orch.)
Heartaches (Ted Weems)
Taking a Chance on Love (Tommy Dorsey)
Red, Red Robin (Sportsmen)
I'm Getting Sentimental (Tommy Dorsey)

SOUNDSTAGE IV

SONGS (ARTIST)

Ghost of a Chance (Mel Torme)
When I Take My Sugar (Shep Fields Orch.)
Side by Side (Kate Smith)
Harbor Lights (Shep Fields Orch.)
Woodchoppers Ball (Woody Herman Band)
Swanee River (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Best Things in Life Are Free (Frank Sinatra)
Elmer's Tune (Lawrence Welk Orch.)
Cuddle Up A Little Closer (Ink Spots)
Flat Foot Floogie (Louie Armstrong)
Little Brown Jug (Glenn Miller Orch.)
That Old Devil Moon (Johnny Desmond)
Somebody's Taking My Place (Ted Weems)
Sophisticated Lady (Duke Ellington Orch.)
Wish You Were Here (Judy Garland)
Don't Squeeze Me (Lena Horne)

SOUNDSTAGE V

SONGS (ARTIST)

Velvet Moon (Harry James Orch.)
I Wonder Why (Bing Crosby/Judy Garland)
I Had the Craziest Dream (Harry James)
Ain't Misbehavin' (Fats Waller)
A Slow Boat to China (Dick Haymes)
I'll Be Around (Anita Ray)
Tuxedo Junction (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Song of India (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Blue Skies (The Sportsmen)
Habanera (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Perfidia (Billy Daniels)
If I Had You (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Red Sails in the Sunset (Sportsmen)
Swing Low (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
People Will Say We're in Love (Kate Smith)
Rock-a-Bye Basie (Count Basie Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE VI

SONG (ARTIST)

You Do Something to Me (Frank Sinatra)
Kalamazoo (Glenn Miller Orch.)
All of You (Johnny Desmond)
Me and My Shadow (Shep Fields Orch.)
Music Maestro Please (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
All or Nothing at All (Billy Daniels)
Oh, Look at Me Now (Dick Haymes)
At Last (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Coffee Time (Les Brown Orch.)
But Not Like You (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Sunday Kind of Love (Anita Ray)
April in Portugal (Ted Heath Orch.)
I've Got the Sun in the Morning (Bing Crosby)
This Love of Mine (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Linger Awhile (Shep Fields Orch.)
The Man With a Horn (Harry James Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE VII

SONG (ARTIST)

Say It Isn't So (Ted Weems)
Rock-a-Bye Your Baby (Judy Garland)
Chattanooga Choo Choo (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Maria Lena (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
April in Paris (Count Basie Orch.)
The Poor People of Paris (Lawrence Welk)
Don't Worry 'Bout Me (Mel Torme)
Poor Butterfly (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Marie (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Isle of Capri (Shep Fields Orch.)
Sentimental Journey (Les Brown Orch.)
American Patrol (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Peanut Vendor (Stan Kenton Orch.)
Just You, Just Me (Frank Sinatra)
My Heart Stood Still (Dick Haymes)
Frenesi (Al Goodman Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE VIII

SONGS (ARTIST)

Serenade in Blue (Glenn Miller Orch.)
When My Sugar Walks (The Sportsmen)
So Far (Dick Haymes)
Prelude to a Kiss (Duke Ellington Orch.)
Stompin' at the Savoy (Benny Goodman Orch.)
There Are Such Things (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Got the World on a String (Bill Daniels)
A Fine Romance (Shep Fields Orch.)
Blue Moon (Les Brown Orch.)
Cherokee (Charlie Barnett Orch.)
Full Moon Empty Arms (Lawrence Welk Orch.)
I Know Why (Glenn Miller Orch.)
It Ain't Necessarily So (Pres Prado Orch.)
Jeepers, Creepers (Louie Armstrong)
Tennessee Newsboy (Frank Sinatra)
Moonglow (Al Goodman Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE IX

SONGS (ARTIST)

I Found A New Baby (Benny Goodman Orch.)
I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm (Les Brown)
I'll Never Smile Again (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Let's Put Out the Lights (Shep Fields Orch.)
I Can't Believe That You're In Love (Mel Torme)
After You've Gone (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Blue Champagne (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Stardust (Al Goodman Orch.)
Sleepy Time Gal (Harry James Orch.)
Hold Tight (Andrews Sisters)
Tenderly (Kate Smith)
I Can't Get Started (Johnny Desmond)
Polka Dots and Moonbeams (Frank Sinatra)
Claire De Lune (Glenn Miller Orch.)
This Time the Dream's on Me (Dick Haymes)
Chasing Rainbows (Lawrence Welk Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE X

SONGS (ARTIST)

Ten O'clock Jump (Count Basie Orch.)
There Must Be A Way (Shep Fields Orch.)
Anvil (Glenn Miller Orch.)
I Can't Give You Anything (Mel Torme)
Who's Sorry Now (Kate Smith)
I Don't Want to Walk (Anita Ray)
Sunny Side of the Street (Tommy Dorsey)
Come Rain or Come Shine (Kate Smith)
Sleepy Lagoon (Harry James)
Drigo's Serenade (Glenn Miller Orch.)
There's a Small Hotel (Johnny Desmond)
Don't Be That Way (Benny Goodman)
Champagne Waltz (Lawrence Welk Orch.)
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son, the street minister who founded Teen Challenge and later became the author of the best-selling book, *The Cross and the Switchblade*. And with those nine words as his training, Palmquist went out on the streets of New York to work as a minister with criminals and addicts.

After four and a half years as a street minister, Palmquist had seen enough to want to go over to the other side of the problem, to get into law enforcement. Then one day he stepped forward at a Billy Graham crusade in Minneapolis and became a "born again" Christian, accepting the challenge to be a preacher-cop.

It wasn't particularly easy, as he quickly found. There were constant contradictions between the Biblical canons of "Love thy brother" and the very real and often violent world of the policeman. Torn between the two, he ended up operating on both sides—as a cop by day and as a minister to the victims of crime by night.

With the help of fellow police officers and Minneapolis businesspeople, he founded Midwest Challenge, an organization dedicated to helping street people. There are now 11 Midwest Challenge houses in Minneapolis and other cities in Minnesota, as well as Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The Midwest Challenge houses did have some teen-age prostitutes, but they had entered because of drug problems. When Palmquist checked with them, he got the advice then that no one who was caught up in prostitution could get out. "The power of the pimps over the girls is terrible," one girl told him. "No one can break it."

But Palmquist decided to try. With the help of his police chief and the mayor of Minneapolis, but officially on his "own time" and paying his own way, Palmquist and a fellow police officer traveled to New York to attempt to make contact with Minnesota girls working as prostitutes.

However, when they arrived in New York to work in secret as their mission required, they discovered that word had leaked out; they became the target of an ingenious persecution and were followed nearly everywhere by the news media. "At one time," Palmquist recalls, "there were over two dozen photographers and reporters following me about."

Crestfallen and hurt, Palmquist returned to Minneapolis. But inwardly he strengthened his resolve. He would return. He would begin making contacts and bring back the lost girls. He would shut down the Minnesota connection.

"Of course, Russian roulette will become a lot more fun when multiple-shot guns are available."

Finally he got a break: A call came to him late at night from a girl who was a teen-age prostitute. She needed help, fast, because her pimp had been torturing her. She had wanted out, but she feared her pimp would rather beat her to death than let her go. Palmquist, convinced he could help her, met the girl secretly and took her to the only place he could think of, home to his family.

After that, praying for help, Palmquist made the long journey to New York and the Minnesota strip again, this time secretly by driving his own van. Again he returned to Minneapolis empty-handed, but now with hope. There, on the streets of New York, he had found people who believed as he did: the New York "Jesus Cops," the born again men and women who, wanting to rid their city of vice's grip, had promised their help.

And help came from still another direction, the Lamb's Club, a Christ-centered organization not far from the Minnesota Strip. "Lambs will walk the streets day in and out, building friendship," explained Paul Moore of the Lamb's Club. "Lambs will be Safe House's rescue squad, and Safe House will be the hospital." Safe House was where teen-age prostitutes could find shelter and safety from their pimps—a key need, since fear often was what kept the pimps in business.

The girls began arriving furtively, often at night, and very nervous.

Palmquist found he had set off a chain of events greater than he had anticipated. Though he had failed both the first and second times, he had generated communications that flowed between Minneapolis and New York. Christians everywhere had learned of the problem and were focusing their thoughts and prayers.

Then more help arrived, in the form of author John Stone. He had met Palmquist and one of the victims who had been pulled from the pipeline.

Later, Stone and Palmquist set out to write what Stone thought would be a "good little book," *The Minnesota Connection*. To Stone's surprise, the manuscript ultimately was published by two publishers, Bible Voice and Warner Books, who both, in effect, were entering into Palmquist's fight by helping spread the word. Warner imprinted each book with a "safe" telephone number girls in the pipeline could call to reach help. Later, an electric sign on

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Broadway—that any runaway could see—gave the same number.

But the battle was always relative, never absolute. And as Palmquist moved with success now in closing down the pipeline to New York, new pipelines were being built.

Palmquist realized something else was needed. And again, Palmquist found the answer in his obsession with faith—and the needs of all to lead normal, Christian lives. He returned from his latest supersecret, cross-country trip to New York with the solution to the *second* half of the question.

"You'll never guess what we got this time," Palmquist exclaimed.

"What?" a friend asked, cautiously.

Palmquist rubbed his big hands together. "We've got a *pimp*," he announced proudly. And seeing his visitor's shocked expression, he continued, still excitedly, "Our first pimp. He wanted out. He wanted Christ." Then, trying to reach his friend with his vision, he added, "Pimps are victims, just like the others. For us and him, it's a start."

Here, at last, was a new dimension of the fight against the pipeline. But the battle continues, one on one, and circumstances of the dark ways of the pipeline continue to press in on Palmquist. One night after duty he was working in his office at Midwest Challenge when the Hotline to Freedom telephone rang.

"Can you help me?" a timorous voice wavered. "I'm pretty bad off. . . . I'm a whore, but I've got to get out. I'm hiding from my pimp right now, but maybe I have to go back to him. Nobody else will want me."

Palmquist listened, intently, and at the same time began to pray, silently and earnestly. But even as she spoke, she began to sob. Her voice was young and still high-pitched. A teen-ager. Or perhaps younger. Then the sobbing ended, as, with a "click," the telephone went dead.

Palmquist began to pray very hard. Once more he asked for the strength to renew his fight and continue his personal battle, to find this one, special human being who needed to find her faith, her humanity, and her God. ☐

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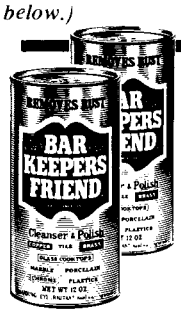

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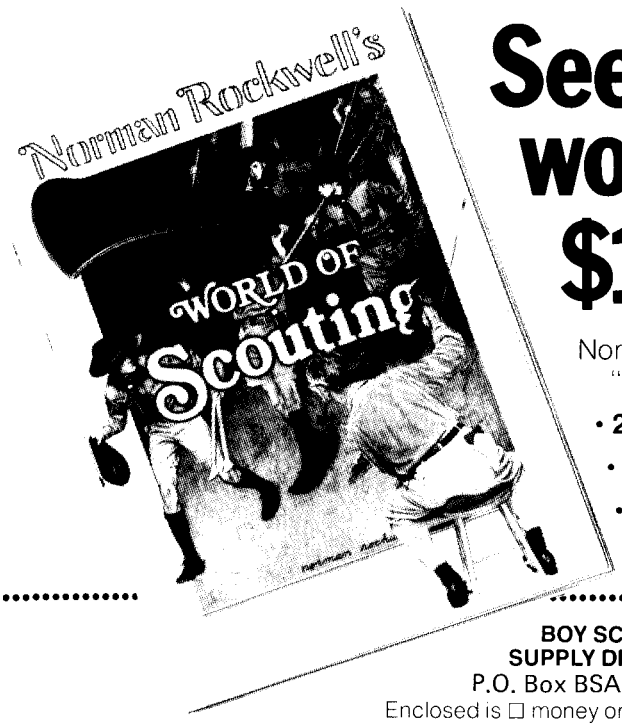

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GRAY POWER

Get off your rockers! urges this Gray Panthers advocate. Old age can be beautiful . . . and powerful.

by Rebecca Blalock

At a Gray Panther demonstration in Atlantic City, 72-year-old Maggie Kuhn carried a sign that read, "Touch me, wrinkles are not contagious!" Behind the obvious humor, the sign expressed a potent message.

States Kuhn, "There is a pervasive societal bias in the U.S., which contends that old age is a disaster and a disease, a loathsome disease that no one wants to admit he has. And yet everyone is getting it. We're all infected with it right now."

Maggie Kuhn seems to enjoy her "infection." "Old age is a beautiful time of life!" she beams. "I feel that we have an obligation in our later years to show that old age is nothing to be feared. On the contrary, it is a part of the continuum of life and ought to be a time when life can flower."

Because aging is as inevitable as death and taxes, young people are joining Maggie Kuhn in her Gray Power crusade. Here she spreads the word at a public lecture.

Ten thousand Gray Panthers share her view. Founded by Maggie in 1970, the Gray Panthers are a coalition of both young and old dedicated to the fight against "ageism," or discrimination based on age, in the U.S. And although their initial focus was mainly on the needs of the elderly, Gray Panthers have evolved more comprehensive goals. They now define their purpose as "advocacy for social change to benefit the larger public good."

Maggie reiterates this broader perspective when asked about the impact of the Gray Panther movement on society. Could the effect be as great as that of the women's movement or the civil rights movement? "Only if we don't narrow our objectives to include only the interests of the old," she answers. "We must, instead, consider the needs of society as a whole."

She admits to being surprised by the recognition the Panthers have already received and the level of accomplishment they have already attained. In typical humility she explains it by saying simply, "I guess the timing was right."

"This is a new age, an age of sweeping change and liberation, of self-determination; a new kind of freedom for all of us who dare to take risks. And I see us as a new breed of old people."

Maggie Kuhn is the embodiment of the "new breed." When forced into mandatory retirement after 25 years of service with the Presbyterian Church, she rebelled. She thought mandatory retirement unfair and set out to organize other old people against their enforced life style. Thus, by retiring, she took on a much larger task.

The energetic Philadelphian serves on countless committees and task forces, delivers at least 200 lectures a year, and still finds time to picket, lobby, or march for a pertinent issue. She is not afraid to verbally assault HUD officials, nursing home administrators, AMA members, congressmen, or TV celebrities. But as she wrote in the Gray Panther manifesto, "We have a sense of humor."

Maggie has little humor, though, when it comes to the myths and stereotypes about old people. "You know, old people are supposed to be all alike," she fumes. "In society's view, at age 65 we all become mindless, unable to learn anything. It's only a matter of time before senility sets in. This, of course, is ridiculous. You can learn at any age. As for senility, it is often mistaken for symptoms of physical illness, malnutrition, or depression.

"There's a similar myth that old people are useless. As soon as they retire, their skills are suddenly outdated, old-fashioned. In a society centered on the work ethic, mandatory retirement perpetuates this attitude.

"Many people also have been deluded into acceptance of the myth that old people are sexless. Factually, it is often the middle-aged who cannot deal with the thought of old age and sex, not the old people.

"We also seem to believe that old age is powerless. Much of our lack of power comes from our isolation from the rest of society. We must defeat that isolation through coalitions with other groups who are also victimized by discrimination—the young, the women, the handicapped."

And what is the root of ageism?

Continued on following page

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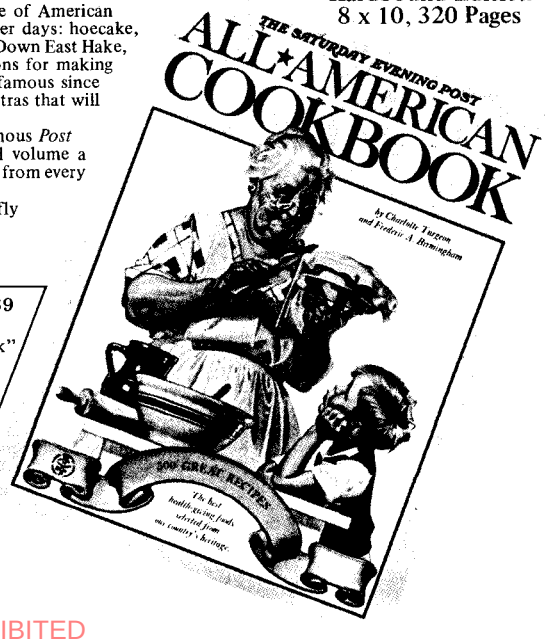

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In Maggie's view, it is "society's refusal to take responsibility for the old. And on a personal level, it is the fear of middle-aged people about becoming old and the self-hate of old people in being old."

Gray Panthers are working hard to dispel the negative attitudes about old age. One method is through the media; they publish their own newspaper and have radio programs in some cities. But even though they work through the media, Panthers recognize it as one of the prime promoters of ageist attitudes. As a result, a group of Panthers formed Media Watch. Volunteers monitor television programs and file complaints about those that are objectional from an age point of view. Specific complaints have included youth-oriented commercials, negative stereotypes of old folks in certain comedy routines, and the almost total absence of any older emcees and news anchor people. Maggie states their case: "We know from research that older viewers watch TV from four to eight hours a week longer than any other age group, and we'd like to have something we can identify with."

While Panthers are striving to rid American society of negative ageist stereotypes, they are also trying to replace them with positive images. "We must give old people new images of themselves as functioning individuals of value to society," says Kuhn.

Such new images involve the creation of new roles and functions. Kuhn perceives old people in monitoring roles: watchdogs of utility commissions, city councils, hospital boards, the courts, corporations. She also envisions them as advocates for consumer rights: patient advocates in nursing homes and hospitals, advocates for those with impaired hearing, advocates of the "right to work," advocates for constructive activity in various civic Senior Centers.

Many Panthers have already put social reform in motion. In Pennsylvania, Gray Panthers joined with the handicapped in a suit against the Department of Transportation for subsidizing the continued manufacture of transportation vehicles that were not barrier-free. It took two years, but the case was finally settled out of court in favor of the Panthers.

Also in Pennsylvania, Gray Panthers were active in enacting legislation to protect the hearing impaired from fraudulent sales tactics by hearing aid companies.

In Nashville, Tennessee, Panthers joined other groups to protest the hosting of the Davis Cup at Vanderbilt, saying that the match fostered apartheid.

"You'll have to come with us, Mrs. Todd. Your pies are so good it's a crime."

In California, Gray Panthers were instrumental in getting the "Living Will" signed into law. Now people in that state can decide in advance to sign a document instructing their survivors not to use artificial means to prolong life if death is clearly imminent.

Much nursing home reform, especially in regard to patient's rights, has been accomplished through a cooperative effort with Ralph Nader and his Retired Professional Action Group.

The lifting of the mandatory retirement age from 65 to 70 was a substantial credit to Panther effort. Since their founding, Panthers have made mandatory retirement their special legislative issue. They are not satisfied yet, however. Says Kuhn, "We want to knock it out entirely. We do not regard age as a criterion for measuring competence, productivity, or creativity. It's just not relevant. Society has made it so, but such a standard has little to do with the facts."

As for the argument that young people will be robbed of jobs or promotions because of an older work force, Kuhn has this to say: "People must realize that the population pyramid is shifting; the number of people over 65 is increasing rapidly. If we continue to waste the experience and talent of the older population, we will become a dying society."

Maggie envisions an important political coalition between young and old. Apparently young people share her view; about 25 percent of the Gray Panthers are under 30. "Both the young and the old can afford to take risks for social change, because both have little to lose," she explains.

Maggie also foresees cooperation between the two generations in experimenting with "alternate life styles." One such life style is intergenerational living, which Maggie has adopted herself. She shares a house in Philadelphia with two women, ages 30 and 35, and one man, age 25. "We enjoy our association very much," she says, and expresses pride in each of her roommates' successful careers.

Maggie thinks institutions for old people are necessary only to provide skilled nursing care. As for age-segregated high-rises and "sun-fun" communities, she scarcely hides her contempt. "They are populated by people who have given up, copped out. There has been repeated societal pressure on

Continued on page 127

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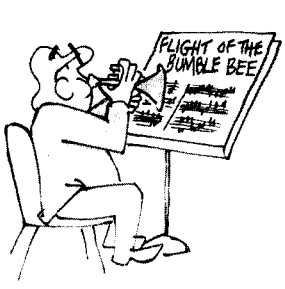
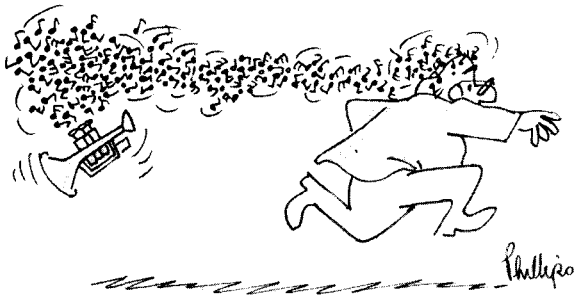
MARCH MELODIES

"He got his fingers caught somewhere in the prestissimo."





"Hi! They call me Cowboy Bob.
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WORK-A-HOLICS LIVE LONGER

Keeping active at a major, demanding activity is another way of extending your life style . . . and your years.

by Frederic A. Birmingham

One of the oft-repeated clichés of the last generation in journalism was the interview with the local centenarian.

More often than not, the interviewee answered the question as to what caused his longevity by gleefully stating that he drank a little whiskey, ate what he pleas-

(Left) Painter Chagall, at 93, a living immortal. (Above) Pianist Artur Rubinstein, 90-year-old despair of youthful pianists. (Below) Dr. Margaret Mead celebrated "a greed for new experiences."

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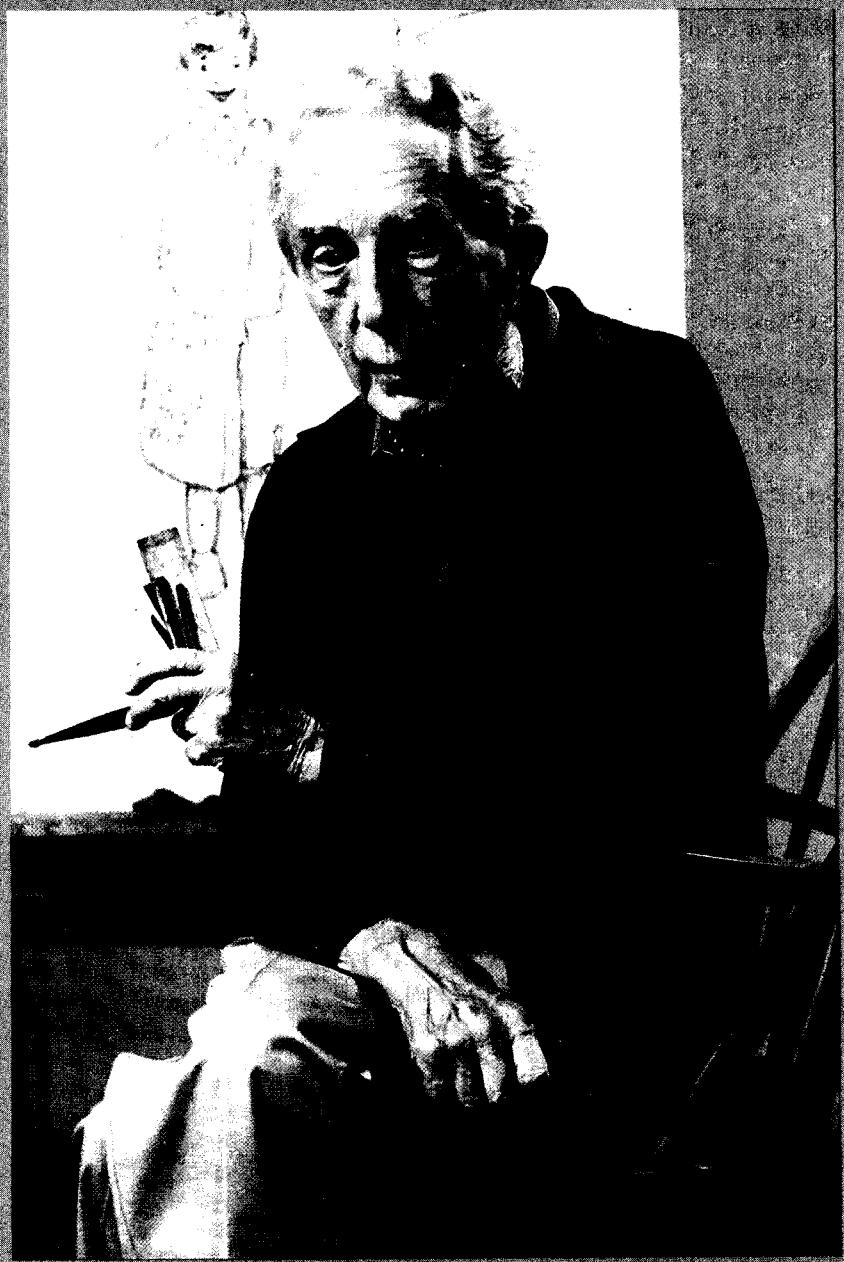
ed, worked 16 hours a day, and was very fond of girls.

While no one could ever blame the oldster for enjoying having outlived his peers, we never believed his lifestyle was contributing to his longevity—until recently, that is. Now we are being told by gerentologists that a little whiskey is good for you, that exercise and physical labor prevent coronaries, and that those of us with active sex lives live longer. Full-fledged activity into the later years is a recognizable means of keeping the brain active, the body responsive, and the nuts and bolts working normally, rather than rusting away in sluggish retirement or do-nothingness.

We meet here many successful individuals who have proved the point. Granted, they are people of great energies; but these energies were kept flowing and valuable by usage. In some cases, they worked right up to the end. In others, they are still at it and, bless their hearts, will continue on this sensible and rewarding course.

The glorious assemblage of men and women celebrated here is glowing proof of how work not only lengthens the life span but gives it meaning and satisfaction during years when every hour of purpose and satisfaction makes living sweeter than ever before.

Our own Norman Rockwell, working into his mid-80's and endeavoring to put brush to canvas on a regular schedule while his life forces permitted, was an inspiration to all. He is said to have stopped working only on Christmas morning, and the phenomenal number of paintings that he finished is living proof of his long hours with his paint brushes. He clambered all over the landscape of New England and even around the



(Above) Industrialist Willard F. Rockwell, 90, worked every day except Sunday, portrayed by relative Norman Rockwell (right). (Below) Conductor Arthur Fiedler: "I wave my arms all the time."

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world looking for perfect props and models. He habitually modeled the exact mood he wanted to achieve. He was an actor, painter, producer, storyteller, anything and everything but sedentary. He loved tennis so much he put in his own court so that he could play with his sons. He traveled. . .he worked. . .he kept active. . .and he *loved his work. The key!* It's fascinating that one of the portraits Norman so enjoyed doing is the one shown with this article, a handsome likeness of a cousin, Colonel Willard F. Rockwell, who journeyed to Norman's Stockbridge studio in 1966 to pose for it. A geneologist at heart, Colonel Rockwell checked his ancestry and, along with having discovered the family crest and such from England, he ascertained that two Rockwell brothers came to this country together: one founding the branch of the family that included Norman's ancestors, the other, founding his own. It was a meeting of giants of an utterly differing cast, except that they shared a huge zest for living and accomplishment. The Colonel, described by President Eisenhower as "one of America's foremost industrialists and innovators in industrial technology," was the honorary Chairman of Rockwell International Corporation, and worked

Continued on page 134

"Old age is a wonderful thing . . . when you consider the alternative," said spry octogenarian Maurice Chevalier (left). Sculptor Henry Moore (right), at 81, has no time for alternatives. He works constantly at his famous monumental sculpture. The beloved Grandma Moses' (below left) life was a fantasy of creative energy. She sold her first painting at 77—and from then on it was a total of some 237 canvases until her last at the age of 100! Lowell Thomas (below right), a widower at 85, remarried and took a nine-month, 70,000-mile honeymoon. Understatement of the year by the lecturer-author-broadcaster-skier-explorer: "I've had fun."

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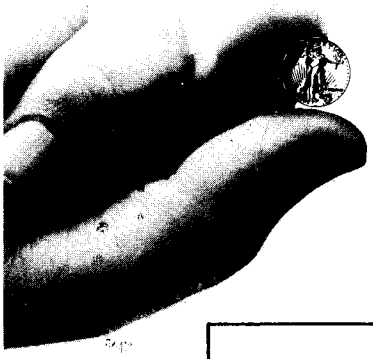

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NORMAN ROCKWELL PAYS TRIBUTE TO A FAMILY DOCTOR

The artist's various years of residence in New England, after his first periods in New York City and then its suburbs, introduced Rockwell to a familiar small town figure who was inevitably too busy to notice that his was a calling touched with nobility. This was the family doctor who functioned as godfather, savior, counselor, neighbor, and—all too often—tower of strength to the bereaved. Rockwell honored the profession in the portrait of Dr. George A. Russell of Arlington, Vermont. Underneath that is a gesture of gratitude and admiration to all the other physicians he personified in communities across America.

School doctor. He treats all ages—from portal to portal, a wag said.

All-night vigil—when a doctor's presence during a crisis may be the best medicine.

The waiting room. The office is part of his fine old colonial house on the main street.

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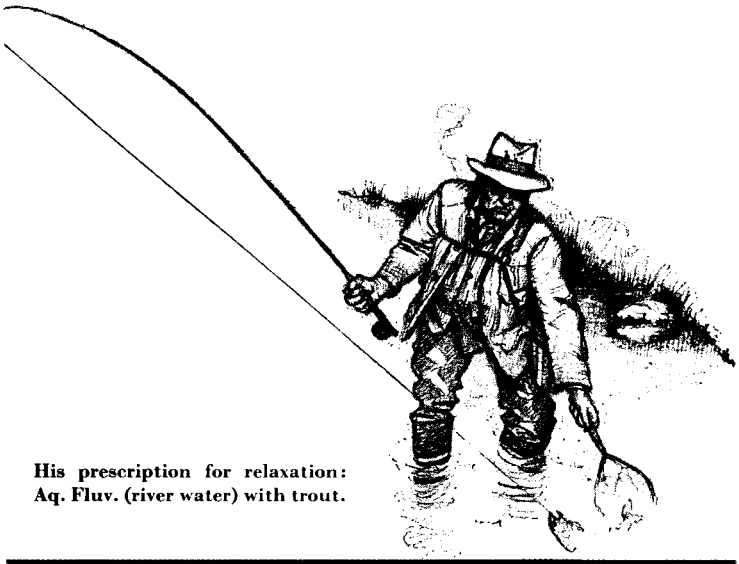
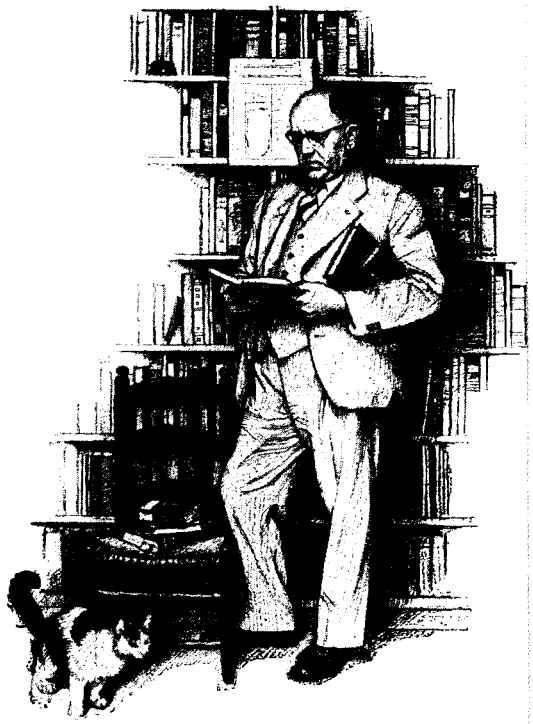


His prescription for relaxation: Aq. Fluv. (river water) with trout.

Consultation. It may be bad news: "One more day like this and you can go back to school."

Hideout—a mountain camp with a trout stream and no phone.

In town meeting, his opinions carry weight.



His collection of Vermont historical material fills four book-lined rooms.

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CORONARY IN KYOTO

When tragedy strikes 6,000 miles from home, an American doctor and his wife find human kindness transcends culture and language barriers.

by Herbert L. Hartley, M.D.

Japanese people, once foreign to us, no longer seem so to my wife and me. We know them now. Our affection, something like that for near relatives, was kindled by their kindness when Margaret had a heart attack that nearly took her life in Kyoto. We weren't tourists any longer. We were just people who needed help, and they helped us with the unlimited good will that we learned is a fundamental Japanese characteristic.

We were in Kyoto to attend the Tenth International Congress of Nutrition and had just finished lunch in the Bamboo Grill of the Hotel Miyako. I glanced across the table to see a suddenly changed expression on Margaret's face. She was frowning with obvious deep concern. I froze in the first intense reaction to alarm. She said, almost inaudibly, "I don't feel well."

Happy reminders of their extended visit to Japan still cheer the Hartleys. A "good luck" doll from Dr. Oiso and a print from the manager of their host hotel are special favorites.

Through all my fear I knew what I wished mightily I did not have to know, that she was having a heart attack. And I was suddenly aware that a physician cannot be calm or capable when confronted by a threat to the life of a loved one. I know now that it was a mistake, but when she asked me to take her to our room, I did so.

On the way to the elevator we met a hotel official who realized that she was ill. All I could think of to say was, "Get an ambulance! Emergency!"

When we got to our room, Margaret was near collapse. I took her in my arms, and as her head fell to my shoulder she whispered, "It's getting dark." Then, "I love you—very much." And I knew she was saying good-bye. Her heart had entered the stage that is preliminary to a complete stop.

But then there was a miracle. I was about to start a desperate attempt to revive her by cardio-pulmonary resuscitation when she opened her eyes again and moved enough to indicate some continuing circulation. She continued breathing. We began the wait for the ambulance that seemed hours, but may have been only minutes.

I had hoped that the word "emergency" would bring an ambulance with some special equipment, but what arrived was an old vehicle recognizable as an ambulance by the faded red cross painted on the side. It carried a respirator but nothing more.

However, there was another passenger in the ambulance. The hotel man came with us. He knew that we would need an interpreter.

The hospital was the Emergency Branch of the Kyoto Second Red Cross Hospital. It was an old building, and I had visions of

Nurses, skilled in their profession, succeeded in boosting the morale of the patient. One morning Margaret awoke to find ribbons decorating her oxygen tent. The modern Kyoto hospital has more than 500 beds and modern x-ray and laboratory facilities.

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its being no better equipped than the old ambulance. But once in the emergency room I saw that an electrocardiograph was ready. That helped. And the tracing soon displayed the curves that spelled what I already knew. It confirmed that an important artery in Margaret's heart was clogged with a blood clot—coronary thrombosis. A bottle of glucose solution was brought in and a needle was put in a vein for its administration. That was correct, too. I felt somewhat relieved, knowing that arrival alive at the hospital forecasts a fairly good chance for survival.

The month was August, and August in Japan brings hot, humid weather that seems oppressive to anyone from the cool Pacific Northwest. The man from the hotel sensed our uneasiness in the strange surroundings, where we could not even surmise the trend of the conversation going on around us. To reassure us, he explained the delay. "They prepare room. Few minutes now."

The first thing that caught my eye as they wheeled Margaret into her room was the cardiac monitor. For the first time, I began to relax about Japanese medical skills.

But there was another device in the room that struck me as more in keeping with the age of the building than was the monitor. It was an oxygen tent. I hadn't seen one for years. I knew that Margaret needed that oxygen, but was accustomed to seeing it delivered to the patient's nose by a small, unobtrusive plastic tube. The tent seemed a bit out of date, but in that hot, moist atmosphere it was a real comfort.

So far the hospital methods, the attention of physicians, and the competence of nurses were all familiar and gratifying. I knew all about that part of patient care. What I didn't know was the part I was supposed to play.

The first surprise came when a nurse brought in a bundle that looked like a bed roll. That's exactly what it was, but I was puzzled. Was it for me? I finally decided that it was. I tried to ask the nurses, but they couldn't understand me. By gestures that brought a gale of laughter, I was finally understood. They brought in a folding cot. There was no doubt about it. I was expected to stay in the room, and I did throughout Margaret's hospitalization.

Margaret did well for the first two days. Dr. Tanimura, her physician, was pleased by her progress. And I had begun to relax a bit, realizing that her chance for recovery was improving with each passing hour, but I should not have been so complacent. Late in the third day I began to realize that the dancing line across the monitor screen was changing. Soon there was no doubt—her heart was slowing. Alarmed, I called Dr. Tanimura. Margaret had a complete heart block that left the ventricles to establish their own rate, much too slow for adequate circulation.

The feeling of apprehension and helplessness returned. Would a pacemaker be necessary? That would require major surgery. Where could it be done? And who would be able to do it?

That evening two physicians came to the emergency hospital to discuss the problem with me. One introduced himself as Dr. Kenji Miyao, Chief of Cardiology at the Second Red Cross Hospital. The other was Dr. Kazuto Kitamura from the Faculty of Medicine, Kyoto University. After carefully reviewing the record, the two physicians concluded that they should install a temporary pacemaker, an external device creating mild surges of electrical current at controlled rate that are carried to the heart through an insulated wire inserted into a convenient vein.

Late as the hour was, they decided to proceed at once. Thus it wasn't yet 10:00 p.m. when four nurses arrived with the patient transfer cart to take Margaret to what I supposed was an operating room. Surrounding the bed, they all grasped the sheet on which she was lying. One of them started a one-two-three in Japanese—"*Ichi, ni, san*"—and something that obviously meant "go!" With perfect coordination they lifted her and, ever so gently, placed her on the cart. She was quickly on her way.

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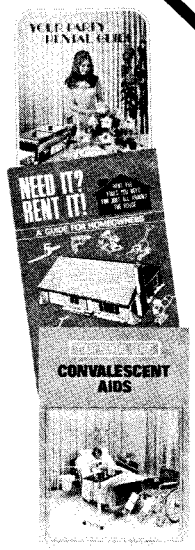

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the operating room door. I stayed in the room and sat down to wait. At the end of an hour that should have been enough for the procedure I began pacing back and forth in the room. It didn't help.

After another half hour I was sure that something had gone wrong. Once more my doubts arose. I went to the nurses' station with an inquiry. They didn't understand my words, but they quickly recognized the universal language in which I was automatically registering my anxiety.

One of the nurses left but soon returned, beckoning me to follow her. We went down the stairs to the same emergency room to which Margaret had been taken when we arrived. I didn't know what to expect. But as soon as the door opened, there she was, on a small operating table, fully conscious, her face almost radiant. She smiled reassuringly and said with something like gaiety, "Oh, hello, dear," and I almost broke.

Dr. Kitamura explained the delay. He had tried to insert the thin, insulated wire with its metal tip through a neck vein, but found the vein too small. He had to close the small wound, then go to her right arm, insert the wire, or catheter, through the arm vein, and lead the tip to her heart as he watched a fluoroscope screen. Margaret told me later that the discomfort in her chest had stopped almost immediately when the instrument was turned on.

Back in her room she was tired but quite comfortable. The dancing needle of the instrument strapped to her bedside table indicated a steady 70 impulses per minute, and the monitor reflected the rate faithfully. It was past midnight, but she had returned with significant change. The stress of life-threatening illness in a strange country, far from home, began to recede. My anxiety finally had begun to drop a few notches, too.

Although required to lie flat because of the needle for intravenous fluid in one arm and the pacemaker catheter in the other, Margaret was able to rest quite well. On the ninth day she was out of danger well enough to transfer from the Emergency Branch to the main hospital. Most of my uncertainties about the quality of Japanese medical care had disappeared, unfounded as they had been in the first place. She could have had no better care anywhere. And never have we experienced the amount of kindness and friendliness shown us there.

Among many incidents revealing thoughtfulness, two were especially notable. The first was a visit on the second day by the hotel man who had been in the ambulance with us and had stayed until Margaret was in her room with all equipment working. He was Toshikazu Fujii, and he knew that we would need several things not supplied in the hospital. In a large plastic bag he brought a package of Kleenex-type tissues, a roll of toilet paper, tea bags, sugar, matches, cup, writing paper and envelopes, pens, laundry bags, soap, disposable toothbrushes, and dental cream. He visited us again in the main hospital just to see that we were getting along well.

The other example of thoughtfulness was a heartwarming demonstration of a physician's understanding. One day when Margaret's spirits were down from constant pain, the bleakness of the room in the old hospital, and the strangeness of foreign language and custom, we had a surprise visit from Dr. Toshio Oiso, Director of the National Institute of Nutrition in Tokyo and Vice-President of the Tenth International Congress of Nutrition, the meeting we were attending when our plans were interrupted.

Dr. Oiso was chairman of two important committees for the Congress and one of the busiest men in Kyoto at the time. I don't know where he found the time to make several visits to Margaret's hospital room. On the first visit, he could sense her depressed spirit.

On the second visit, Dr. Oiso brought a package. He unwrapped it and gave Margaret an elegant Japanese doll dressed in an exquisite brocade kimono. Handing it to Margaret he said, "She'll take care of you." Actually, she did. Every time we looked at the doll, our morale went up.

Four weeks after entering the hospital, Margaret was ready to move back to the Miyako Hotel. There Margaret gained strength rapidly, and one week after leaving the hospital we left Kyoto by bullet train to Tokyo, en route to Los Angeles and Seattle.

A short time after our return I met a Navy pharmacist's mate who had been stationed in Japan for a year. He expressed his feelings about the country in a way with which I could heartily agree. He said, "If I had orders to go back and they gave me five minutes to get ready, I would have four minutes to spare."

Those who have been in Japan for anything more than a quick tourist trip say that this is what Japan does to you. We fell in love with it, too.

"That's what I can't stand, he knows *he's good."*

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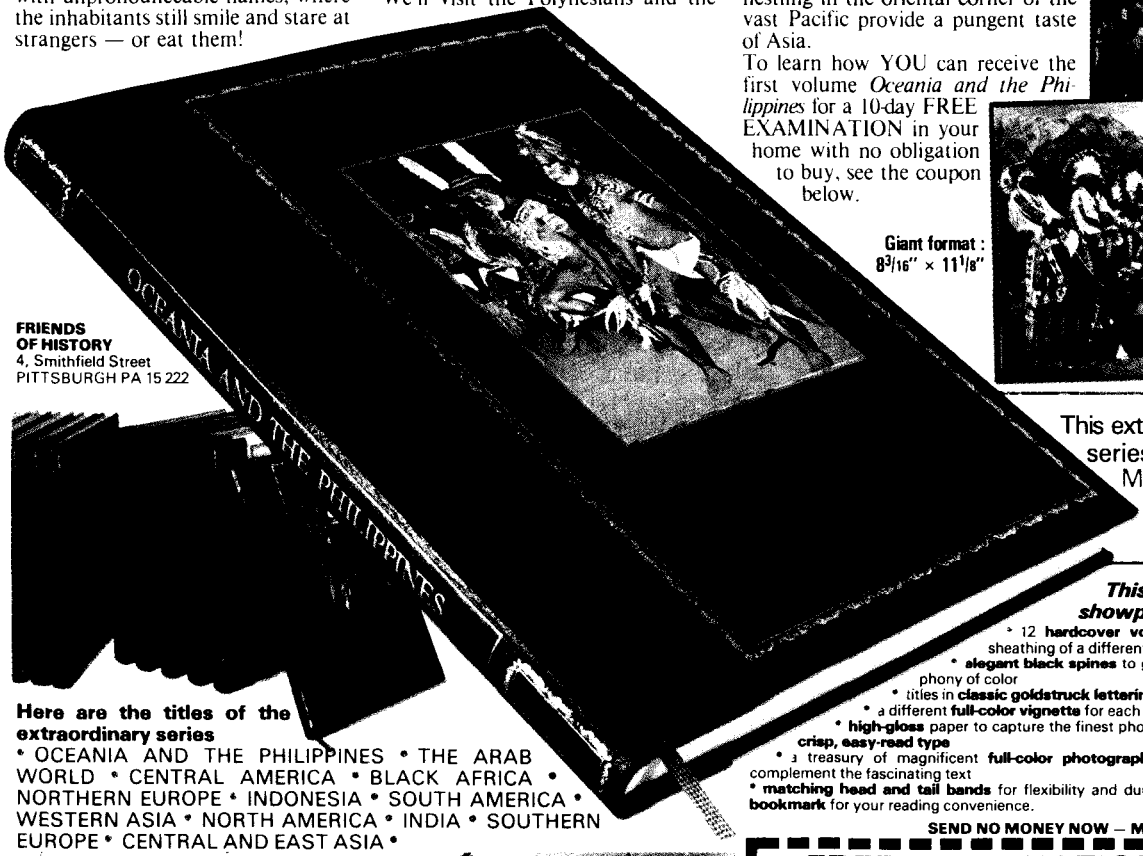

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CYCLES

Man cannot tamper with the rhythm of nature without somehow compensating for the disruption.

by Isaac Asimov

On earth, things move in cycles. That is why, after 4.6 billion years of existence, our planet is still young, active, and full of life.

Water runs from the uplands to the sea, quickly as rivers and seepingly as ground water. It may delay awhile and collect in ponds and lakes, but it always ends in the ocean (or, occasionally, in inland seas). It is a natural flow under the pull of gravity.

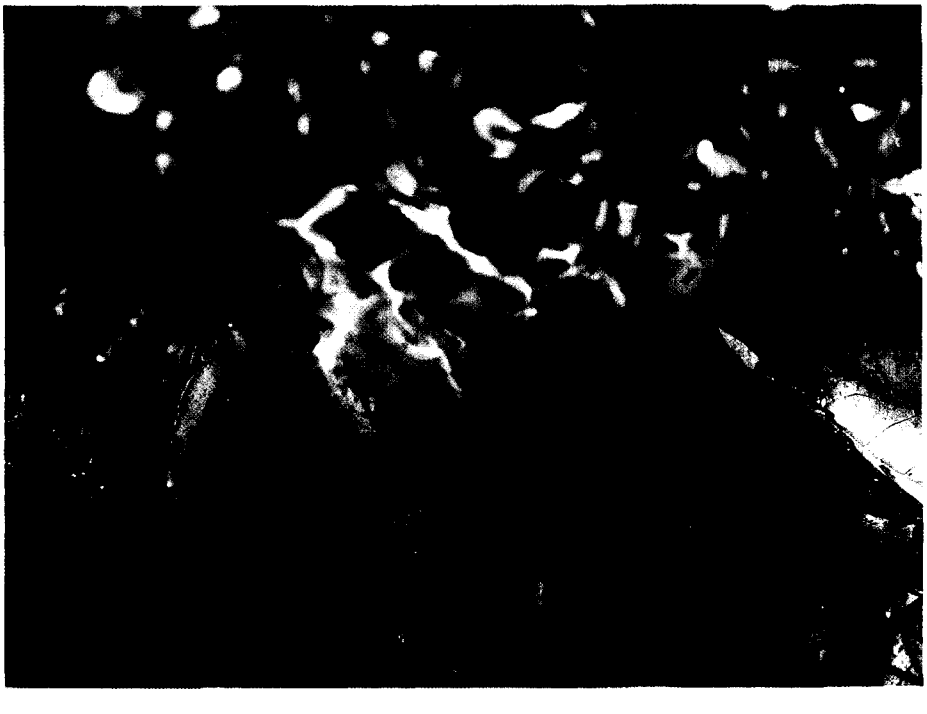
Why hasn't all the water ended in the sea and left the land desert-dry billions of years ago? Because that's only half the cycle.

The other half, powered by the energy of the sun's radiation, evaporates water from the ocean surface, raises water vapor by the millions of tons a couple of miles into the air, carries it over land, and drops it as rain.

A second example: Animals convert food and oxygen into carbon dioxide and water. And yet year after year the food does not cease, the oxygen does not vanish from the air, we do not choke on carbon dioxide—that's only half the cycle. Plants, powered by the light of the sun, convert carbon dioxide and water into food and oxygen. That's the other half.

A third example: Animals produce wastes, urine, and feces, which they distribute freely over the land. Animals, and plants as well, die, and corpses and deadwood litter the landscape. The other half of the cycle consists of scavenging animals and microscopic forms of life that utilize the wastes and the dead, restoring them to the kind of compounds that the plant world can use, and then the animal world as well.

A fourth example: Human beings can take a hand and burn piles of leaves to get rid of them or burn logs in a fireplace for warmth. If this is done, ashes and smoke are produced. The ashes are largely mineral in nature. The smoke is chiefly carbon dioxide and water vapor, but other gases are also present, as well as small, solid particles that give the smoke its white, cloudy appearance.



The ash, if spread over the land, will eventually be absorbed by plants. The solid particles in the smoke will be washed down into the soil by rain, and there it will be taken up by plants. The carbon dioxide will be absorbed by plants. Any other gas produced will be converted into carbon dioxide or into minerals—and will be absorbed by plants. Though you burn the wood and leaves, what you produce in the process will eventually become wood and leaves again.

There are countless examples of completed cycles that keep the earth fresh and new; they have been doing so for billions of years, may continue to do so for billions of years more as long as the sunshine supplies the basic energy and as long as humanity does not spoil it all.

For now humanity and its technology are on the scene, and in every direction change is carried through half a cycle. Rich pockets of ore, slowly collected over many millions of years by geological processes, are smelted for metals, the metals are used in devices, the devices are finally discarded and allowed to rust or just to lie there. Trees are chopped down, wood is converted to paper and myriad paper products, the paper products are used and thrown away. Our industrial processes produce myriads of chemicals that nature has either never seen or that it has not seen produced in so concentrated a form; and those chemicals are discarded into the air, or water, or soil.

In short, technology seems to be a way of converting natural resources into trash—or pollution, if you prefer—at an enormous and accelerating rate. Some of the pollution can be recycled by natural processes, but not at a rate equal to that of its production. Some pollution consists of new products, invented by human beings, that can't be recycled at all by natural processes.

What is to be done?

Clearly, if one-half of the cycle (the downward half) has been accelerated by human activity, this must be made up for by a deliber-

Continued on page 101

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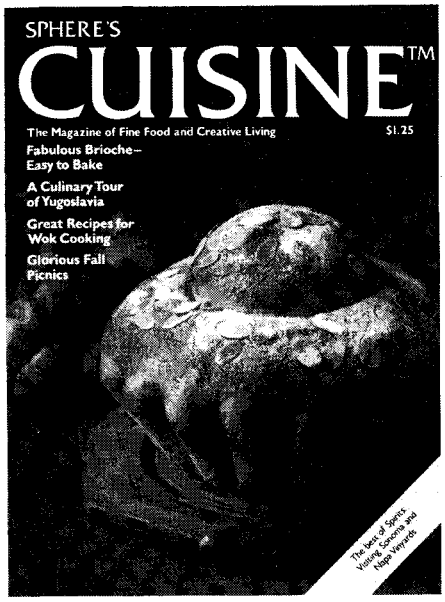

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ADVENTURES OF THE MIND

The Death of the Socialist Idea

By IRVING KRISTOL

The most important political event of the twentieth century is not the crisis of capitalism but the death of socialism. It is an event of immense significance. For with the passing of the socialist ideal there is removed from the political horizon the one alternative to capitalism that was rooted in the Judeo-Christian tradition and in the Western civilization which emerged from that tradition. Now, to ever greater degree, anticapitalism is becoming synonymous with one form or another of barbarism and tyranny. And since capitalism, after 200 or so years, is bound to endure crisis and breed disaffection, it is nothing short of a tragedy that anticapitalist dissent should now be liberated from a socialist tradition which—one sees it clearly in perspective—had the function of civilizing dissent, a function it was able to perform because it implicitly shared so many crucial values with the liberal capitalism it opposed.

Today, we live in a world with an ever increasing number of people who call themselves socialists, an ever increasing number of political regimes that call themselves socialist, but where the socialist ideal itself has been voided of all meaning and frequently of all humane substance as well. It must be emphasized that this is not a question of the institutional reality diverging markedly from the original, inspiring ideal—as the Christian Church, let us say, diverged from the original vision of the Gospels. That kind of wayward development is natural and inevitable, if always dismaying—ideals CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

About the Author

Irving Kristol is co-founder and editor of *The Public Interest*, a scholarly journal dealing with domestic affairs. Kristol has also served as editor of *Commentary*, *Encounter*, and *Reporter* magazines, and as executive vice-president of Basic Books, Inc. During the 1960's and '70's he has been a leading spokesman for reform in education, government, and the business world, and against the anti-American intellectual attitude. Kristol is a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and a member of the *Wall Street Journal*'s Board of Contributors. During the Nixon Administration he served on White House task forces for urban problems and social policy. His books include: *Two Cheers for Capitalism*, *On the Democratic Ideal in America*, and *America's Continuing Revolution*.

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pay a large price for their incarnation. In the case of contemporary socialism, however, the ideal itself has ceased to be of any interest to anyone—it has not been adapted to reality but contemptuously repudiated by it.

True, there is a dwindling band of socialist fideists who keep insisting that we must not judge socialism by any of its works. The Soviet Union, they tell us, is not "socialist" at all; nor is China, or Yugoslavia, or Cuba, or Hungary, or all those other "people's democracies." Neither, of course, are such regimes as exist in Peru or Syria or Zaire, whose claims to socialist legitimacy are not to be taken seriously. As for Western countries with social-democratic governments, such as Britain or Sweden—well, they get a passing grade for "effort," but it seems that they are insufficiently resolute or intelligent to bring "true" socialism about.

This is all quite ridiculous, of course. Socialism is what socialism does. The plaintive lament of the purist that socialism (or capitalism, or Christianity) has "never really been tried" is simply the expression of petulance and obstinacy on the part of ideologues who, convinced that they have a more profound understanding than anyone else of the world and its history, now find that they have been living a huge self-deception. People who persist in calling themselves socialist, while decrying the three-quarters of the world that has proclaimed itself socialist, and who can find a socialist country nowhere but in their imaginings—such people are anachronisms. As such they do serve a purpose: They help the historian and scholar understand what socialists used to think socialism was all about. One could discover that from reading books, to be sure, but it is sometimes enlightening to interview an actual survivor.

The absolute contradiction between the socialist reality today and the original socialist ideal is most perfectly revealed by the utter refusal of socialist collectivities even to think seriously about that ideal. Perhaps the most extraordinary fact of twentieth century intellectual history is that all thinking about socialism takes place in nonsocialist countries. In this respect, one can again see the fallacy in the analogy—so frequently and glibly made—between contemporary socialism and early Christianity. The Church certainly did deviate from the original teachings of Jesus and his apostles and did transform these teachings into a theology suitable for an institutional religion. But these deviations and transformations, this development of Christian doctrine, were the work of the Church Fathers, whose powerful minds can fascinate us even today. In the case of contemporary socialism, there are no Church Fathers—only heretics, outside the reach of established orthodoxies, developing doctrines for which socialist authority has no use at all. Not a single interesting work on Marxism—not even an authoritative biography of Karl Marx!—has issued from the Soviet Union

Socialism, apparently, is one of those ideals which, when breathed upon by reality, suffers immediate petrifaction.

in its 60 years of existence. If you want to study Marxism with Marxist intellectuals, you go to Paris, or Rome, or London, or some American university campus. There are no intellectual Hegiras to Moscow, Peking, or Havana. Moreover, the works of Western Marxist thinkers—and some are indeed impressive—are suppressed in socialist lands. Sartre's Marxist writings have never been published in Russia, just as Brecht's plays have never been produced there, and just as Picasso's paintings have never been exhibited there. Socialism, apparently, is one of those ideals which, when breathed upon by reality, suffers immediate petrifaction—which is why all those who remain loyal to this ideal will always end up bewailing another "revolution betrayed."

The basic defects of a liberal-capitalist society have been obscured from us by the socialist critique itself—or, to be more precise, by the versions of this critique which ultimately became the intellectual orthodoxy of the socialist movements. The original sources of socialist dissent are best discovered by going back to the original socialists: the so-called "utopian" socialists, as distinguished from the later "scientific" socialists. Reading them, one finds that socialism derives its spiritual energy from a profound dissatisfaction, not with one or another aspect of liberal modernity, but with that modernity itself. Indeed, the original socialist criticism of the bourgeois world is, to a remarkable degree, a secular version of the indictment which the "reactionary" Catholic Church was then continually making, though to a world increasingly deaf to Christian tonalities.

The essential point of this indictment was that *liberty was not enough*. A society founded solely on "individual rights" was a society that ultimately deprived men of those virtues which could only exist in a *political community*, which is something other than a "society." Among these virtues are a sense of distributive justice, a fund of shared moral values, and a common vision of the good life sufficiently attractive and powerful to transcend the knowledge that each individual's life ends only in death. Capitalist society itself—as projected, say, in the writings of John Locke and Adam Smith—was negligent of such virtues. It did not reject them and in no way scorned them, but simply assumed that the individual would be able to cope with this matter as he did with his other "private" affairs. This assumption, in turn, was possible only because the founders of capitalism took it for granted that the moral and spiritual heritage of Judaism and Christianity was unassailable, and that the new individualism of bourgeois society would not "liberate" the individual from this tradition. It might free him from a particular theology, or a particular church; but he would "naturally" rediscover for himself, within himself, those values previously associated with that theology or church. This was very much a Protestant conception of the relation between men and the values by which they lived and died. It sur-

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vived so long as traditional religious habits of mind survived in the individualist, secularized society of bourgeois capitalism; which is to say, for many generations capitalism was able to live off the accumulated moral and spiritual capital of the past. But with each generation that capital stock was noticeably depleted, had to be stretched ever thinner to meet the exigencies of life. Bankruptcy was inevitable, and we have seen it come in our own time, as a spirit of nihilism has dismissed not only the answers derived from tradition but the very meaningfulness of the questions to which tradition provided the answers. A "good life" has thus come to signify a satisfactory "life style"—just another commodity that capitalism, in its affluence and generosity, makes available in a thousand assorted varieties to suit a thousand tastes.

Socialism can be seen, in retrospect, to have been a kind of rebellion against the possibilities of nihilism inherent in the bourgeois Protestant principle—an effort within the framework of modernity to reconstruct a political community that would withstand the corruptions of modernity itself. To call it a "secular religion" is not far off the mark, and most of the original "utopian" socialists would have found nothing arguable in this ascription. The Saint-Simonians, as we know, very consciously set out to establish a post-Christian religion that preserved the best of Christianity as they understood it. All the "utopian" socialist communities had a religious core—at the very least a "religion of humanity" into whose values young people were indoctrinated. To challenge or criticize those values, and the way of life associated with them, was to risk immediate expulsion. In our own time the Israeli kibbutz can remind us of what a socialist community, in the original sense, was supposed to be like.

This "utopian" socialism was not really "utopian" at all. Indeed, it is the only kind of socialism that has ever worked. The trouble is that it can only work under certain very restricted conditions. (1) The people who set out to create a socialist community must sincerely subscribe to socialist beliefs. (2) They must be satisfied with a *small* community—otherwise there will be division of labor, bureaucracy, social classes, in short a "society" rather than a community. And (3) they must be fairly indifferent to material goods, so that a *voluntary* equality will easily prevail. In circumstances such as these, socialist communities "work," in the sense of continuing to exist and continuing to hold on to the loyalties of a new generation as well as those of the founding members. They work most effectively, as historians of socialism are fond of pointing out, when the religious core is strongest, because then the shared values are most successfully affirmed and reaffirmed. It is no accident, after all, that the Greek *polis*—the model of political community—neither believed in nor practiced religious toleration, to say nothing of religious pluralism.

But this kind of socialism has always been marginal to socialist history, which had much larger ambitions. The "scientific" socialism of Marx and his followers—whether they defined themselves as "orthodox" Marxists, "neo"-Marxists, "revisionist" Marxists, or whatever—aimed to transform all of society, and quickly. It derided the idea of slowly converting people to a belief in socialism until these people formed a majority. Similarly, it contemptuously rejected the notion of creating model socialist communities within the womb of capitalist society—as, say, the early Christians created their own exemplary communities throughout the Roman empire. Though the moral and spiritual impetus toward socialism may have been derived—and is still largely derived—from a profound sense of the inadequacy of modernity to satisfy the yearnings for political community, "postutopian" socialism itself has become a modernist political doctrine. This is true of both the communist and social-

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democratic versions of "scientific" socialism, each of which, in its own way, takes a managerial and manipulative approach to politics and tries to create a new political community through the actions of government upon an unenlightened and recalcitrant populace.

The crucial difference between "scientific" socialism and "utopian" socialism lay in their attitudes toward economic growth and material prosperity. The "utopians" were not much interested in affluence, as we have come to understand that term—i.e. an ever increasing amount and variety of consumers' goods made available to an ever increasing proportion of the population. They were by no means Spartan in their conception of a good community. They *did* expect to abolish poverty and to achieve a decent degree of material comfort, which would be equally shared. But their conception of a "decent" standard of living was, by twentieth century standards, quite modest. This modesty was a matter of principle: Being community-oriented rather than individual-oriented, "utopian" socialism saw no merit in the constant excitation of individual appetites, which would inevitably place severe strains on the bonds of community. The main function of the socialist community, as they conceived it, was to produce a socialist type of individual—persons who had transcended the vulgar, materialistic, and divisive acquisitiveness that characterized the capitalist type of individual. Here again, the Israeli kibbutz gives us an insight into the "utopian" intention. The kibbutz aims to satisfy all the basic economic needs of the community, and even to achieve a pleasing level of comfort for its membership. But "affluence," in the sense of widespread individual possession of such "luxuries" as automobiles, television sets, hi-fi radios and record players, freezers and refrigerators, travel abroad, etc., is solemnly regarded as a political threat, to be coped with cautiously and prudently.

"Scientific" socialism, in contrast, denounced capitalism for failing to produce the society of abundance made possible by modern technology and mocked at "utopian" socialism for wishing to curb "needs" rather than satisfying them copiously. This approach made it possible for "scientific" socialism to become the basis of a mass movement, since it pandered so explicitly to the mass appetites excited—but also, to some degree, at any particular moment, frustrated—by capitalism. The political mass movements that had socialist goals then divided into two kinds: those that thought a liberal parliamentary democracy should be preserved within a socialist community, and those that thought this both unrealistic and undesirable. In the twentieth century, both these movements succeeded in establishing themselves as the governments of major nations. And in all such instances the end result has been frustration and disillusionment.

In the case of totalitarian socialism—that current of socialist thought for which Lenin stands to Marx as St. Paul did to Jesus—the frustration has been absolute and definitive. Central economic planning of a rigorous kind has demonstrated a radical incapacity to cope with a complex industrialized economy and urbanized society. Obviously, the central planners can build steel mills or dams or armament factories. But the Pharaohs of ancient Egypt could boast of comparable achievements—there is nothing "socialist" about the ability to get certain things done. What the central planners of the Soviet Union clearly cannot do is create an "affluent" society in which its citizens would have a standard of living on the level of that of Western Europe and America.

Yet a Western standard of "affluence" is precisely what the Soviet citizens want. These citizens were never "socialists" in any meaningful sense of that term, nor have 60 years of Communist rule succeeded in making them such. In the earlier decades of the Soviet regime there was a lot of windy talk about "the new Soviet man" who would emerge from "the Soviet experiment." One hears little such prattle today, even from official Soviet sources. Soviet Communism is a pseudoreligion, and the Soviet government is a pseudotheocracy, which, even after decades of coercion and terror, has been pitifully unable to effect any kind of mass conversion to socialist beliefs. As has been noted, there are no socialist intellectuals in the Soviet Union—only an increasing number of antisocialist intellectuals. The effort to create a socialist society that would be more prosperous, more "affluent," than a capitalist one, while creating a socialist citizenry through unremitting *force majeure*, has been a disastrous failure. "Managerial" socialism has turned out to be far more utopian than "utopian" socialism.

The same destiny has awaited the non-Leninist, social-democrat-

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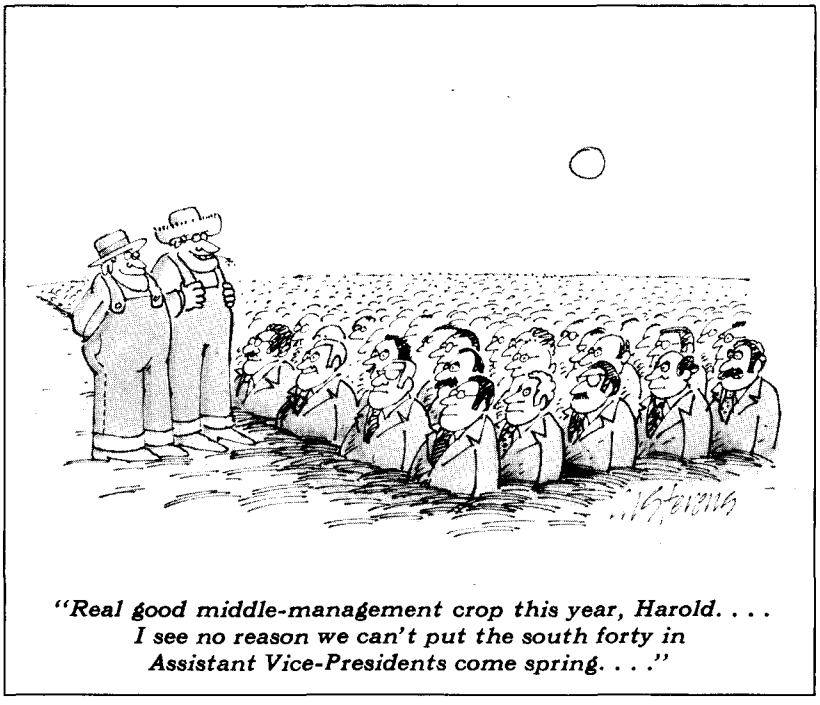

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ic version of "managerial" socialism. Where one can claim success for it, it is a success that is a kind of failure in socialist terms. Such is the case of Sweden, after decades of social-democratic government.

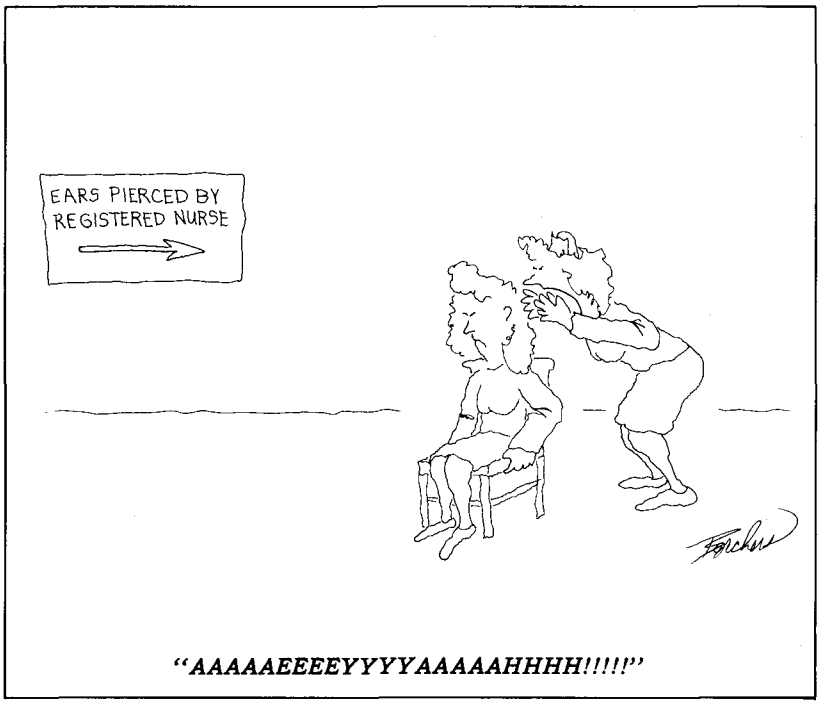
In a sense, Great Britain represents Sweden's socialist future. Though Britain's movement toward socialism came much later than Sweden's, and though some of the more conservative British socialists still talk as if a Swedish condition was the ultimate ideal they were striving for, the British impulse has been more powerful, less controllable, less deferential toward economic realities. There has been more nationalization of industry in Britain, the trade unions are far more belligerent, the "left" socialists—the ideological fanatics who redouble their socialist efforts as the socialist ends fade into unreality—are more influential. The consequences for the British economy have been disastrous—Britain now vies with Italy for the title, "the sick man of Europe"—and there have been no discernible compensating improvements in the British social and political order. No one even seriously claims that the British people are in any sense "happier" as a result of their socialist experiences. Indeed, all the objective indexes of social pathology—crime, juvenile delinquency, corruption, ethnic dissent, emigration, etc.—show steady increases.

It is hard to believe that Britain will simply continue on this downward course. The British love of liberty is still strong; the British liberal political tradition still possesses a large degree of popular acceptance; the British people as a whole are still more reliant on common sense than they are enamored of political fantasies. It is reasonable to expect that the Labour government will be succeeded by a Conservative government, and the British experience with socialism will be followed by a "reactionary" affirmation of the principles of liberal capitalism. But then the issue will be posed anew: What can a liberal capitalist society do to inoculate itself against a resurgence of anticapitalist dissent?

We now know part of that answer. One of the things that can be done is to design all measures of "social welfare" so as to maintain the largest degree of individual choice. The demand for a "welfare state" is, on the part of the majority of the people, a demand for a greater minimum of political community, for more "social justice" (i.e., distributive justice) than capitalism in its pristine, individualistic form can provide. It is not at all a demand for socialism or anything like it. Nor is it really a demand for intrusive government by a powerful and ubiquitous bureaucracy—though that is how socialists and neosocialists prefer to interpret it. Practically all of the truly popular and widespread support for a "welfare state" would be satisfied by a mixture of voluntary and compulsory insurance schemes—old-age insurance, disability insurance, unemployment insurance, medical insurance—that are reasonably (if not perfectly) compatible with a liberal capitalist society. Over the past quarter century, a host of conservative and neoconservative economists and social critics have shown us how such mechanisms could and would work, and their intellectual victory over earlier "Fabian" conceptions of social reform has been decisive. The problem, at the moment, is to persuade the business community and the "conservative" (i.e., antisocialist) political parties of their practicality—not an easy mission, but not in principle an intractable one.

Other problems indigenous to a liberal capitalist society are still virgin territory so far as constructive theory is concerned. What, for instance, shall we do about the government of those most peculiar capitalist institutions, the large corporations—bureaucratic and, in a sense, "collectivist" versions of capitalist enterprise that Adam Smith would surely have detested? And, even more important, what can a liberal capitalist society do about the decline of religious beliefs and traditional values—a decline organically rooted in liberal capitalism's conception of this realm as an essentially "private affair" neither needing nor meriting public sanction? These and other questions will continue to make any counterreformation on the part of liberal capitalism an exceedingly fragile enterprise. But they will have to be answered if the death of socialism is not simply to mean a general disintegration into political pseudosocialist forms whose only common element is a repudiation of individual liberty as a prime political value.

As Cardinal Newman once observed, it is not too hard to show the flaws in any system of thought, religious or political, but an erroneous idea can be expelled from the mind only by the active presence of another idea. The dead idea of socialism is now putrifying both the world's mind and the world's body. It has to be removed and buried. ☒



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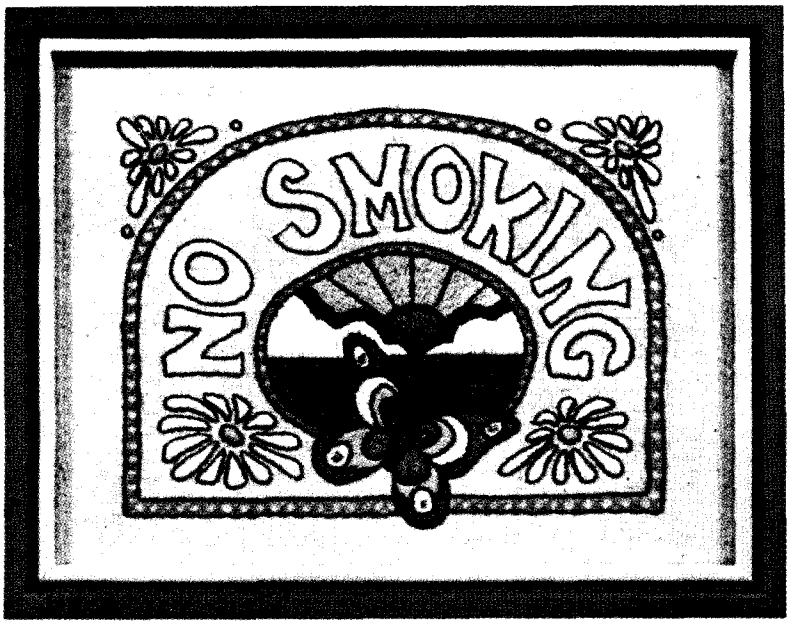

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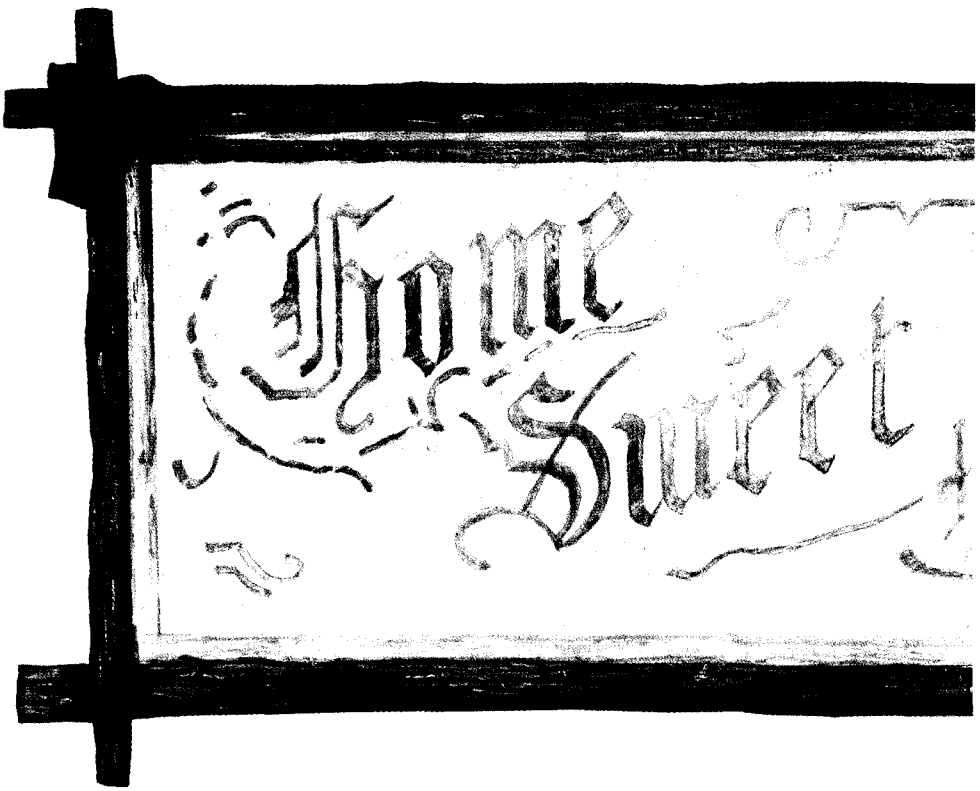
ENTREAT ME NOT TO LEAVE THEE

The options were clear: either place the aging invalid in a nursing facility or care for her at home. The decision was easy; the family simply couldn't part with Gram.

by James A. Boyle, Jr.

Entreat me not to leave thee.
—Ruth 1:16



First he asked the score of the White Sox game. Then, a little later, he looked directly into my eyes and said, "Take care of Marie." I pressed his hand and replied, "Don't worry, Joe, we'll always take care of her." With that, he closed his eyes, sighed deeply, and died.

I had seen men die. But I had never witnessed the special, selfless courage that my sleepy, quiet, "ordinary" father-in-law displayed on that hot day in July 1955. It was a moment often recalled, and in that memory I could always hear his words, "Take care of Marie."

Taking care of Marie, Joe's wife of 36 years, was never much of a chore. She was spirited, fun-loving, opinionated, and, at times, feisty. Most of all, she was fiercely independent and almost never sick. She subsisted on the interest earnings of modest funds derived from the sale of her home, which were augmented by small social security and civil service pensions. She was unique. She was "Gram."

Phase I

Then one day it all changed. "Marion," she shrieked into the phone, "come over here and see what they're doing to me now." My startled wife sped—with a daughter's concern—to Gram's apartment located about a mile from our home. There Marion found a greatly disturbed and angry Gram standing in the doorway of her ground-level apartment. "See what they've done," she whispered, pointing to a flower bed just outside her living room window. "What, Gram? What are you pointing at?" "Those leaves! Those people upstairs are painting them and throwing them down on my flowers just to annoy me." There, on a crisp and clear autumn morning, the long-ago promise to Joe was to demand fulfillment.

At first the demand was modest. Gram wouldn't hear of moving in with us, and for days, and sometimes weeks, she would be normal in every respect. Slowly, her paranoia grew in intensity and duration. Finally, our constant reassurances weren't heard at all. Then one day Marion persuaded her to stay with us "for a while." We had an extra second floor bedroom, and the stairs were easy enough for Gram to use.

The change was immediate. As soon as she was relieved of the presence of her much maligned (and absolutely innocent) upstairs neighbors, all of her fears dropped away. She fitted into our noisy household of kids, cats, dog, TV's, and confusion. Gram came back to normal and we all settled down. Peace at last! We quietly told her that the apartment lease had ended and that we would store her furniture in our garage and in our basement. She never again seemed to want to live alone, but no special ceremony attended the subtle change from "temporary guest" to "member of household."

The change of dependency had gone quite well. We were pleased. Gram was content, and her little bank balance grew and grew—because she no longer had any expenses.

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"If it is important to give the human animal a good start in life, it is just as important to see that he makes a good finish."
—George E. Lawton, **New Goals for Old Age**

Phase II

I was at work in my office (about six blocks from home) in a tiny city in the far suburbs of Chicago. Again the phone. This time it was our ten-year-old daughter Gina: "Come home right now!" "Why?" "Never mind. *Just come home right now!*" I had never heard her voice so full of horror and panic.

The six blocks seemed forever. Then there she was. Gram, quiet on the kitchen floor; Gina, weeping in the side yard; and a pale, stricken Marion kneeling beside her suddenly helpless mother.

"Take care of Marie." How? Gram would need to be in bed for an indefinite time and to be slowly nursed back to health. Those in the hospital assured us that Gram was "entitled" to a certain amount of time in a nursing home because her "stroke" had required hospitalization. "Medicare won't provide custodial care, but it will help with the nursing home care required for rehabilitation."

We simply couldn't part with her. Nor could a tiny, middle-aged Marion and her huffing-puffing husband do all of those things that nursing home folks are supposed to do.

We had a long, long talk. We talked of finances. We talked of nursing homes. We talked of what Gram had done for us. We talked of trying it "for a while." Then Marion and I decided that we'd do it our way and to hell with anyone who thought that we were being foolish. We concluded that Gram was "entitled" to more than prolonged hospital and nursing home care. She was "entitled" to our love, and we were "entitled" to give it. No feelings of self-righteousness attended our judgment. No aura of nobility surrounded us. We just couldn't send her away to what would be, at very best, a soft prison of possible neglect and inevitable loneliness. We were afraid, you see. We were afraid of forever remembering what we could have done when it would be too late to do it.

It's hard to recall the scenes of those hectic days. Ambulances, neighbors, paramedics, nurses, doctors, and long, white corridors are all merged in memory's collage. But one clear image remains—a tiny, smiling, ancient lady in a hospital bed situated smack in the middle of our family room, watching the Cubs on TV.

Marion guessed that she'd need someone in the morning and until late afternoon to help care for Gram. We searched for and found a small corporation that would send nurse's aides to the patients. The corporation charged $4.10 per hour for the hours that the aides actually spent with the patients. We counted Gram's pennies and computed her anticipated pension income. She had a little more than $10,000 left. Her combined pensions amounted to about $195 per month. Thus, Gram could afford, for a while, to defray the cost of the special help, and we could afford the balance. Neither Medicare nor private insurance could help in such a non-professional program. We felt that we'd only need the nurse's aides on Monday through Friday, as I'd be home to help on weekends. We rented a hospital bed, wheelchair, and portable commode, hired the nurse's aides, and we were in business.

With the establishment of our home nursing operation, we came to know a very special group of people, professional nurse's aides, who were neither R.N.'s nor L.P.N.'s. Most of them were black, mid-20's to middle-aged ladies. And they were great. All of them brought a remarkable range of skills and treated Gram with love, patience, and concern.

After our program had been established for a few months, Marion came to look pretty tired and, as we had just about abandoned our outside social life, I thought that she needed a break from the demanding routine. An opportunity soon presented itself in the form of tour director for our local high school band, which had been invited to Florida. Our son Joe, a drummer in the band, went along, and the two of them stayed on for a short vacation after the band tour ended.

Meanwhile, back at the nursing home, I increased the parade of nurse's aides to round-the-clock service. It was odd to go to bed at night knowing that a total stranger was in the house, to be replaced by another stranger at breakfast time. But the arrangement worked beautifully.

After three months, Gram was able to walk and to sleep in a regular bed, and she no longer needed the special equipment and nurses. So we had been restored as a family, complete with a lucid, functioning Gramma.

And so it went for a few months.

Phase III

On a November afternoon, for reasons unknown, Gram came *running* into the kitchen and fell in the doorway before anyone could catch her. It wasn't a hard fall, and she had walked back into the family room afterward.

That night Gram had to be

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SIR WALTER MATTHAU

He shuffles around in bedroom scuffs, plays poker with the boys on the set, and has been seen pushing baskets through supermarkets. No, Walter Matthau is not your typical matinée idol.

by Lisa Mitchell

This is the Green Room, still the exclusive section of the commisary at the Burbank Studios, which used to be Warner Brothers Studios before conglomerates and corporations and mergers, where Humphrey Bogart or James Cagney or Bette Davis might have eaten a club sandwich in what has come to be spoken of as The Golden Age. So much else around the lot seems to have changed almost beyond recognition. Billboards on sound stage walls facing the traffic on Barham Boulevard advertise rock albums where once large painted letters sprawled: Home of Warner Bros., First National Pictures, Vitaphone.

But keeping the Green Room reserved for the studio's elite—that hasn't changed. The cloistered tables exist now as little monuments to the days of Jack Warner fiefdom, of star systems and suspensions. In this room you can still see the current box office draws separated from extras or bit players. Here exists today's equivalent of what was called glamour.

And here, on his lunch hour break in the shooting of *California Suite*, ambled in Walter Matthau —yes, big at the box office and certainly famous—shuffling and scuffing into this Green Room in bedroom slippers and a bathrobe.

Rosie, the waitress, proudly sets down a big bowl of the "special" borscht she had been saving for him, and soon matzo cracker crumbs find their way to the lapels of his Black Watch robe like iron shavings to a magnet.

Of course, at first the temptation is to see in those crumbs the leftovers from some of Matthau's filmic characterizations—like in *The Odd Couple* or *The Sunshine Boys* or *The Bad News Bears*, where he played what reviewers like to term lovable slobs. ("Sometimes I'm gross just to prove I'm real.")

But on this bright, informed, aware, courteous human being, the robe-and-slippers personality denotes only the security to distain pretentions, and the warmth from this relaxation seems to put everyone else at ease as they come within its radius.

He kibitzes with the doting Rosie and teases me a little around the edges of our interview in what film critic Charles Champlin once described as "a larcenous voice." Yet it had been a difficult morning, and since Matthau as martyr seems an unlikely bit of casting, he grimaces his discomfort, drawing his heavy black eyebrows together, turning and twisting the lower half of his fluid face down toward his chest, the object of his pain. Although his actual shooting will only take two weeks and will happen on a set replicating a luxurious suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel, he says, "This is the hardest work I've ever done. Nothing compares to this, and this is my forty-third picture."

His forty-third picture, his fourth of a Neil Simon work, his second directed by Herbert Ross, his second opposite Elaine May. The comedy scene he was shooting this morning had him, as Marvin Michaels, a faithful husband, frantically trying to get an unclad prostitute, inebriated into unconsciousness, out of his bed before his wife (Elaine May) returns to their hotel suite. It seems that the actress playing the prostitute accidentally kicked Matthau in the ribs—hard. To make matters worse, it seems that Elaine May had jokingly hit him in the chest—hard—right on his steel pins, a result of the open heart by-pass operation he had in 1976.

Rosie accidentally knocks over some dishes a few feet away and everyone in the room turns toward the noise.

"Wait for your laugh!" Matthau shouts before the crash has finished, and Rosie smiles.

Lunch ends after talk of Matthau's childhood (he held up a ring finger to show where the tip is missing due to an accident when he was six) and tales of his youth and early career (he held up his "practically useless thumb" that was caught in the rotary shaft of a buzz saw when he was chopping trees in the Civilian Conservation Corps in Belton, Montana, for seven dollars a week. "Maybe I wouldn't have become an actor if I had a good thumb.").

He heads back to work the way he had come, walking rather than driving or being driven the long distance between commisary and set—walking being his necessary and only exercise and something he does when he's not working (about four miles every day around the neighborhood of his home in the Pacific Palisades).

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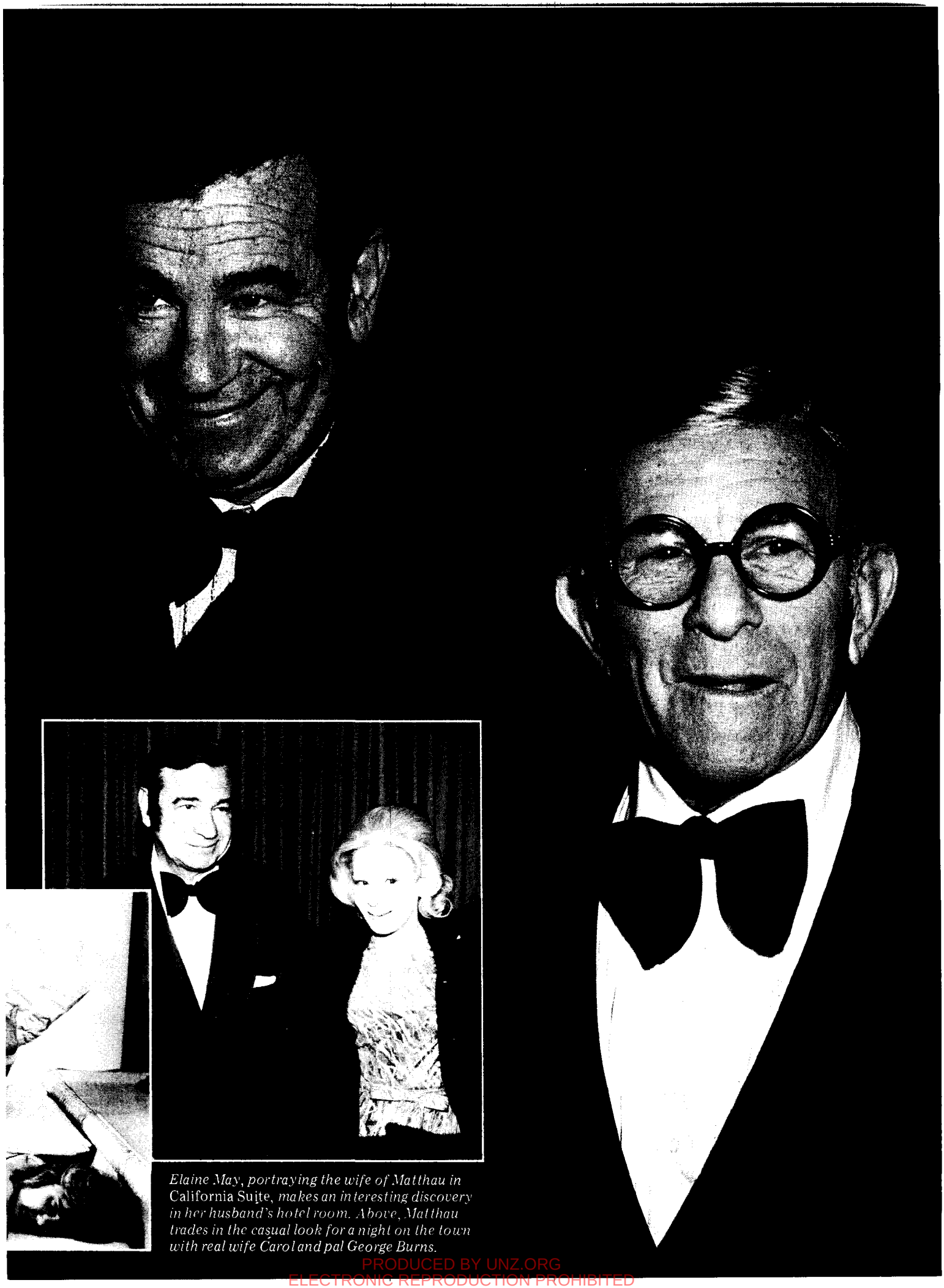

Elaine May, portraying the wife of Matthau in California Suite, *makes an interesting discovery in her husband's hotel room. Above, Matthau trades in the casual look for a night on the town with real wife Carol and pal George Burns.*

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Back on the set, upon discovering there's a delay in the setup, Matthau immediately immerses himself in an alfresco game of liar's poker with some of the men in the crew. They huddle in a semicircle like ranch hands round a campfire, holding their dollar bills folded into playing cards, bluffing about serial numbers.

An onlooker, a production designer who has worked with Matthau on other pictures, says, "I don't think there's a truck driver in the country that could identify with Cary Grant, but a lot of them could relate to Walter."

"There's something built into Walter Matthau as a comedy actor," Neil Simon says. "He's just naturally comic. His walk is funny, his speech patterns are funny. There is something both tragic and comedic in his face."

Certainly in his so-called comic roles we have seen the sadness, the underlying common humanity that makes us relate to his weakness or obstinacy or laziness or sleaziness or pomposity or confusion because they are, to some extent, always our own.

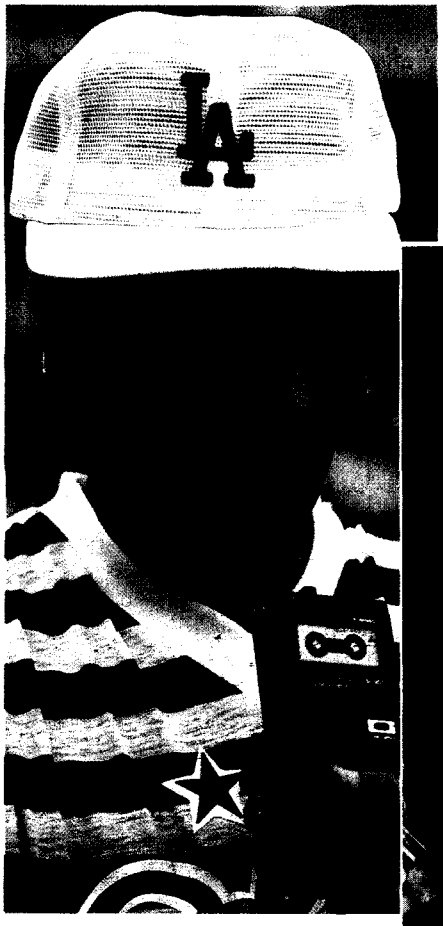
"I was much better on the stage than I am in movies," Matthau says. "In movies I don't know what the hell I'm doing. I do whatever they tell me. I try a million different things. I need a very good director in movies." Current director, Herbert Ross, who also did *The Sunshine Boys*, calls Matthau "the perfect actor for a director. Disciplined, prepared, inventive, and understanding. I only wish we had a National Theatre so Walter would have an opportunity to play Shakespeare, to do Lear."

Like many of the best actors of our time, he has served long years in the theater and performed in countless television dramas during the days when they were broadcast live: "Philco Playhouse," "G.E. Theatre," "Studio One," "Playhouse 90."

It began in the bathroom when he was 14. There, in the small New York apartment where he was born on 17th Street and 2nd Avenue, he would close himself off from the rest of the world—from the street fights and the poverty—to recite Shakespeare and poetry to himself, and at 15 he was playing Polonius in *Hamlet* at the Henry Street Settlement House. Actually, it began earlier, in P.S. 25 where "Miss Creedon always got me to recite in assembly halls," as he would later in Junior High P.S. 64 and at Seward Park High School. Or it began earlier yet—in plays at the Emmanuel Brotherhood when he was "nine or ten," with the fire fanned by selling soft drinks and ice cream at the Yiddish Theatre when he was 11 when he would come home and imitate what he had seen on the stage and where he would start doing walk-ons when he was 16.

"Acting," his mother Rose has said, "was always in him."

Walter Mattushansky was born to Russian Jewish immigrants on October 1, 1920—the same day as Jimmy Carter and Vladimir Horowitz. His father left when he was about three, and Rose worked as a seamstress to support her two sons, Walter and Henry. Many entertainers—particularly those who started as stand-up comics—performed their way out of similar New York tenements, similar ethnic backgrounds and deprivation. But for his visa out of the ghetto, Matthau turned to drama.



"When I got out of the Army after World War II, I went to The Dramatic Workshop for Social Research on the G.I. bill." Almost immediately, he got work in stock productions. "I never thought anybody'd ever *pay* me for being an actor. . . . I thought that was *nice*!" His first job on Broadway was in 1948, understudying various roles in *Anne of a Thousand Days*, and by 1950 he did three Broadway leads, all within the same year. "Then," he says, "it just started to roll." In theater and in television, he played a heavy, as he did in his first movie, *The Kentuckian*, with Burt Lancaster and Oliver Hardy.

It wasn't until years later, with *A Shot in the Dark* and *The Odd Couple* on Broadway that producers recognized his unique abilities as a comic actor. Then, as Whiplash Willie, the shyster lawyer in *The Fortune Cookie*, his perfect pitch as a rascal lit up the screen, won him an Oscar, and "made the difference" that elevated him to a "valuable box office attraction."

* * *

It is a week or so after our first meeting. His part in *California Suite* has been shot, and on this day, having come in to the studio just for the interview, he is feeling very well. "When I became an actor, and for maybe the next 15 years, movie stars were very pretty people, and I don't fit in that category of 'pretty.' But," he

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adds, raising the thick eyebrows, "I do fit in the category of 'handsome' with women who are *extremely* intelligent and tasteful and who want to take more than what meets the eye at first glance. To those who'll take a little trouble to skim the surface—*they'll* see pure *gold*." Beat. "My humility is also something that's noticed."

Walter Matthau did not rise to "famous movie star" status until he was about 46, which, comparatively speaking, is later in life than for most.

Movie star: a term still met with bemusement by the man who once said he never expected to become one:

"A movie star is a kind of position you reach because of some fluke. The difference between 'movie star' and 'actor' is how you behave. An actor behaves like a person going to work, and a movie star behaves like he was born into the royal family of Rumania."

Acting, to Walter Matthau, is perceived as a true vocation, no less so than a religious calling. It is his way of "entertaining, enlightening, and uplifting." He says, "Whatever I'm doing, whether I'm playing a good guy or a bad guy, I think I'm exposing some human truth that should be exposed."

He can afford to hold out for only what truly appeals to him these days because, he reasons, he does not feel he lives lavishly. The house he describes as "small" (four bedrooms), "middle-class," "Mediterranean." He lives with his second wife, Carol, and their 16-year-old son, Charlie, whom he calls his best friend. "We go everyplace together." He is also close with his two grown children from a first marriage, David and Jenny, and calls his mother—now in her 80's and living in Miami Beach—every day. "My only excessiveness is in the gambling area."

"My wife Carol's got it pegged. She says, 'You're asking Fate if Fate loves you. It's a big question to ask—and you ask it a lot.' " He says he loses between $25,000 and $75,000 a year.

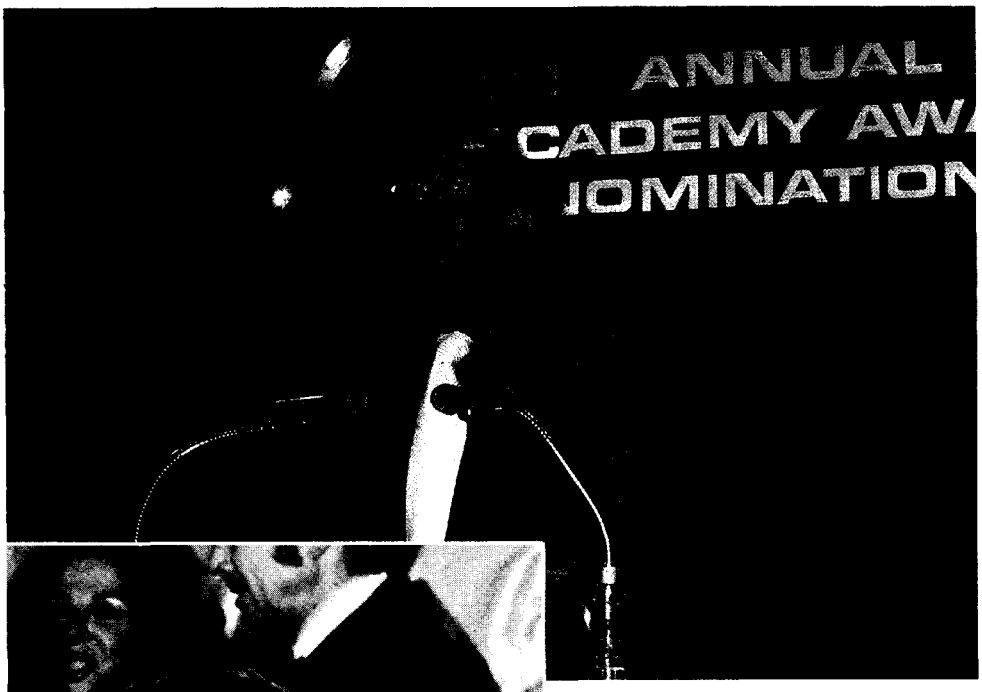
Carol married him when he owed $105,000. "Which is why I like her so much. I know she didn't marry me for my money.

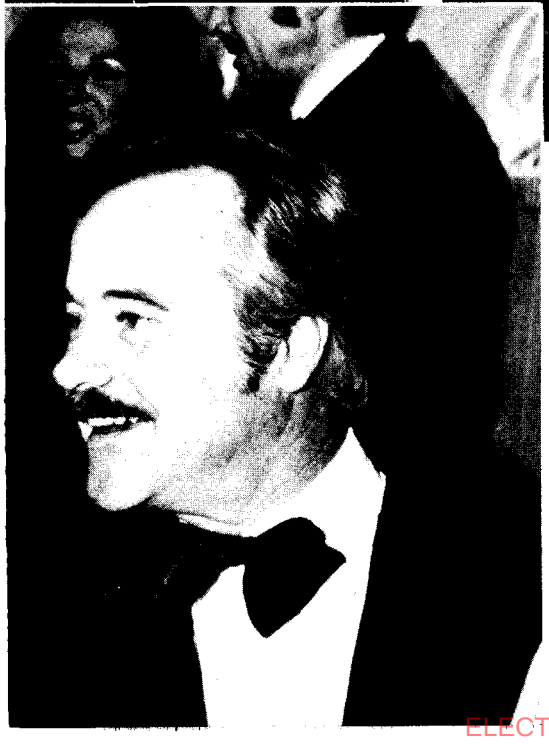
"Having a perfect marriage has so much to do with who you're married to. Mine with Carol is one of the luckiest things that ever happened because I don't think most women could put up with my stuff. I get into vile moods."

The time had come for him to leave the Burbank Studios. Charlie was waiting for his father to pick him up, and the two best friends would spend the rest of the afternoon together. Since our interviews, I've tried to catch several of Matthau's movies that happened to be running on TV and thought a lot about the others I had seen in theaters over the years. His versatility is staggering. Think of the old man of *Kotch* and the different old man of *The Sunshine Boys* and stand them next to the debonair dentist whom both Goldie Hawn and Ingrid Bergman could conceivably be in love with in *Cactus Flower*. Think of the evil of Carson Dyle bamboozling poor Audrey Hepburn in *Charade* and then the sorrowing father in *Pete 'n' Tillie* and. . .well, the list could go on and on. He has made, after all, 43 pictures.

Given his theater and television background, the laudations of his peers, the acceptance by the general public, Walter Matthau well may be such a national acting treasure that if this were England, he probably would have been knighted.

Which reminds me of something he said when I asked him what he thought about the fact that he had been compared several times to W.C. Fields: "Some people might see me as W.C. Fields. But some," he added, "might see me as Lawrence Olivier." Exactly.





Since suffering a coronary attack in 1966 and open-heart surgery ten years later, Matthau has changed his life style: no smoking, less gambling, and a low-sugar diet. Stress is kept in check by carefully scheduled leisure time, most often spent at the ballpark or (left) with son Charlie and best pal Jack Lemmon. His interest in sports dates back to prewar years when he was basketball and boxing instructor for the WPA.

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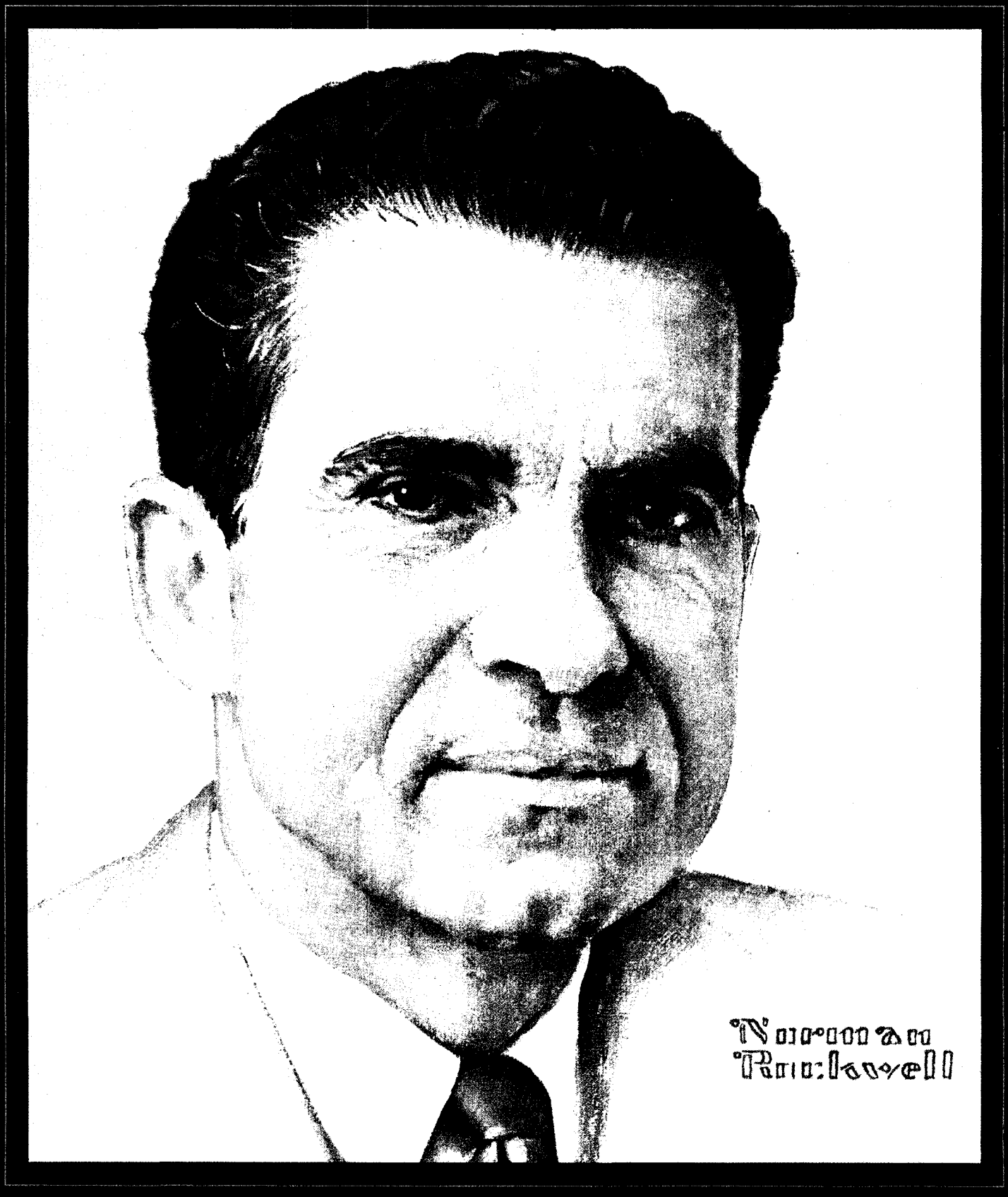

This Rockwell portrait of candidate Richard M. Nixon was the November 5, 1960, cover for the Post. *John F. Kennedy had appeared on the October 29 issue, as the* Post *hedged its bets and printed Rockwells of both candidates before knowing who won. Rockwell took with him for the sitting at the Senate Office Building his two sons, Tom and Jerry, both admirers not of Nixon but of Kennedy. "Tom was enchanted by Nixon and converted," reported Rockwell, "but Jerry didn't change his mind. Me, I love anybody who poses well, and Mr. Nixon sure did that."*

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RICHARD NIXON SPEAKS HIS MIND

Like a retired quarterback now sidelined to spectator status, R.N. still follows the action and delights in offering insights on the game that beat him.

by Nick Thimmesch

Richard Milhous Nixon is the most durable public figure of our time. His friends and enemies agree on that, if not on his worth and place in our society. Indeed, his record of taking stands on controversial issues gives him staying power in the public arena, which consumes scores of blander men and women.

After Watergate many believed that we had heard the last from this man, although he was the thirty-seventh President, and thus assured a place in history. But Nixon, in his 60's and full of spirit and curiosity, eventually broke out of the seclusion of his San Clemente home. He emerged through the David Frost interviews, then by means of his published memoirs, and more recently through generally successful appearances in Europe.

The friendly, respectful reception he experienced through his appearance on French television, and the impressive showing he made before students at Oxford (despite catcalls from demonstrators outside), put Nixon back in the news.

Many a seasoned observer reflected that here is a man who: was in the public limelight through the anti-Communist and Cold War era of the '50's and '60's; took unpopular stands against demonstrators and antiwar protestors in the turbulent Vietnam period; engaged in lively battles with Congress over spending and social issues; crafted new approaches to our traditional Communist adversaries, the Soviet Union and the Peoples Republic of China; established a new atmosphere in relations between Israel and her neighboring adversary Arab states; and became the first President in history forced out of office by a scandal—Watergate. That's quite a plateful. It is not remarkable that a recent survey showed that 39 percent of the American people believes that Nixon should play some role in American public life.

Watergate aside, Nixon left other marks on our society and the workings of government. The U.S. now lives with a new, more relaxed relationship with the Soviets and Chinese Communists. The public schools in the South went through their final stages of integration in the Nixon years, not through the acrimony of fund cutoffs and public admonition, but through counseling and the courts. There is a new focus on the decentralization of federal power and a return of tax funds to the states through revenue sharing. And four of the nine members of the U.S. Supreme Court are Nixon appointees, i.e., the so-called "Nixon court." Interestingly enough those in the creative field who are not Nixon fans reluctantly admit that Nixon did more to fund the arts and humanities than any other President.

At age 66 Nixon seems healthy and vigorous. His daughter, Julie Eisenhower, made him a grandfather last year. His other daughter, Tricia, is also an expectant mother; so by 1979 he'll be a grandfather twice.

Nixon is now busy writing a second book and promises that he will speak out on public issues when he thinks it will serve the nation's interest. Shortly after he returned from his European trip in December, I was able to have a long, private interview with him in his suite at the Waldorf Towers in New York City. It was clear that he had indeed returned to public life—through the back doors of Paris and England—because the pundits and commentators reacted as though they had rediscovered him.

Watergate was not uppermost in his mind when I interviewed him that afternoon at the Waldorf. He was more interested in the warm response he got in Europe, the congratulatory messages he received, reports on the big audience he drew on public television, and in reasserting the combative spirit that saw him through political wars back to President Truman's time.

"A man is not finished when he is defeated," he told me. "He is finished when he quits. My philosophy is that no matter how many times you are knocked down, you get off that floor, even if you are bloody, battered, and beaten, and just keep slugging—providing you have something to live for.

"If you have something you believe in, something worth fighting for, the greatest test is not when you are standing but when you are down on that floor. You've got to get up and start banging again. When I study men and women leaders in history, those I admire the most are those who have gone through adversity and have come back. You've got to learn to survive a defeat. That's when you develop character."

Nixon made it clear that debate is his meat and taking a stand his strong drink. "I just don't like sitting on my fanny at San Clemente or playing golf to take up my time," he said. "Some people wait to retire in Palm Springs or Palm Beach or Leisure World. They play golf, go fishing, or play bridge.

"All that bores me to death, and so do cocktail parties. I hope I never have to go to another cocktail party as long as I live. I don't

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like dinners, and fortunately, my wife doesn't either. When you have been to the top state dinners—at the White House, the Kremlin, in Peking or Paris—what the h— do we want to go to a dinner on Park Avenue for? Why? No way!

"The point is that once an individual believes that the whole purpose in life is to earn and succeed so that he can retire gracefully and go to pasture, well, believe me, he isn't going to lead a productive life. It is so tempting to get out of the eye of the hurricane.

"For me, taking a stand, particularly on issues that affect world peace, is living."

In Europe, Nixon declared that "my political life is over." When he said this in England, the demonstrators outside at Oxford let loose with a loud cheer. There were concurrent murmurs of relief among professional Republicans in Washington who thought, Good Lord, could he want to get back in politics?

So, while he's out of politics, which seems sensible for a man central to Watergate, that doesn't mean Nixon's belief that being controversial in politics won't carry over into his future public statements, however "nonpolitical."

"Being controversial in politics is inevitable," he told me in a philosophical moment. "If an individual wants to be a leader and isn't controversial, that means he never stood for anything. In the world today there are not many good choices—only choices between the half-good and the less half-good.

"If a leader doesn't stand up on a great issue, he's not going to be great. If he does stand up, he will be controversial. The mark of leadership is not how a leader can take a popular position and ride with it, like a poll or congressional sentiment. The real test is to take the unpopular position, if he thinks it is right, and make it popular.

"Edmund Burke said a half-dozen grasshoppers can make a terrible racket while a thousand cows silently chew their cud. Don't make the mistake, Burke said, of thinking those who make the most noise are the only inhabitants of the field."

(The actual Burke quote on grasshoppers and cows, as it appears in *Bartlett's Quotations*, is longer and more eloquent, but Nixon captured the essence.)

Though he declared at Oxford, "I am not going to keep my mouth shut," Nixon refrains from detailed discussion or direct quotation on several tough issues with which President Carter wrestles—relations with the Soviets, the SALT negotiations, and the Middle East peace settlement.

Nixon still believes that balance-of-power strategy is the best

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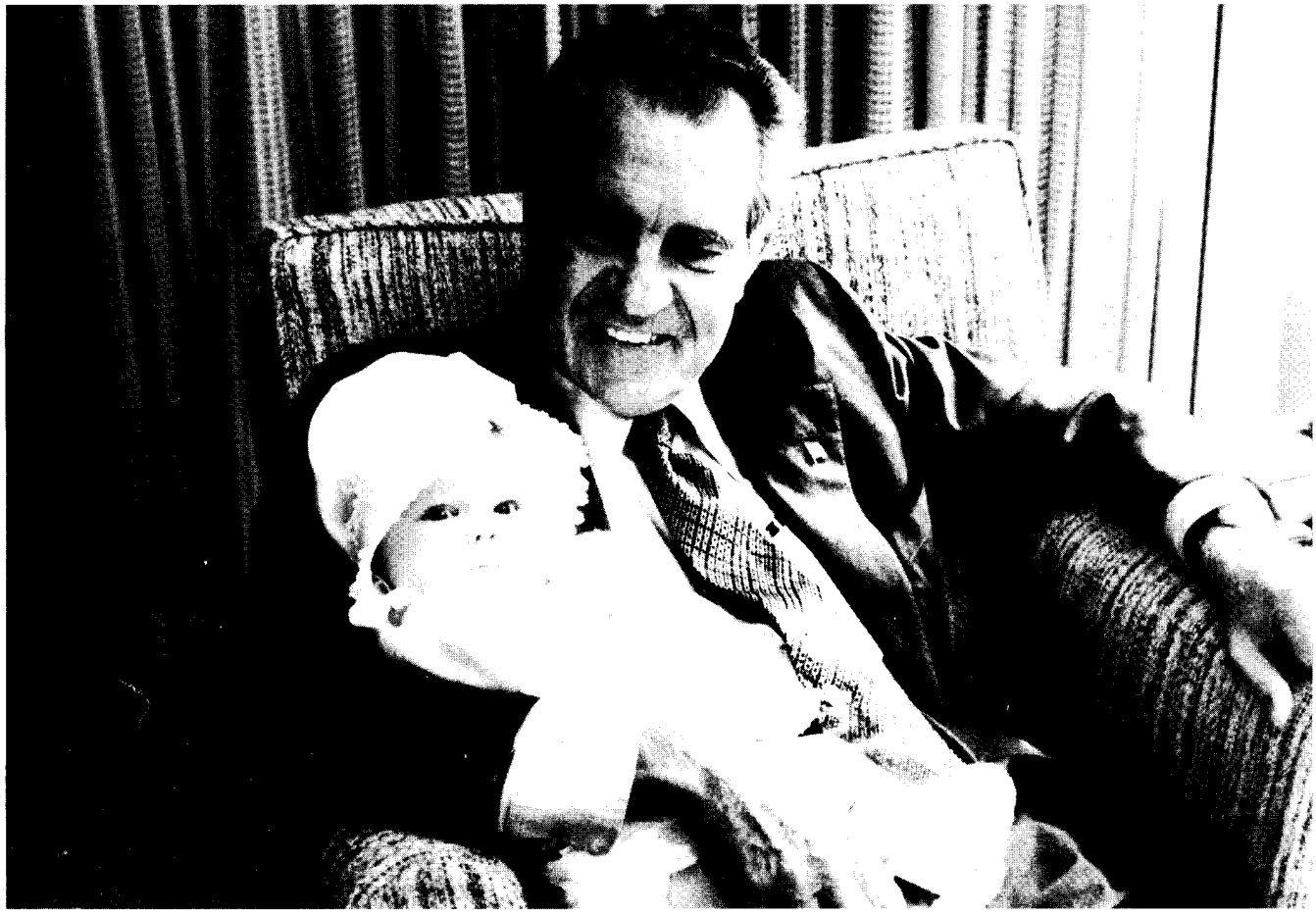

Jennie Eisenhower, granddaughter of one President and great-granddaughter of another, relaxes in the arms of Richard Nixon. Born in August of 1978, Jennie lives just 20 minutes from her famous babysitters at San Clemente. As a new mother, Julie Eisenhower comes equipped with a master's degree in early childhood education.

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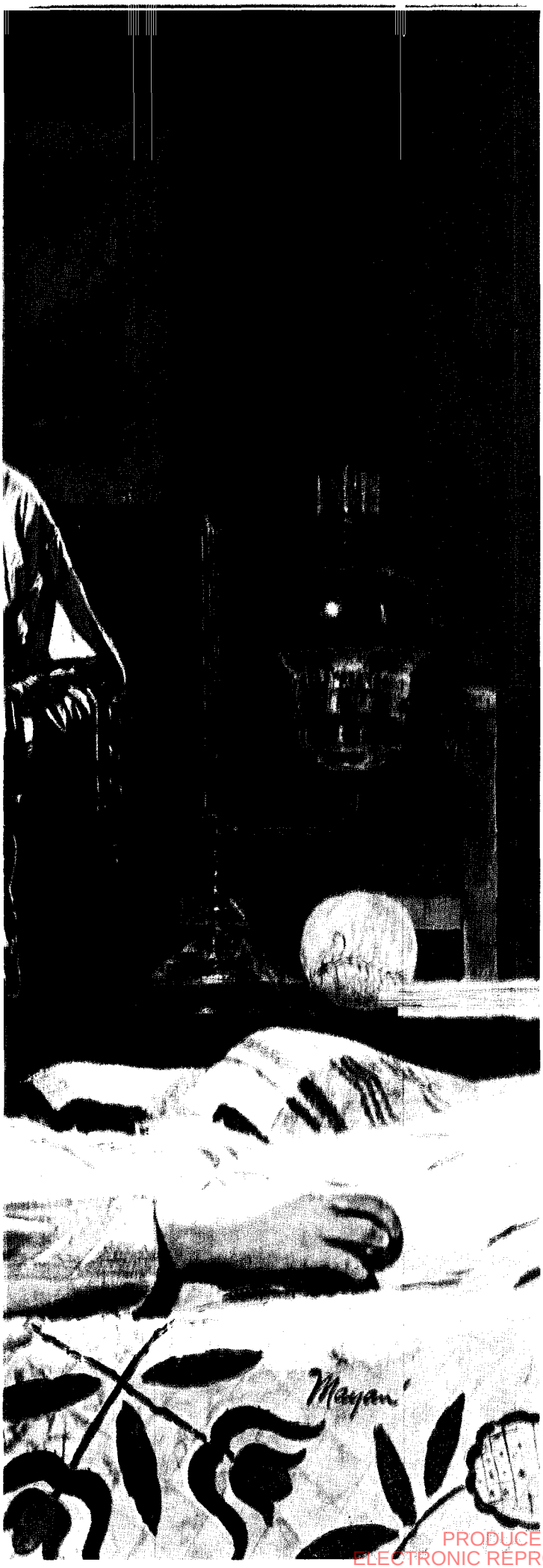

THE BABE GOES EXTRA INNINGS

When a young boy doesn't like baseball, it takes a pro from the big leagues to set him straight.

by Paul Gallico

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

I don't say you should believe this story. Maybe the whole thing is just the imaginings of an old man who ain't got much more time left to sit in the sun in the grandstand behind third base and listen to that sweet sound when the ash is applied to the middle of the old horsehide and you know the ball is heading for Railroad Avenue the other side of the fence.

Could be I just dreamed it all, or maybe it was Jimmy, Jr.'s, dream that I got into somehow. But I know I seen and talked with a real saint. I seen him just as plain as you're looking at this page, that night a year ago when I went into Jimmy, Jr.'s, room feeling licked and lower than a snake's piazza. I had come to New York because Jimmy's mother asked me to live with them and help make a man out of the boy, but I wasn't getting anywhere. You see, the kid didn't care about baseball. That was a terrible thing. Twelve years old and he don't know Mickey Mantle's or Ralph Kiner's batting average, and can't tell you who's leading the league in R.B.I.'s.

How bad it is, he don't even know or care who's leading the league, American or National. His teacher in school said he was a natural pull hitter and could make the team if he cared. But all the kid wanted to do was read about space rockets and trips to Mars and look at Captain Universe on the television.

What made it worse is who his father was. And his grandfather. That's me, Harry Murphy.

So this night I am going to tell you about. I'd come back from a night game at the Yankee Stadium, which was just across the way from where Janet, Jimmy, Jr.'s, mother, had her flat on the Grand Concourse, and I couldn't sleep. Vic Raschi beats the Detroits 6 to 5 and Mantle hits one in the clutch; I sat alone back of third base. Used to be a time when I'd dreamed of sitting there with my grandson. But the kid stayed behind to look at a television show. And it wasn't baseball.

That Yankee Stadium was like home to me. I let out a couple of blasts at the Yanks, but it wasn't the same, like the old days when the Babe and Lou Gehrig was there and everybody knew me.

I lay there thinking about what the kid was missing, and what I could do about it. Maybe I did ask for help. You wouldn't want to see any boy of yours

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AMBITIOUS SOPHOMORE

Take one bell-shaped piccoloist, dress him in the most extraordinary uniform ever constructed, and the result might be the State Band Festival trophy.

by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

George M. Helmholtz, head of the music department and director of the band of Lincoln High School, was a good fat man who saw no evil, heard no evil, and spoke no evil, for, wherever he went, the roar and boom and blast of a marching band, real or imagined, filled his soul. There was room for little else, and the Lincoln High School Ten-Square Band he led was, as a consequence, as fine as any band on earth.

Sometimes, when he heard muted, wistful passages, real or imagined, Helmholtz would wonder if it wasn't indecent of him to be so happy in such terrible times. But then the brasses and percussion section would snatch the melody and carry it off in a thundering charge, and Mr. Helmholtz would see that his happiness and its source could only be good and rich and full of hope for everyone.

Helmholtz often gave the impression of a man lost in dreams, but there was a side to him that was as tough as a rhinoceros. It was that side that raised money for the band, that hammered home to the School Board, the Parent-Teacher Association, Chamber of Commerce, Kiwanis, Rotary, and Lions that the goodness and richness and hope which his band inspired cost money. In his fund-raising harangues, he would sadly recall for his audience black days for the Lincoln High football team, days when the Lincoln stands had been silent, hurt and ashamed.

"Half time," he would murmur, and hang his head.

Suddenly he would twitch a whistle from his pocket and blow a shrill blast. "Lincoln High School Ten-Square Band!" he'd shout. "Forward—harch! Boom! Ta-ta-ta taaaaaa!" Helmholtz, singing, marching in place, would become flat twirlers, drummers, brasses, woodwinds, glockenspiel, and all. By the time he'd marched his one-man band up and down the imaginary football field once, his audience was elated and wringing wet, ready to buy the band anything it wanted.

But no matter how much money came in, the band was always without funds. Helmholtz was a spender when it came to band equipment and was known among rival bandmasters as "The Plunger" and "Diamond Jim."

Among the many duties of Stewart Haley, assistant principal of Lincoln High, was keeping an eye on band finances. Whenever it was necessary for Haley to discuss band finances with Helmholtz, Haley tried to corner Helmholtz where he couldn't march and swing his arms.

Helmholtz knew this, and felt trapped when Haley appeared in the door of the bandmaster's small office, brandishing a bill for $95. Following Haley was a delivery boy from a tailor shop, who carried a suit box under his arm. As Haley closed the office door from inside, Helmholtz hunched over a drawing board, pretending deep concentration.

"Helmholtz," said Haley, "I have here an utterly unexpected, utterly unauthorized bill for——"

"Sh!" said Helmholtz. "I'll be with you in a moment." He drew a dotted line across a diagram that was already a black thicket of lines. "I'm just putting the finishing touches on the Mother's Day formations," he said. "I'm trying to make an arrow pierce a heart and then spell 'Mom.' It isn't easy."

"That's very sweet," said Haley, rattling the bill, "and I'm as fond of mothers as you are, but you've just put a $95 arrow through the public treasury."

Helmholtz did not look up. "I was going to tell you about it," he said, drawing another line, "but, what with getting ready for the State Band Festival and Mother's Day, it seemed unimportant. First things first."

"Unimportant!" said Haley. "You hypnotize the community

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into buying you 100 new uniforms for the Ten-Square Band, and now——"

"Now?" said Helmholtz mildly.

"This man brings me a bill for the hundred-and-first uniform!" said Haley. "Give you an inch and——"

Haley was interrupted by the opening of the office door. In the door stood Leroy Duggan, a shy, droll, slope-shouldered sophomore. Leroy was so self-conscious that, when anyone turned to look at him, he did a sort of fan dance with his piccolo case and portfolio, hiding himself as best he could behind them.

"Come right in, Leroy," said Helmholtz brightly.

"Wait outside a moment, Leroy," said Haley. "This is rather urgent business."

Leroy backed out, mumbling an apology, and Haley closed the door again.

"My door is always open to my musicians," said Helmholtz.

"It will be," said Haley, "just as soon as we clear up the mystery of the hundred-and-first uniform."

Helmholtz looked up for the first time, levelly. "I'm frankly surprised and hurt at the administration's lack of faith in my judgment," he said. "Running a precision organization of 100 highly talented young men isn't the simple operation everyone seems to think."

"Simple!" said Haley. "Who thinks it's simple? It's plainly the most tangled, mysterious, expensive mess in the entire school system. You say 100 young men, but this boy here just delivered the hundred-and-first uniform. What is it for? Has the Ten-Square Band added a tail gunner?"

"No," said Helmholtz. "It's still 100, much as I'd like to have more, much as I need them. For instance, I was just trying to figure out how to make 'Whistler's Mother' with 100 men, and it simply can't be done." He frowned thoughtfully. "If we could throw in the Girls' Glee Club we might make it. You're intelligent and have good taste. Would you give me your ideas on the Band Festival and this Mother's Day thing?"

Haley lost his temper. "Don't try to fuddle me, Helmholtz! What's the extra uniform for?"

"For the greater glory of Lincoln High School!" said Helmholtz with sudden passion. "For the third leg and permanent possession of the State Band Festival Trophy!" His voice dropped to a whisper, and he looked furtively at the door. "Specifically, it's for Leroy Duggan, probably the finest piccoloist in this hemisphere. Let's keep our voices down, because we can't discuss the uniform without discussing Leroy."

The tone of the conversation changed to tense whispers.

"And what's the matter with Leroy's wearing one of the uniforms you've already got?" said Haley.

"Leroy is bell-shaped," said Helmholtz. "We don't have a uniform that doesn't bag or bind on him."

"This is a public school, not a Broadway musical!" said Haley hotly. "Not only have we got students shaped like bells, we've got them shaped like telephone poles, pop bottles, chimpanzees, and Greek gods. There's going to have to be a certain amount of bagging and binding."

"My duty," said Helmholtz, standing impressively, "is to bring the best music out of whoever chooses to come to me. If a boy's shape prevents him from making the music he's capable of making, then it's my duty to get him a shape that will make him play like an angel. This I did, and here we are." He sat down. "If I could be made to feel sorry for this, then I wouldn't be the man for my job."

"A special uniform is going to make Leroy play better?" said Haley.

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The Lincoln High band director looked on in horror as the rival drum major angrily tore at Leroy's gaudy buttons and epaulets, eager to expose the sorry excuse for a physique that lay skillfully camouflaged beneath the uniform's ample padding.

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It's the beauty of a phone call from far away. Wherever you are, you're never too far to reach out and share a bit of yourself with someone who's waiting for your call. A phone call makes you both feel good. Call someone because you care, even if it's just to say hi. So reach out. Reach out and keep close with faraway family and friends. Give them a call.

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Bell System

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A Gallery of Unforgettable

NORMAN ROCKWELL MASTERPIECES

for You to Frame

On the pages following are some of the most beloved paintings ever put on canvas, and a number—we have a hunch—that emerge from the *Post* archives as delightful and fresh encounters in the full gallery of his works. Here in one swell swoop is the incredible gamut of the master Rockwell. He warms the heart. He tickles the risibilities. He brings the light touch to the solemn, lends poignant meaning to the seemingly trivial. Volumes have been written about Norman Rockwell; one he even wrote himself, as we present his memoirs, beginning in this issue. But in a sense, his most intimate message was in the silent eloquence of the brush. So go you now—look, listen, and enjoy.

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SAILOR AND THE GIRL

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COLONIAL COUPLE

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HAPPILY EVER AFTER

The ingénue has matured, the matinée idol has mellowed. Two marriages later, Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner find love is lovelier the second time around.

by Jon Land

Photography by Peter Borsari

Robert Wagner and Natalie Wood are remarkable people. They live in the middle of a Hollywood fairy tale centered in a modest enough Beverly Hills nine room house. They have more money than they'll probably ever need and more job offers than they can possibly fill.

And yet when I first met the female half of this celebrity tandem, she was bustling out the door to pick up her youngest daughter at school.

"It's Courtney's first day at kindergarten," she says. "I've already brought her home once and taken her back. She's not too happy."

In the Wagner household, the glamorous often plays second fiddle to the ordinary. Nat and R. J. (as he is called by his friends) have struck a careful balance between their public and private existences. It's no accident. They insist and pride themselves on it. Their careers are both on the upswing, while their home life remains one of gleeful stability.

It has not always been that way.

Married in storybook fashion in 1957, their relationship had everything but a happy ending. They were young and famous. Eighteen-year-old Natalie had been moving in Hollywood circles for 13 years and had just received an Oscar nomination for her portrayal of James Dean's girlfriend in *Rebel Without a Cause*. Twenty-six-year-old R. J. was a rising star in the best tradition of matinée idols. The chemistry seemed perfect—until something went wrong with the formula.

"I was very young and naïve in many ways," recalls Natalie. "I thought marriage would be like some magic potion that would make everything right. It wasn't."

In 1961 Natalie appeared in one film for which she was nominated for a second Oscar (*Splendor in the Grass*) and another for which she easily could have been nominated for a third (*West Side Story*). R. J., though not nearly as renowned, was undeniably gaining credibility and coming into his own as an actor. But while their careers were rising toward the stars, their marriage was falling just as steadily toward the rocks. They couldn't have it both ways and accordingly were divorced.

Now, 17 years later, they are together again and trying to make this time last happily ever after. In the interim both remarried and had children with their new spouses. Their lives went off on separate paths that somehow circled around and came back to the beginning.

"It's the greatest thing that ever happened to me," says R. J. "There's no doubt about it. Getting that second chance is something I'll always be grateful for."

"We may have separated," adds Natalie, "but we never stopped loving each other. And gradually we realized we never were as happy with anyone else as we were with each other. Our life together never really ended; it was just interrupted."

She has just returned from grade school where she picked up Courtney, the only child they've had together. Natalie is 40 now, hardly the Hollywood starlet she was 15 years ago. But her presence is more striking than ever. The deep, brown eyes are still hypnotic. The smile remains white and full. She bounces about the room with a ceaseless vitality, a verve which puts you at ease when around her.

Wagner, meanwhile, no longer boasts the appearance of a Hollywood heartthrob. The face that raised the blood pressures of countless female moviegoers shows the strain of the years, though certainly not 48 of them. The hair is a bit thinner, the body a bit less muscular. But R. J. more than makes up for it with a manner that is both suave and articulate. He is every bit as urbane as the Alexander Munday character he portrayed on television's "It Takes a Thief."

Together, the Wagners make quite a couple—again. But this time around they have more going for them. The same years that have robbed them of their youthful appearances have blessed them with maturity.

"When you get a little older," says Natalie, "and get to know yourself a little better, you develop a tremendous sense of appreciation for certain people. My separation from R. J. made me appreciate him more as a person. You don't realize how much you need or love someone until he's not there anymore. When you're young, it's easy to take things for granted."

Today the couple are resolutely trying to maintain the happy medium that eluded them the first time around. After an extended hiatus, Nat has returned to the screen. She had a starring role as a Russian astrophysicist in the television film *Meteor*, a disaster epic about a shower of interplanetary rubble headed for earth. And she recently completed work on a television adaptation of James Jones' *From Here to Eternity*.

"I went through a period when I was fed up with work," she recalls. "It started with the feeling

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that I had nothing to offer as a person outside of the parts that I played, because I hadn't had any living experience beyond that. I wanted to define myself in terms of what I am instead of what I do. Now, though, I'm beginning to feel again that acting is a part of my life and that I have something to give to it."

At the same time, R. J. spent much of the summer working on *Pearl*, a highly acclaimed TV miniseries dealing with the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, in which he has the starring role. He will also have the lead in *Airport '79: Concord*, currently shooting in Paris.

"The last couple of years have probably been the happiest of my life," he proclaims. "And that's been a deciding factor in the direction my work has been taking. I've always believed that it's very important with regard to the quality of your performance to have an outside life, a life totally divorced from the cameras. Because if you can let that life filter through you in a positive way, that's when you're really able to bring something to a part and make your character come to life."

Wagner's sensibility is inherently engaging. He's a tough nut to crack, possessing a dichotomous shell hardened by an outer complexity but softened by an inner wit and humor. There's a sensitivity, a compassion, that surrounds him and encloses anyone who comes near. While filming his second highly popular television series, "Switch," he was known for personally greeting the star-struck patrons of the Universal Studios tour at the bus. He is a gentleman in an age where it is rapidly becoming out of fashion to be one.

"After my family and my work," he says, "my greatest obsession is for the sea. I've always loved the sea and I'm a great believer in Jacques Cousteau and his work. I want to get behind him as much as I can because what he's doing is so important. We take our waters for granted. We've changed the balance of nature and set off a chain reaction. But it's not too late. If we want to, we can put it all back and set the balance straight again. We've just got to make the attempt."

The point is that R. J., in many ways at least, is a hopeless romantic. Signed pictures of idolized movie greats like Tracy, Bogart, and Wayne litter his den. He takes great pride in his craft, to a point of placing it on an aesthetic pedestal usually reserved for art forms of a more cultured sort.

"The film industry," he says, "is composed of a marvelous group of people working together to create something. It's like a mosaic. You start with an idea, a concept, and watch it grow into a project. You see the life start taking place within it—the acting, the direction, the music. Then it becomes a finished reality on film. It starts to breathe, to gain a vitality of its own. Then you sit back and watch the numbers of people who view and are affected by it."

All of which has moved the Wagners to branch out into the industry. They have formed their own production company—RONA II. And R. J. has made a deal with television's famed team of Spelling-Goldberg to produce three pilots, in one of which he will star. This new wrinkle on the face of his career offers him an opportunity not only to expand, but to do so close to his home and family. Natalie plans to continue her career as well with similar concerns in mind. Maintenance of that delicate balance—slippery and elusive—between home and work must continue.

"For women," she says, "a career and a family have often been an either/or proposition. Either you had a career or you got married and had kids. And it was always very difficult to blend the two. Whether it was true or not, that's the way it was always presented. But now, with the changing role of women, I think people are beginning to realize you can have both, that you can be a good wife and mother and pursue a career at the same time. I'm glad the rigidity of that kind of old-fashioned thinking is changing."

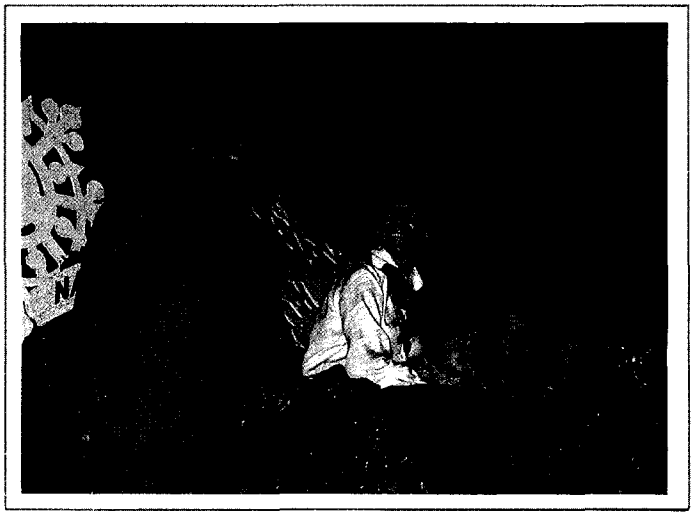
She pauses.

"My mother was a wonderful mother and woman. But she literally thinks of her motherhood as sacrificing her life for the sake of her children. I think if she had been able to express herself in some way in addition to raising a family, she would have been much happier."

Curiously enough, mother and daughter did appear in one film together. Nicholas Gurdin, a prop maker, and his wife Maria, a former ballerina, immigrated from Russia to San Francisco, where Natalie was born as Natasha in 1938. Four years later the family moved to Santa Rosa, where director Irving Pichel needed extras for his film *Happy Land*. Maria and her daughter happened to be in the area and ended up with bit parts.

All young Natasha did in that movie was drop an ice cream cone and cry. But Pichel saw far more in her than the French vanilla dripping down her dress. He was enchanted by the charisma and beauty of the child. Natalie Wood had yet to speak a line on film, but one of Hollywood's finest directors had already become her first admirer.

In 1945 Pichel cast Natasha as an orphan waif adopted by Orson Welles in *Tomorrow Is Forever*. That role won



Family togetherness isn't easy to achieve when Mom and Dad are celebrities. Bob and Natalie's solution is to mix business and pleasure. A recent film commitment in Hawaii ended in an island-hopping excursion.

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her critical acclaim, the Boxoffice Blue Ribbon Award, and $1,000 a week for her services. The following year her name changed to Natalie Wood in honor of the late pioneer filmmaker Sam Wood. She continued her rise as the progressively educated young girl who comes out of her shell with a push from Santa Claus in *Miracle on 34th Street*.

Natalie was too good to be true. She stole hearts from audiences everywhere and scenes from such seasoned performers as John Payne and Orson Welles. Critics touted her as the next Elizabeth Taylor. They seemed right.

But something went wrong. The next 14 years saw the bright lights dim as the brilliant child actress somehow lost her radiance. In that period she made 25 easily forgotten films in which her performances were considerably less than sparkling. Only her role as the confused adolescent in *Rebel Without a Cause* lent any hope for the future.

"I kept this kid in mind for five years after I saw *Rebel*," says film monarch Elia Kazan. "Then in 1960 William Inge wrote the script for *Splendor in the Grass*, which we decided to make together. I thought of Natalie then because the leading female role again was that of a mixed-up teen-ager, but everybody warned me against her. They pointed out that she had made so many lousy pictures and that she was getting worse and worse."

But Kazan gave Natalie the lead in *Splendor* and recommended her for the role of Maria in *West Side Story*.

"I've done lots of lousy films, but I hoped they would be good," she said at the time. "Now I've done two pictures I know are good, and it's affected my whole life. For the first time I come home after work tired but exhilarated instead of tired and depressed."

Her career immediately regained its long lost respectability. Her standard contract suddenly called for $250,000 a picture. Interestingly enough, she was now regarded as second only to Elizabeth Taylor among top female draws. The critics' prophecies were beginning to come true. A hard-bitten 23, Natalie had made 32 movies and one comeback.

If, however, her youthful ingenuousness was gone, it was not missed. In an age where Hollywood had lost much of its magic, Natalie became the wand that would miraculously bring some of it back. She was young, glamorous, exciting; and was thus placed in the only role she could not play—that of a throwback to the golden days when Sam Goldwyn and Jack Warner purportedly closed movie deals on the corner of Hollywood and Vine.

Everywhere, writers were trying to place her in this category and that. They never let up in their search for dirty linen to wash in the public laundromat. And when none existed they washed it anyway. Natalie became typecast by the press and, ultimately, by the public.

"In this day of drab, earnest method actresses from the stage and from television," Bill Davidson wrote for the *Post* in April of 1962, "Miss Wood stands out like a flamingo among peahens. Nothing fazes her in her relentless campaign to be recognized as a movie star in the old flamboyant tradition."

In January of 1962 the seven top fan magazines all ran feature stories on her, with no less than four placing her befuddled face on the cover. The pressures on her to perform, both on and off the screen, were staggering. The vulnerability she had feigned so well as a child actress had become a terrifying reality in her adult life.

Meanwhile, she and R. J. were working so hard on their careers that they neglected each other. Their marriage was ripped apart by harsh overpublicity and the couple's unfortunate inability to deal with it. After the divorce, Natalie withdrew from her work and rushed into analysis. Hard years were ahead. In retrospect, though, she claims they were needed.

"I had been so overprotected as a child," she remembers. "I always said I'd move into my own apartment when I turned 18. But I never did. I married R. J., so I never experienced the feeling of being on my own until we were divorced. For me that was important because I had spent my whole life being dependent on others, and I needed to develop a dependence on myself. I wanted to stand on my own two feet. I no longer wanted a relationship based on need. I wanted one based on choice."

For some months, she lived entirely alone in an attempt to convince herself that there was more to Natalie Wood than her numerous screen credits.

"I wanted," she says, "to get myself together, to get the education I never had."

The time spent by herself and on a psychiatrist's couch proved to Natalie that the whole can indeed be greater than the sum of its individual parts. She emerged with a new confidence in herself as a person, and not just as a performer. She had already made a professional comeback; she had now made a personal one.

It was not much easier for R. J. He was not the glamorous child star Natalie had been. Yet his career began in much the same way at the age of 20 with parts such as the

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The Wagner-Wood California compound is filled with plants, paintings, and pets. The couple's dedication to keeping physically fit is reflected in the game room, which contains gymnastic equipment and a sauna.

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"Life begets life. Energy creates energy. It is by spending oneself that one becomes rich."—Sarah Bernhardt

Sex and Cancer Prevention

An active sex life may be good for more than we thought. According to the work of a University of Pennsylvania physician, it could mean decreasing the chances of breast cancer in women. The risk that a married woman will develop breast cancer seems to be less if she has had a history of exposure to human semen. Dr. Arne Gjorgov believes that certain biologically active substances are present in human semen that may have an effect on the balance of hormones in a woman's body. And the balance of these hormones in turn affects the risk of developing cancer.

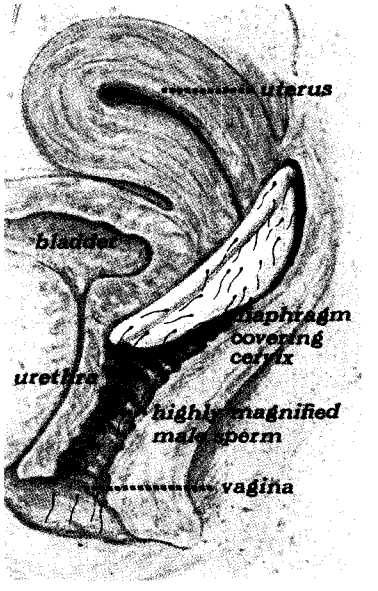
Dr. Gjorgov has found that women whose husbands have used the condom (a rubber sheath that covers the penis) or the withdrawal methods for extended periods of time may have a risk of developing breast cancer that is four and one-half to five times greater than the risk of women who used other forms of contraception.

It has long been known that Jewish women have more breast cancer than their gentile counterparts. Dr. Gjorgov believes this is because Jewish men also use the condom more than their gentile counterparts. A study done in the 1950's and 1960's showed 27% of U.S. couples using condoms but 55% of Jewish couples using condoms. Dr. Gjorgov believes that elimination of the use of condoms could reduce the incidence of breast cancer in Jewish women 65% to 70%.

Dr. Gjorgov, who is a well-versed epidemiologist, points out that women in England have a higher incidence of breast cancer, and there is also a higher incidence of condom use among the males there. Prostitutes have long been reported to have a low incidence of breast cancer, he points out.

Nuns are known to have a higher incidence of breast cancer, and Dr. Gjorgov points out that Renaissance nuns had five times higher incidence of breast cancer than their counterparts outside the convents of Italy. He points out that these are well-documented observations taken from an eighteenth century publication.

Since I have often written about the diaphragm (a rubber sheath covering the cervix) as a most desirable method of birth control, I asked Dr. Gjorgov whether it was implicated in the proper absorption of semen. It wasn't. He assured me that in his studies he had found that the diaphragm was a very good method of contraception and that only the condom or withdrawal methods were implicated.



The diaphragm does not prevent female's absorption of prophylactic substances in male semen, but the condom sheath over penis results in higher incidence of breast cancer according to Dr. Gjorgov's findings.

Dr. Gjorgov's belief that a reduced exposure to human semen increases breast cancer risk is based on a study he began in 1973 and finished in 1978 at the University of Pennsylvania. He interviewed 154 women who had had their breasts removed. All the women were married or had once been married and were between the ages of 35 and 60 at the time of operation.

He compared these women with a "control group" of 169 women patients at the hospital who were similar to the first group in every way except that they had not had cancer of the breast or of any other reproductive organs.

He found that 3.4% of the women in his sample who had not used barrier (condoms or interruption) methods of contraception developed breast cancer, while 16.1% of the women who had used barrier contraceptives did so.

"The most important result of this research," says Gjorgov, "is the possibility of using these findings to develop a method for controlling and reducing the incidence of breast cancer. Based on my findings, I estimated that by eliminating barrier contraception,

"My mother goes to work and my father takes care of the house. At the moment they're both at the hospital. One of them is having a baby."

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specifically the condom, one could reduce the incidence of breast cancer among married women in the U.S. by as much as 50%. For some ethnic groups, the rate of prevention would be even higher. These findings help explain the increasing incidence of breast cancer, the international variation of the disease, and open new avenues for further research."

It is now estimated that one out of thirteen women in the U.S. will develop breast cancer.

Tests for Detecting Thyroid Problems

The development of automated methods for testing thyroid function has made this a relatively inexpensive screening possibility for adults. The screening for proper thyroid functioning of newborns is now established by law in several states. By screening infants before they leave the hospital, it is estimated that the cost of finding a newborn with congenital hypothyroidism is approximately $10,000. When one considers the cost of institutionalizing a retarded child because its hypoactive thyroid wasn't discovered, it is apparent that the cost-benefit ratio is good. It costs far more than $10,000 to hospitalize the invalided child for life.

Recent tests have confirmed that there is a high incidence of unrecognized hypothyroidism and hyperthyroidism in geriatric patients. Two thousand consecutive geriatric patients were given a thyroid screening test as they were admitted for hospitalization in England. The result: 2.3% of the patients had unrecognized hypothyroidism and 1.1% had hyperthyroidism. It was felt that many of the hypothyroid and hyperthyroid patients would probably not have received an accurate diagnosis without laboratory screening because they had nonspecific problems.

Compared with some diseases, the therapy of hypothyroidism and hyperthyroidism is usually quite effective.

Family members who care for parents or senior citizens who are reluctant to see their physicians until they are "sick" should watch for some of the subtle changes of malfunctioning thyroid. *These should not be written off as signs of the inevitable results of aging. Bring them to the attention of a physician!*

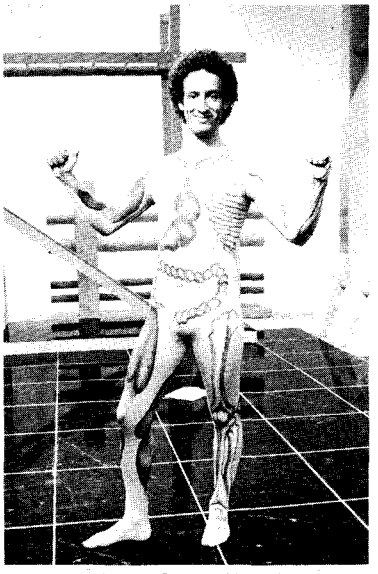
Some of the symptoms of *hypo*thyroidism are: dry, brittle hair; lethargy; memory impairment; edema of the face; thick and sore tongue; slow speech; deep, coarse voice; sensation of coldness; diminished perspiration; dry, coarse, scaling skin; coarsened features; thick lips; puffy eyelids; dull, lethargic expressions; slow pulse.

Some of the symptoms of *hyper*thyroidism are: tremor of the hands; localized swelling of the extremities; warm, velvety skin; increased appetite; occasional diarrhea; muscular weakness and fatigability; warm, moist palms; rapid pulse; loss of weight; shortness of breath; muscle wasting; facial flushing; perspiration; bulging eyes; swelling of the thyroid gland (goiter); atrophy of the shoulder muscles; atrophy of the muscles on the temple; nervousness, excitability, restlessness, emotional instability, and insomnia.

The nonexistence of these symptoms, however, does not prove that the individual is free from thyroid problems.

The Hip Bone Connects to the Thigh Bone . . .

John Bernstein is known in the elementary school circuit as Slim Goodbody. He sings and dances his way through explanations of how the body systems work. Congratulations to the Kraft Company, which now sponsors his show each Tuesday and Thursday morning on "Captain Kangaroo."



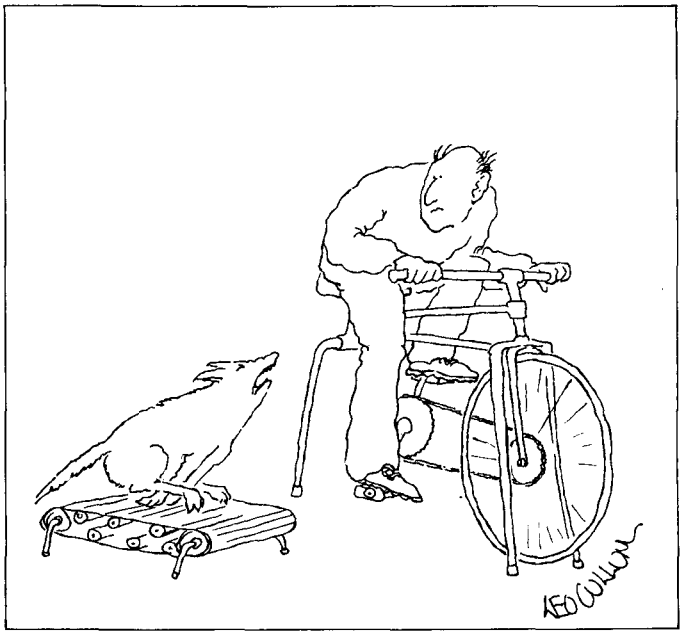
Slim Goodbody

On screen Slim gets an alias, Commissioner Hale and Hardy, Head of Body Control. Born on an island of healthy and happy people, he alone escaped with the secret of good health, nutrition, and exercise—after an evil magician polluted his people with weeds and junk food. Slim grows up to be a superhero, protector of Nutra City against its enemies, malnutrition and sloth.

John Bernstein will bring his act to schools or groups to spread his message of good health. Interested persons may contact him directly by writing to Slim Goodbody, 105 E. 11th Street, New York, New York, 10003.

Sudden Infant Death

It has been recommended that honey not be fed to infants under one year of age because of recent indications that botulin-producing spores may be implicated in some cases of sudden infant death syndrome. There was no evidence to suggest that botulism from spores in honey poses any problem for older children or adults.



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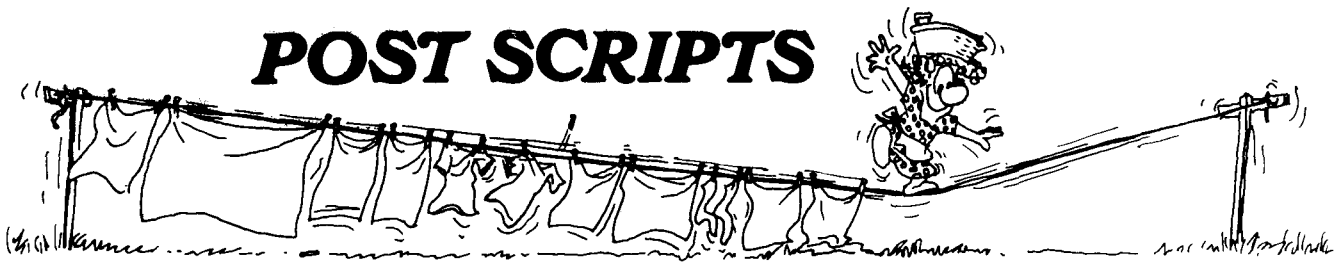
POST SCRIPTS



A Loaded Phrase

The class of eight-year-olds was asked to write a short paragraph on firemen or policemen.

When checking the papers, the teacher came across one entry that both puzzled and amused her. One youngster had ended her paragraph saying, "The brave young fireman came down the ladder pregnant."

Calling the girl to her desk, the teacher asked, "Christine, do you know what 'pregnant' means?"

"Yes, Miss Jones," replied Christine. "It means carrying a baby."

–Stan Dobrenski

Retirement

A man soon finds out
It's a different life;
No orders from the boss,
But many from his wife.

–Homer Phillips

Writing on the Wall?

There was a loud explosion in the back room of the drugstore. The pharmacist staggered out, his face stained with smoke and his jacket hanging in shreds. "Tell your doctor to write out that prescription again," he advised a customer. "And this time, ask him to print it."

–Al Batt

Spittin' Image

My newborn son is small and
shrimpy;
His mouth is wide, his lashes
skimpy.
His ears seem larger than he needs;
His nose is flat, his chin recedes.
His skin is sort of purplish red;
He has no hair upon his head.
And I'm as proud as proud can be
To hear you say he looks like me!

–Ruth M. Walsh

Daffynition

Optimist: A man who keeps his motor running while his wife runs into the store for a loaf of bread.

–Lucille J. Goodyear

What's in a Name?

Dr. Smith had just made a thorough examination of his female patient, remarking: "Mrs. Jones, I have good news for you."

"It's Miss Jones," the young woman corrected him.

"Well, Miss Jones," said the doctor. "I have bad news for you."

–Audrey Earle

Meddle Mouth

Mother to father over bills: "Maybe we can get some kind of book and straighten her teeth ourselves."

–Henry E. Leabo

Spirit of the Times

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine.
(We'll save a lot on dinner
Without cocktails or wine.)

–G. Sterling Leiby

Vice-free Voitures

The new cars are in a difficult spot today. All these months they have been working on a car that doesn't smoke. Now it turns out they want one that doesn't drink.

– Rose Sands

Tax Breaker

I have heard the most marvelous
rumor!
Just a hint is enough to suffice. . . .
The form 1040 has been found to
cause
Cancer in laboratory mice!

–Ruth M. Walsh

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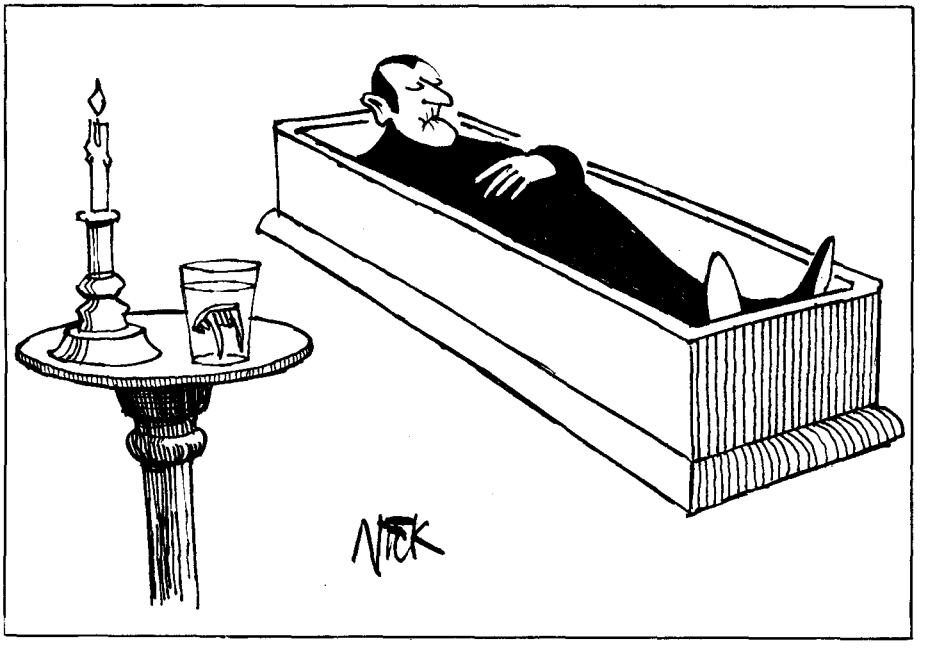

Hyper-chondriac

His new patient's lengthy list of complaints made the doctor suspect that he was dealing with a hypochondriac. Nevertheless, he prescribed pills to be taken regularly.

A week later the patient returned—all smiles. "Those pills were wonderful, Doc!" he exclaimed happily. "I feel like a new man now!"

"Those pills," said the doctor, deciding to be frank with the man, "were nothing but little balls of bread."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the patient, turning pale. "White or whole wheat?"

—Doris Dolphin

Eureka!

Viewing a showing of surrealist paintings, one woman remarked to her companion, "I've often felt and suffered migraine headaches. But now I know what they look like!"

—Lucille J. Goodyear

Wheeler Dealer

A motorist saw a sign on a service station, "Last chance for 70-cent gas. State line one mile." He stopped and had his tank filled, then asked, "How much is gas across the line?"

Answered the attendant, "65 cents."

—Morris Bender

Hiss-teria

After running into a wild crowd at a basketball game one evening, the referee picked up his wife and told her it might be better if she stayed away from the remaining games to which he was assigned.

"After all," he said, "it must have been pretty embarrassing to you when everyone stood up and booed me."

"It wasn't so bad," she replied. "I stood up and booed, too."

—Henry E. Leabo

Rehash on Rye

A young mother had been brought back to her hospital room after having given birth to her first baby. The woman in the other bed was just finishing her supper after having delivered her ninth child a few hours earlier. The first woman could hardly wait to talk about her experience. "What did you have?" she asked the other.

"Corned beef hash," came her reply.

—Dorothea Kent

A Star Is Hatched

One hen to another: "Next time you lay an egg, I wish you'd say something besides, *'Heeeeere's* Johnny!' "

—D. L. Barstow

Auto-Mobilization?

The threat of ever rising gas prices
May not spell defeat.
It may even enable our country
To get back upon its feet!

—Ruth M. Walsh

"No thanks. Just being done with this meal is dessert enough for me."

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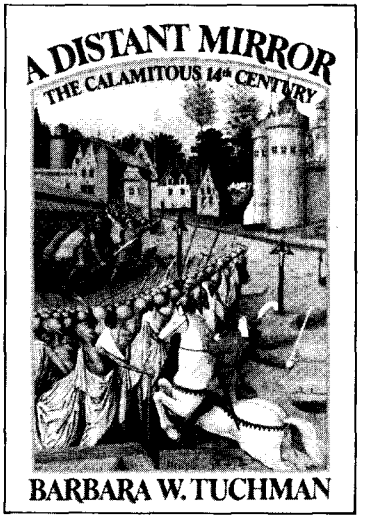
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BOOK SHELF

A Distant Mirror

by Barbara W. Tuchman
597 pages, Alfred A. Knopf,
$15.95

by Dr. David J. Fulton

It is generally unwise for readers to ignore a book's title. In the case of Barbara Tuchman's *A Distant Mirror*, however, the title and the theme it represents can be safely set aside. The mirror is fourteenth century Europe. And through her detailed description of that "calamitous century," the reader is encouraged to reflect upon the similarities with the present condition of man. She observes in fourteenth century European man a gap between ideals and practices so vast that it goes beyond simple hypocrisy. She points out curiously complementary abilities to both cause and endure extreme suffering. She sees a terrible failing in man's nature that allows him to rise up heroically from catastrophe only to return later to the practices that provoke catastrophe.



Such vast and speculative themes constitute an effort to make some sense out of our capacity for evil-doing. Barbara Tuchman has written extensively on events that betray that capacity. Three of her previous works have concerned the period of the First World War (*The Zimmermann Telegram*, *The Guns of August*, *The Proud Tower*). Evidently, the compatible levels of violence and destruction between the twentieth and the fourteenth centuries led her to examine the latter and to see it as a mirror of the former. The reader can sympathize with this effort. The reader can also share in the speculation on human nature. But, thankfully, once past the Foreword, the reader is not required to do either.

The narrative moves along two paths. The first is the life of the Baron, Enguerrand de Coucy VII (1340-1397), head of one of the major noble families in France whose lands lay strategically across the northern approaches to Paris. The second path is the conduct of the Hundred Years War between France and England, which began in 1337 when the English King Edward III put forth his claim to the French throne. The narrative picks up de Coucy in 1360 when he was sent to England as a hostage under the terms of one of the many truces that marked the war. While in England, the hostage participated fully in the activities of the English court, where he met and married Edward's daughter Isabella. Still owing allegiance to the French king, de Coucy became a son-in-law of the English king, and his life thereafter provides a unique vantage point from which to observe the war.

Tuchman skillfully weaves together these two parts of her narrative. She keeps us fully informed of the politics and campaigns of the war, yet she frequently breaks off to follow de Coucy on various adventures. We attend him in Switzerland, where he tries to enforce his family claim to lands held by the Hapsburgs of Austria, and into Italy, where shifting loyalties in the fierce struggle between the Papacy and the Holy Roman Emperor entice adventurers from all over Europe who want their chivalric glory spiked with considerable financial gain. We accompany him on the ill-fated crusade against the Ottoman Turks that ended in the disaster of Nicopolis in 1397, where de Coucy loses his life, as do many hundreds of his peers.

Through frequent informative and often lengthy asides, Barbara Tuchman also describes many other significant aspects of the fourteenth century. During this period many of the foundation stones of our modern civilization were identified, shaped, and put into place. Modern languages, not just literature, were being created by Chaucer, Petrarch, and Dante. Protestantism was born in the thoughts of Wycliffe and John Huss. Parliamentary government, in the form of the English House of Commons, was created. Industrial society, complete with conflicts between labor and management, was becoming a reality. Barbara Tuchman covers these and many more.

She depends on other historians for the identification and explanation of these major changes. Her contribution, and the real joy of this book, rests in her presentation of the detail surrounding these changes. She has examined closely both major and minor chroniclers of the period. These authors, such as the Frenchman Jean Froissart, whose work covers the full period of this book, give us contemporary and even eyewitness accounts of events. In Froissart's case, we have reports of conversations with many principal figures. Through the words of the chroniclers and the eyes of the illustrators, whose works are also included in this book, Tuchman gives personality to the historical figures and an environment to the events.

The following is an example of this approach. In an account of the visit of the Holy Roman Emperor, Charles IV, to Paris in December-January 1377-78, she includes a description of the entertainment offered to the 800 people attending the state banquet:

"For the grand climax, all 800 guests moved to the Hall of Parliament, where the spectacle presented to them, representing the taking of Jerusalem by the First Crusade, was a triumph of the stagecraft in which the fourteenth century excelled.

[Here follow two pages on fourteenth century stagecraft.]

"Its technical marvels and verve of staged battle were breathtaking. The Crusaders' ship, complete with mast, sail, and flying banners, was propelled

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down the hall so 'lightly' and 'softly' as actually to seem to be moving on water. Knights, wearing the correct heraldry if not costumes of nearly 300 years before, poured from the ship to assault the reconstructed battlements of Jerusalem. From a painted Moslem tower a muezzin chanted the wailing Arabic prayer. Saracens in turbans flashed wicked scimitars, crusaders were thrown from siege ladders, the onlookers gazed in wonder, stirred by the beauty and excitement to enthusiasm for a new crusade—which indeed was the purpose of the performance." (pp. 311-314; see plate 7 between pages 234-235).

The same detail is provided for less entertaining events. It is used to conjure up the ferocity of medieval war, the horrors of the Black Death. The author describes the lives of the common folk, ravaged by wars conducted by scorched-earth tactics that prevented the enemy from securing supplies in the countryside but that also brought starvation to the peasants. The people were beset by taxation rates directly determined by the government's financial needs of the moment, and, further, they were subjected to continual attack by the "Free Companies" of unemployed knights who lacked momentarily a specific enemy and so turned upon the local populace. Violence is one of the author's themes, and violence was indeed a fact of everyday life then as now. Unfortunately, the constant depiction of violence becomes more and more oppressive as one moves through the book. The frequent accounts of pillage, rape, massacre, and torture leading to a finale at Nicopolis ultimately carry the reader beyond shock and into numbness. The author's intent to point up our capacity for violence is clearly conveyed.

Despite the simplistic theme, the book is readable and, judging from the success of her previous work, will be read. It is more than a chronology. It is a detailed cross section of medieval life and society. The book should encourage in the reader a greater interest in this critical transitional period in the history of the West. If this is the case, it is to be hoped that the reader will pursue further study among the major historians Tuchman lists in her page notes and her bibliography. ☒

The Post Recommends

The Buchwald Stops Here
by Art Buchwald
G.P. Putnam's Sons
$9.95

Every two years Washington's satirist-in-residence Art Buchwald sifts through his most recent output of tongue-in-cheek newspaper columns and selects the *crème de la crème*. These are packaged under witty titles (*Down the Seine and Up the Potomac, Washington Is Leaking*) and offered to fans who like their Art in bulk form. Although Buchwald is syndicated in more than 500 newspapers and served piecemeal to readers three times a week, many of the columns are worthy of second exposure.

In his newest collection the humorist zeros in on several timely topics including energy, cloning, the Blizzard of '78, and the marketing of First Brother Billy Carter. He follows his time-proved formula of extracting a true situation from the news and then embroidering on it. As most Washington politicos know, once Buchwald starts embroidering, no one is immune to the needle. The end result is a potpourri of 150 drolly funny pieces sure to draw a chuckle from the most somber of readers. Fans who favor humor that both banters and bites should look no further, because *The Buchwald Stops Here*.

The Stories of John Cheever
John Cheever
Alfred A. Knopf
$15.95

Imagine a writer so prolific that when selecting his short stories for an anthology, he has to reread them because he's forgotten the endings. Imagine, too, that when this same author discards what he calls his "immature pieces" he still has a whopping 61 stories for inclusion in the collection.

Such was the pleasant dilemma of John Cheever, 66-year-old tale-spinner extraordinaire, when assembling *The Stories of John Cheever*. With few exceptions the stories peel away the outer skin of well-heeled suburbia and dig into the raw flesh of its inhabitants.

Dissatisfied couples with unfulfilled dreams, society matriarchs who grow vulgar with drink, overlooked children left night after night in the care of babysitters—these are the characters populating Cheever's plush subdivisions, apartment houses, and beach compounds. By exposing them to public scrutiny, the author underscores the foolishness of their small lives and the reality of their middle-class hell. The 61 vignettes, all different yet all similar, are well-written, well-plotted, and heavy with underlying meaning.

Kids' America
Steven Caney
Workman Publishing
$6.95

Here's a book that seems made to order for the social critics who complain that kids today never learn to use their imaginations in play, what with all the battery-operated gizmos and walking, talking, crying, wetting dolls and the like. Caney has gathered—in fun, easily understandable form—hundreds of make-it-yourself and do-it-yourself activities for kids (and some look pretty tempting for adults, too!). Your child can find out how to make a tin lantern, a quill pen, a four-poster bed (primitive, but the basic idea's there), a tepee, a candle, a stencil print, a hex sign. Or how to milk a cow, trace the family tree, juggle balls for a Saturday night performance. Profusely illustrated, *Kids' America* introduces each chapter of how-tos with an explanation of how all these things fit into the heritage of America. All instructions, Caney writes, are "goof proof," all have been put to the test on "typically American kids," and all pose a challenge for children—people who "instinctively make life an adventure."

As a special service, any book featured in "The Post Recommends" may be ordered by mail directly from the *Post*. Please include your name and address along with $.75 above the retail price (to cover handling and mailing charges). Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Mail to: SatEvePost Book Club, Saturday Evening Post, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Dominoes Fall Toward A Vulnerable Thailand

America is likely next to be tested somewhere in Asia. The reason is simple. We have sacrificed most of our military, either to the budget or to maintain a semblance of army strength on the line in West Germany. We have no troops to speak of anywhere in the Pacific; indeed, we have little army strength on the American mainland. Our Navy is inadequate even to support the troops in Europe. The Pacific is huge; our ships there are few.

Since World War II America has never been tested where it was prepared to fight. The hottest looking spot in the Pacific is Korea. Japan, a nation courted by both China and Russia, would be very concerned if South Korea were to fall to a Communist North Korea. Japan is a major trading partner. Her security is of vital interest to America. President Carter has committed America to the defense of South Korea. Neither Russia nor China would like a rearmed Japan. Neither is likely to encourage North Korea into an all-out conflict.

Conflict in Taiwan is even less likely. Taiwan is well armed. The Taiwan Straits are hard to cross with armed forces. Besides, what would austere China do with the pampered population of Taiwan once she had captured it? We doubt if China is anxious to embarrass America just now. She would prefer for America to appear and be stronger—not weaker.

Hot spot to erupt

Russia's greatest cold war success against America has been in Southeast Asia, the place of America's greatest miscalculation; a place that Americans are sick to death of. So, that is where the next hot spot is likely to be.

Americans should not count on sitting on the sidelines while Vietnam fights Cambodia, with Russia backing Vietnam and China backing Cambodia. That would be convenient; we have no commitment to either. It won't happen that way.

There are two strong contending cultures and populations in Southeast Asia. One is centered in Vietnam; the other is in Thailand. Both have populations of about 50 million. Between lie two weak, relatively unpopulated buffer states, Cambodia and Laos. When the French arrived in Southeast Asia in the nineteenth century, Thailand and Vietnam were fighting over this buffer area; they are historic enemies.

Today, Vietnam virtually controls Laos, and it appears she has softened world opinion concerning her move into Cambodia, a confused, pathetic rural country which is ruthlessly destroying itself. The traditional enemy of Vietnam is not Cambodia at all but Thailand to the west. Cambodia was never a great obstacle. Vietnam must retain Russian aid, so she needs Russian approval as she moves through.

Thai "liberation"

There are good reasons why Russia would profit if a proxy Vietnam were to "liberate" the people of Thailand. Russia needs to put China into a position where she is threatened on two fronts. Russian allies in Indochina would fill the bill. Russia has considered accommodation with both Taiwan and Japan. Neither liaison was feasible. The robust industries of both countries made them natural partners of America.

Thailand was a major ally of America during the Vietnam war. We stationed aircraft and troops there. Punishing Thailand, while America stands helplessly by, would be a lesson to all the little countries of the world that alliances and cooperation with America are dangerous. America can no longer stand by its friends. The fall of Thailand into the Soviet camp would confound both

"I am confident this country will not only survive, but will be restored as a bastion of freedom, peace, and hope for mankind—but don't quote me."

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of Russia's adversaries. It would complicate China's military posture and weaken America's prestige throughout the world.

Beyond Thailand are Malaya, Singapore, Indonesia, and, finally, Australia; more dominoes are ready to fall. Friends like Indonesia and old allies like Australia and the Philippines are watching with chilled concern. Thailand is gearing for the struggle, all the while buying time by discreetly decreasing her American connection and by attempting to make some accommodation with Vietnam. Yet an eventual clash between the Thais and the Vietnamese is all but inevitable.

America has little choice but to be humiliated and sit this one out. Perhaps China can be persuaded to keep the Vietnamese so occupied that they cannot afford to attack Thailand in force. Or perhaps, when the Thailand-Vietnam conflict comes Thailand can hold her own against a Vietnam supported by Russia with the help of American equipment and Chinese troops. The real danger is that America will miscalculate and involve American fighting men.

History repeats itself

As we contemplate this unpleasant future, it is constructive to recall two periods in America's recent past when our national leadership was flawed.

The first period began January 20, 1961, the month and year when our tide started to run out. The "American Empire" had reached its high water mark. A new President spoke of a "new frontier" consisting of a new set of challenges. We would "pay any price, bear any burden, support any friend, and oppose any foe." Sacrifice would be the virtue by which we would escape from the "safe mediocrity of the past." We would not be bored.

South Vietnam beckoned. Geographically it stood at the frontier of the "American Empire," and it seemed about to fall. With a handful of Green Berets we would counter Khrushchev's wars of national liberation. It was an exciting time—all those dashing New Frontiersmen flew back and forth across the Pacific to the Philippines and Saigon: Chester Bowles, Averell Harriman, Robert McNamara, and Maxwell Taylor. Eventually even the stolid old military went along with enthusiasm; it was the only war they had. We were in Vietnam to stay. No one knew exactly why. There was no threat to America.

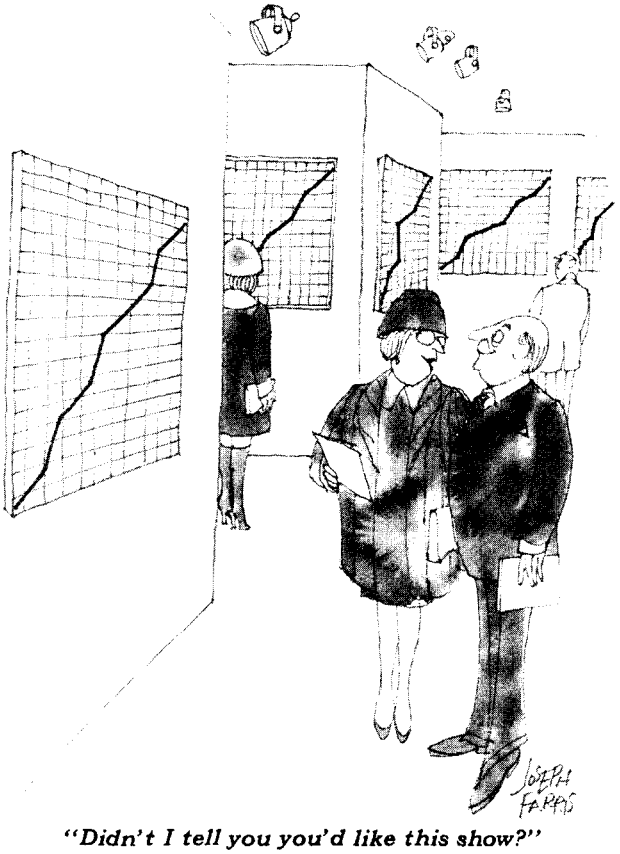
Combat troops in Vietnam reached their numerical peak in 1969 and then declined steadily. By the beginning of 1975 there were no Americans on the ground in a combat role. Kissinger had won his Nobel Peace Prize. It was a shaky arrangement: The carrot was peace; the stick was the bombing of the North Vietnamese if they got out of line. Beyond a doubt, we could have established a viable industrial economy in South Vietnam. We had done exactly that before in South Korea, Taiwan, and Japan.

Congress shares blame

At that point, Congress took away the stick. No longer would American air power threaten North Vietnam. The Communists were assured they could attack at will. For good measure Congress cut off the supplies to South Vietnam's war machine. The logic behind this seemed to be the conviction that the Communist North Vietnamese were really better people than the South Vietnamese. The Cambodian Communists were gentle peasant folk. The Whiz Kids and New Frontiersmen had become "doves." They were anxious to prove once and for all that the domino theory was nonsense. Unfortunately, their voices were drowned by the crashing of the dominoes as South Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos fell in rapid succession.

Since April of 1975 at least 500,000 people have fled Vietnam; tens of thousands have perished at sea trying to reach freedom. The monthly flow of escapees still increases. Those gentle Cambodian Communists have murdered a million Cambodians, about one sixth of their entire population.

It appears the next domino to be tested will be Thailand. It is America's past political sins which have placed that delightful little country in jeopardy. These same sins have weakened us to the point that we can't be of much help. Hopefully this time we won't misjudge our own capability. ☒



"Didn't I tell you you'd like this show?"

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Babe Ruth

continued from page 69

grow up without caring how the home team made out, would you? Why, sometimes that's all that holds the country together when things get tough.

The next thing I know, it's two o'clock in the morning, and I thought I heard a noise in Jimmy, Jr.'s, room next door. So I got up to look, figuring maybe he wasn't well or wanted something.

But when I came in, I could see he was sleeping peacefully, for there was a moon over Coogan's Bluff, lighting up the Polo Grounds on the other side of the river, and it came in the window. Then I saw the stranger sitting by his bedside.

He was a great big guy, built like a beer barrel. I shoulda jumped a mile high from scare, but right away I saw there was something familiar about him. He was wearing a big camel's-hair polo coat and a tan camel's-hair cap. His head was turned and he was looking down at Jimmy, Jr., but when I came into the room he switched around so that the moon lit up his face and I saw who it was. I'd of known that big ugly mug with the little piggy eyes and the nose spread all over his face anywhere in the world.

And at that moment I didn't even stop to think that he'd been dead five years. I said, "Hello, Babe!"

He said, "Hello, keed. How's things?" but didn't get up or offer to shake hands.

I couldn't think of anything to say but "The Yanks won tonight, six to five. Mantle got hold of one in the eighth."

He nodded. "Yeah, I know. I was there. That's a good kid, that Mantle, but he ought to stick to one side or the other. Them switch hitters ain't never consistent."

"Boy," I said, "Babe Ruth. Am I glad to see you!" All of a sudden it come home to me who I was talking to. "Hey," I whispered so as not to wake Jimmy, Jr., "what's going on? You're dead, aren't you?"

The Babe grunted, "Uh-huh!"

"Then what are you doing here?"

The Babe chewed on his plug for a while before replying, "You sent for me, didn't you?"

"Me?" I was so mixed up by this time I couldn't remember.

"I dunno," the Babe said. "You oughta know what's cooking. We got a call about a half hour ago. The Manager told me to get my pants off the bench and take a look in here."

It came back then, what I'd been doing a half hour ago. I ain't much of a religious man, but when it comes down to it and a member of my family is in trouble, like Jimmy, Jr., was, I ain't ashamed to pray.

I said, "I remember now. I asked the saints to help me."

"O.K.," the Babe said. "What's on your mind, keed?"

Much as I loved the big monkey, I couldn't help letting out a snort. "Hey! What are you giving me? You, a saint?"

The Babe for a second actually managed to look modest, which was never one of his long points, though maybe "sheepish" was a better way to describe it, and he said hastily, "I know, I know. I done all kinds of fatheaded things when I was around here, didn't I? Women, liquor, horsing around. But They got a way of overlooking those, if you say you're sorry when you get there. So, after I'd been there a couple of years and kept my nose clean, They made me a saint."

"By the way, your Vitamin E bottle is nearly empty."

I couldn't figure it out. I said, "I thought you had to be made a saint from down here."

The Babe's ugly puss busted into a big grin. He replied, "Up there They don't always wait. Particularly when They got use for a guy."

I asked, "How'd it happen?"

He chawed awhile and then replied, "I dunno. One day one of Them came along and says, 'Hey, Babe. What about that time you got up at that dinner to Jimmy Walker and promised to turn over a new leaf for the sake of the dirty-faced kids in the street?' I says, 'What about it?' He says, 'Were you on the level? Did you really mean it?' I says, 'What do you think? Ain't you never seen a kid with his heart broke because something or somebody he believed in went sour?' He says, 'O.K., Babe. That's all I wanted to know. You come along with me. We got work for you to do.' So They put me on the roster."

I said, "Well, what do you know? What are you saint of? What do I call you?"

He shifted his chew and said affably, "Call me Babe. Up there I'm known as Saint Bambino, but I don't go much for that stuff. Baseball, of course. It's the biggest thing in the world, ain't it?

"There's millions of kids in this country to whom baseball's mighty important. They worry and snivel themselves to sleep because they can't hit a curve ball, stop pulling back from a fast one inside, or hold a hot liner with the meat hand. Sometimes it's a matter of timing. Others, it's moxie. I'm in charge of that."

"Yeah, is that right? What do you do?"

"Oh, I dunno. Take a look around and maybe ask Number One, the Manager, to give 'em a hand. Unless they ask for me personally, like some do." He grinned again. "There was that kid last week in Biloxi, Mississippi. He threw wild to home plate from left field, let two runs in, and lost the game. All the other kids picked on him. That night he asked me if I'd ever pulled one like that. He kept bellerin', 'Babe, I bet you never did that. Babe, I'm no good. I wanna die. Help me.' "

"So what did you do?"

"So I reminded the kid about that time in Cleveland in 1923 when we were two games out of first place for the pennant the last week in August."

I said, "What happened? I don't remember that one."

The Babe laughed that big, old, deep rumbling laugh of his. "We're leading six-five in the last of the ninth. The Indians got two on and two out. What's-His-Name, their shortstop, comes up, and I figure him for a short single between first and second if he hits, and come in to take it on the first hop."

"And does he?"

"Sure. And I got the runner for home out by a mile, only I'm still full of

Continued on following page

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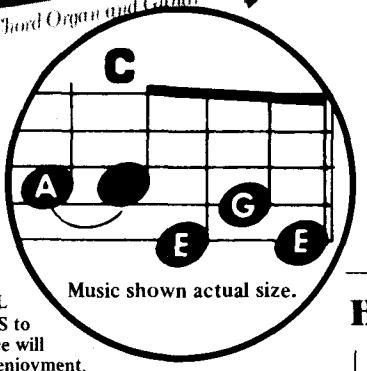

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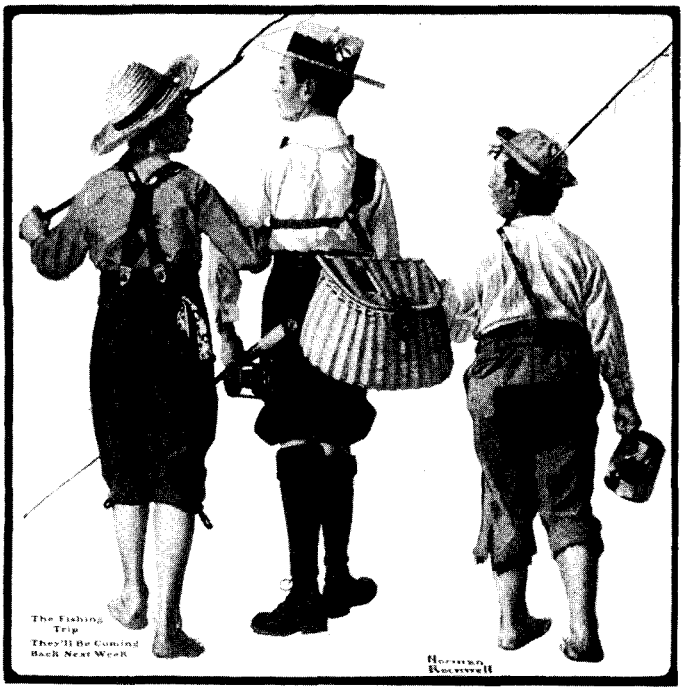

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Entreat Me Not

continued from page 59

helped into bed, and the next morning she could barely walk with assistance. Once again, the ambulance, the hospital, and all the rest: endless forms to fill out, nurses, doctors, visits, and worry. This time her malady was diagnosed as a small, nondisplaced hip fracture. No surgery was indicated. She was safely assured of a long stay in the hospital—practically cost-free, courtesy of both Medicare and Blue Cross. No doubt about it! Gram had some really valuable "entitlements" this time.

But once again that nagging inner voice: "What are they doing to her now? What is she thinking?" Gram was really disoriented in her hospital room. She didn't know where she was and couldn't be convinced that she was sick. She had to be restrained or she would try to get out of bed. It was so hard to leave her, in confusion and uncertainty, tied to her bed each night.

"Eventually, she'll have to leave the hospital and go to a convalescent home," was the gentle advice of her doctor. So there we were again. But this time we knew—or thought we knew—what would be expected of us. Could we give up our freedom and our household routines again? Could Marion once more stand the rigors of such a task? Could we really give adequate care to a completely immobilized lady? Surely, no more could be expected of us. She had literally thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of free "benefits" coming to her. Why shouldn't she take all of the "services" that she's entitled to?

It didn't work. The thought of taking that frail, frightened lady to yet another "place" was more than the family could bear. We must "take care of Marie."

Phase IV

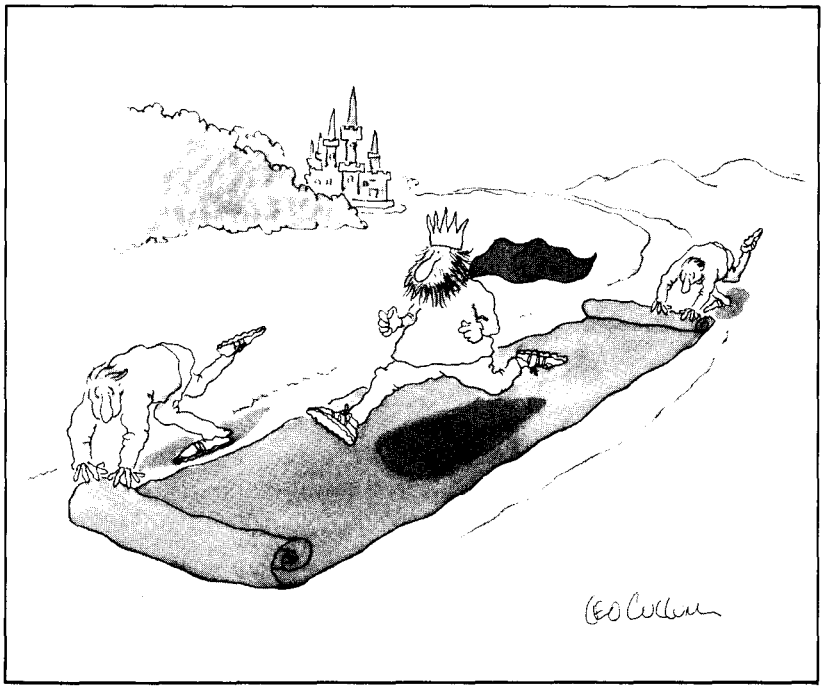
This time we had a really sick patient. The job was to be tougher, the problems more complex.

Fortunately, the master bedroom and its bathroom adjoined the first floor family room. Gram would have to have more privacy and quiet. The answer was obvious. We took all of the furniture out of our bedroom and stored it in the garage. And there it was, a cheerful, bright, convenient hospital room.

Back came the hospital bed and the other equipment, and the nurse's aides.

I remember the night Gram came home from the hospital. I awoke late and went softly into her room. She was awake and was looking at me. "Who are you?" she asked. "I'm Marion's husband." She just said "Oh," but continued to stare at me in suspicion. Just then our kitten, Daisy, brushed against my leg. On impulse, I picked up Daisy and placed her on the bed near Gram's hand. As Gram touched that little ball of fur, her face softened and a little smile came and lingered. She still didn't know who I was, but if I liked cats I couldn't be all that bad.

Eventually, Gram drifted off to sleep, Daisy scampered away, and I went back to my new sleeping quarters, musing, "Midnight kitten-therapy. Try to get that in a nursing home—at any price!" That episode was to be repeated again and again because it brought Gram love and gave her memories of better, happier years.



Each of us in the family had his own special way of making Gram smile. It wasn't a chore to visit her. It was impossible to forget her. She was still with us.

During Gram's ordeal, two very special people came into our lives. One was a physician and surgeon who was a Doctor of Osteopathy; the other was a sprite of a girl who was a nurse's aide and a devoutly strict Dutch Christian Reformed disciple. Both are, as far as we are concerned, living saints.

The doctor (who had attended Gram in the hospital) would "just happen to be passing by" on a Sunday night or on a Wednesday morning. He'd come in, examine Gram, prescribe medicine, and give advice to Marion. He never sent a bill, though we often requested one.

Jan, the little nurse's aide, came to love Gram and, in turn, to be loved by all of us.

Thank God that both of those dear people also had an affection for animals. There were always one dog and at least one cat as interested sniffers of medical bags and apparatus.

Fulfillment

We can't remember when we came to know it, because it came so quietly, so naturally. Gram was slowly losing her hold on life, and nothing could restore it. She became incoherent, incontinent, bewildered, and seemed only to want to sleep. She could no longer eat solid foods. Special skills had to be learned.

Probably the most exasperating problem was centered around an absolutely necessary device that came to be known by all as "that damned catheter." It wasn't that the skill needed to install and to maintain it was so hard to learn. The problem was political.

It seemed that catheters were in the special custody of certain persons licensed by law to install, remove, and replace them. A "mere" nurse's aide simply could not be "authorized" to perform such a complex medical procedure. Not only that, but a "lay person" couldn't buy one. The corporation that supplied the nurse's aides had the answer. They provided an R.N. who would perform that service "by appointment and as required." So on Her schedule, Her Arrogancy would appear, complete with frozen face, starched hat, and patronizing comments. She never stayed long enough to see if the necessary result was achieved and, too often, it wasn't.

Finally, we'd had enough! Under the careful tutoring of a gracious neighbor (an R.N.) Marion and Jan mastered the technique. When the medical corporation found out that its employee was doing an "unauthorized act," a phone command told me that such activity must cease. I suggested that it was *my* home and *my* mother-in-law and that what transpired within either was none of their business. In the face of such ire (and in respected memory of many checks mailed to them in the past) it suddenly became "permissible." They stopped giving Jan a hard time. Jan finally figured out a way of purchasing the devices. Problem solved!

The next big problem was nutrition.

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Because I like to cook, I took over the task of chief dietician. I learned to make a kind of "astronaut soup," which would incorporate the ingredients necessary for a complete diet. The cooking techniques were controlled so that the natural nutrients would be preserved. The end product was then put through a food blender and frozen in little serving portions. For nearly four months Gram lived on that diet, augmented by juices, water, tea, and Jell-O. The nice part was that she always seemed to enjoy her (spoon-fed) meals. Pushing the fluids wasn't so easy, as Gram would store them in her cheeks, like a petulant little squirrel, and would swallow only with considerable reluctance.

Bitter winter ended and the first green of spring appeared. With it came our final problem. "What will we do if Gram goes into a coma and we can no longer feed her or give her water?" How could one answer such a question?

Another long conference was inevitable. It came to pass and it was tearful and agonizing. We struggled for objectivity and prayed for wisdom. Neither came easily.

Our gentle doctor had assured us that Gram had only weeks left and that nothing, other than temporary life-preserving techniques, could prolong the inevitable.

We came to the conclusion that our obligation was to offer the food and drink of life as long as she lived. Further, we were bound to do everything possible to keep her free from pain. We then decided that the only reason that we would be pursuaded to deliver Gram into the "intensive care" of a hospital would be to relieve pain that we were powerless to control. The ambulance, then, would await such pain, and nothing else would bring it.

Thereafter, fluids or Jell-O were placed in her mouth whenever she could be awakened. She couldn't swallow anything else. She slept constantly except when aroused to take those liquids. She showed no signs of pain or of distress of any kind.

"She won't last more than a few days."

"How can you tell?"

"Because I just know it."

It was a short but profound exchange. I still don't know how Marion could speak with such certainty. There was something in her voice and in her face that convinced me that there was no room for doubt. I had almost no time left to solve the last problem.

In our society there are rules, regulations, edicts, statutes, ordinances, and mandates that attend our every experience "from the womb to the tomb." We had such a hard time trying to figure out how to care for Gram in life that

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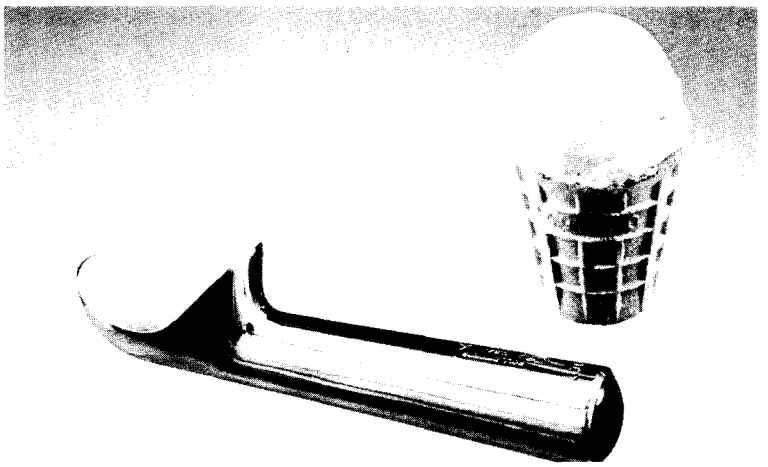

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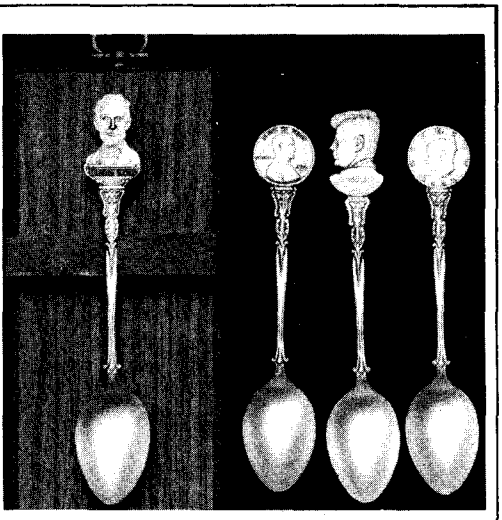

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there just was no thought given to the procedure to be followed at death. After all, what do you do then? To complicate matters, Gram had willed her body to a medical school, and she had been most emphatic that we do nothing to frustrate her intent. She carried a card in her wallet, which stated no more than that her body was to be given to a named organization, and the address and phone number were indicated.

Perhaps a phone call would do it. I placed a call at about 5:00 p.m. one evening, and a crisply efficient female voice assured me that I was calling the right place. I explained the facts and that I wanted to be made aware of the procedure to be followed. Her response was—to say the least—one of the strangest I've ever heard. I was *scolded* for attempting to deliver a body to her employer *before it was dead.* It turned out that I had reached a commercial, after-hours, phone-answering service.

The next day, I found that the matter was simple to handle. A mortician of my choice would deliver the body whenever a death certificate had been signed. The doctor assured me that he would bring, fill in, and sign such a certificate whenever I called him to pronounce the death. All of those inquiries had to be made in the solitude of my own judgment and in the frustration of my ignorance. How could Marion be asked to face a death that she was still not quite ready to accept? Her fight for her mother's life was intensifying.

There seemed to be nothing at all left for me to do. The hours of waiting had come. It then occurred to me that I had overlooked the Roman Catholic tradition of our family. None of us had spoken of calling a priest. Gram had no need for "confession"—her life testified to that. But what about the "Last Sacrament"—those hauntingly beautiful phrases and rituals mentioned in our lives but seldom witnessed. Of what value would that be to Gram? We didn't know whether it would have value; neither did we know that it would be valueless. Things not done cause regret, and regret causes grief. With that in mind, and with Marion's permission, I set the stage for one of the most moving vignettes I'll ever see.

There, beside our deeply sleeping Gram, stood a young man in priestly garb, softly (so as not to awaken her) saying words of atonement, faith, and hope. His hands touched her, ever so gently, and touched our hearts as well. Beside him gentle Jan, helping him, in solemn and wide-eyed attention; and there in the doorway, a little white dog and two great cats all seated and uncharacteristically still, watching the priest and Gram.

Early the next evening, on April 20, 1977, Gram, with her family nearby, quietly and serenely died.

The good doctor came as he said he would. The undertaker was asked to delay his arrival for a couple of hours. Then the women in the family bathed Gram, whose tiny, withered body had not one bed sore or needle mark. They combed her hair, put her in a never-worn, pretty nightgown, and placed her hands together in repose.

That was our wake. No ritual prayer, no clatter of conversation, just a quiet last good-bye and a kiss.

I was alone. The family had gathered in another room as none could bear seeing our Gram taken away. I watched them carry the now shrouded body across the lawn to the waiting hearse. Then soft tears came, and into a fresh, warm spring breeze I whispered a prayer. "Please take care of Marie."

Afterword

This little story was written for two reasons. The first was to pay a lasting tribute to the most beautiful and devoted woman I will ever know. She worked, and at times slaved, in an act of love that was beyond anything I have ever seen. She is my wife Marion. My role was only passive and permissive. It was she who kept my promise to her dad.

The other reason for writing this was to offer encouragement to those who want to keep the "old folks *at home*," but who hesitate to break their social routines and to ignore the well-intentioned advice of their peers.

We were lucky. The regimen of Gram's home treatment worked no financial hardship on us. Others not so fortunate ought to be helped by a revision of the Medicare and Medicaid laws. After all, based on nothing more than pure pragmatism, it's a sensible thing for our society to do. It had cost less than $12,000 to give Gram the necessary help and equipment. That saved the American taxpayers a sum in excess of $75,000 for less effective "benefits."

It will be asked, I suppose, "what can a man know of what Marion did, and what does *she* feel about it?" The answer was given last week—more than a year after Gram died. The TV blared in outrage concerning the latest horror stories about the neglect of the elderly in state-approved nursing homes. Marion turned to me and said, "Wouldn't you love to go and gather all of them up and bring them home?"

No hint of criticism is hereby intended of

You be the Judge

By J. K. Newton

Jack Ziner suffered a heart attack and was taken to the Owen County Hospital. While in the emergency room, he dictated a will—leaving all of his property to his sister, Kathy Sparks—to his attending physician and signed it in the presence of two hospital nurses. One of them then took his will to the nurses' station outside his door, and each of them signed it. Ziner died several days later.

The will was presented to the probate court by Kathy as the sole beneficiary. It was contested by Sally, Jack's other sister, on the ground that the will had not been formally witnessed by the nurses. The state law required that the will be signed by the witnesses in the presence of the person making the will.

Sally argued that the will was invalid because it didn't follow the proper procedure. "In the presence of," she explained, "means that the person making the will and the witnesses must all be in the same room." The beneficiary of the will urged the court to use a more liberal interpretation of "in the presence of." "If he had wanted to watch them sign, he could have easily done it; that is all that is required."

If you were the judge, would you let the will stand?

The court allowed Kathy to take all of the property under the will despite the alleged violation of the statute. It said that even though the nurses had signed the will in the next room, Ziner could have looked through an open door to see them sign if he had wanted to turn his head.

(Based on a 1941 Supreme Court of Oregon case)

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those who have, for any number of reasons, been unable to give their elderly loved ones home care. No one can pass such judgment upon others. But much can and should be done by all of us to demand that, wherever they are, our aged should live and be allowed to die in decency, tenderness, respect, and peace. Those are the obligations of humanity. The nonfulfillment of that obligation is our nation's most shameful area of neglect of "human rights." ☒

Cycles

continued from page 48

ate program designed to accelerate the other, upward half of the cycle.

The burning of coal fills the air with irritating and poisonous molecules of sulfur dioxide and with bits of fly ash. We could, if we wish, wait for the rain to wash the air, but the rain is unpredictable and too slow. Human beings must take a hand, devise processes to clean the coal before it is burned, use filters or precipitators to hold back the fly ash, a desulfurization process to remove the sulfur dioxide.

The advantage of the human effort is not only that it is certain and quick but that it can turn pollution into useful products (as bacteria do when they break down natural wastes). When rain washes down the fly ash and sulfur dioxide, it dirties the land and acidifies the ground water. The human effort to hold back the fly ash and sulfur dioxide can convert the former into useful land fill and the latter into useful sulfuric acid, perhaps the most valuable of all industrial chemicals.

Except for radioactive wastes (which are a special problem) there are no forms of pollution produced by man that can't be unpolluted given three things: energy, human ingenuity and determination, and time.

Energy is required to drive the upward half of the cycle (and we can't get away from that), and in a world in which the oil supply is winding down, energy is a particularly crucial situation. Alternate sources: coal, tides, wind, running water, earth's internal heat, nuclear fusion, the sun—again given human ingenuity and determination.

Time? We must use as little of that as possible. The upward half of the cycle must take no longer than the downward half or we won't be able to keep up. This means we must not only speed depollution as much as we can, but we must hold back on pollution; find out ways of decreasing pollution without braking our technology, and that can be done—given human ingenuity and determination.

So it all boils down to one thing after all—human ingenuity and determination. ☒

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GORHAM ORIGINALS IN STERLING, CHINA, CRYSTAL

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Autobiography

continued from page 10

the art critics call me "cornball" and my work "kitsch," which I'm told is a derogatory term for popular art, I begin to worry. But I always pick up my brushes and go back to work. For better or for worse, I'll never be a fine arts painter or a modern artist. I'm an illustrator, which is very different.

The modern artist and the fine arts painter have only to satisfy themselves. The illustrator must satisfy his client as well as himself. He must express a specific idea so that everybody will understand it. He must meet deadlines. The proportions of the picture must always fit the proportions of the magazine.

Ten or fifteen years ago a Bohemian art student—beard, long hair, sandals—kept hanging around a studio I had rented in Provincetown, Massachusetts. One day he interrupted my work on a painting of Johnny Appleseed—an old man with an iron kettle on his head and a burlap sack for a coat, striding across a hilltop, flinging out handfuls of seed.

"Whatta ya do it that way for?" the art student asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Whyn't ya do it with more feeling?" he said. "Like this." He pulled some colored chalk out of his pocket and outlined a tall rectangle on a big piece of paper. "Now," he said, filling in with light-brown chalk a shape like a hawk's beak, "that's old Johnny's body. It was browned by the wind and sun. O.K.?"

I nodded, startled.

"O.K.," he said, and above the hawk's beak, which projected from the lower right corner, he divided the rectangle into a red area and a white area, each roughly triangular. "He was kind of a religious fanatic," he said. "Right?" I nodded dumbly. "So the white's his spirit," he said, "and the red's the physical part of him, and they're contending, the physical and the spiritual." He rubbed blue chalk over the area below the hawk's beak—"That's nature."—made the base of the rectangle dark brown—"That's earth."—and drew a hand casting a seed, the arm coming out of the hawk's beak.

"But," I said when he'd finished, "nobody knows it's Johnny Appleseed. Only you know it's Johnny Appleseed. Nobody else can tell who it is."

"So? What difference does it make about anybody else? *I* know it's old Johnny. I'm painting it for myself. Who cares about the unwashed masses?"

"Besides," I said, "your picture won't fit into the book it's supposed to appear in. The proportions are wrong. You've got it too tall."

"So make the book tall," he said.

All of which demonstrates, I think, that a modern artist or fine arts painter doesn't go at a picture the same way an illustrator does. I believe strongly that a painting should communicate something to large numbers of people. So, according to some critics, my work is old-fashioned, trite, banal. This criticism worries me now and then, especially when a picture I'm trying to finish is going badly, but I've learned that I can't change. I'm not a modern artist and never will be. I don't see things the way modernists do, even though I enjoy studying their work. I've been an illustrator since I was 16 years old. I'm not particularly satisfied with my work—at least I'm always trying to improve it—but I believe in it.

"How about walking behind someone else?"

It's not that painting *Post* covers is easy. I haven't been doing it for 43 years just because it was the simplest way to earn a living. It's been darned difficult at times. Once I couldn't finish a picture for six months; I almost went under that time. And there is a recurring crisis when I seek *Post* cover ideas.

During my first years as an illustrator, when I'd sit down in the evening to think up a batch of new ideas I'd feel all washed out, blank, nothing in my head but a low buzzing noise. I'd stare at the wall and doodle. One day, after I'd been aimlessly sketching and crumpling up sheets of paper for hours, I said to myself, *This has got to stop; I can't sit here and muse all day.* So I figured out a system and used it for 20 years or so.

When I had run out of ideas, I'd eat a light meal, sharpen 20 pencils, and lay out a dozen pads of paper on the dining room table. Then I'd draw a lamppost (after a while I got to be the best lamppost artist in America). Then I'd draw a drunken sailor leaning on the lamppost. I'd think about the sailor. Did his girl marry someone else while he was at sea? He's stranded in a foreign port without money? No. I'd think of the sailor patching his clothes on shipboard. That would remind me of a mother darning her little boy's pants. Well, what did she find in the pocket? A top. A knife handle. A turtle—I'd sketch a turtle slouching slowly along to—

Slowly. That would make me think of a kid going to school. No, it's been done. How about the kid in school? Of course, he hates school. Gazes out the window at his dog. I'd sketch that. The dog runs after a cat. Cat climbs a tree. Dog ambles about, looking for trouble. Sees an old bum stealing a pie from a kitchen window. Dog latches onto the seat of his pants. I'd sketch that. Bum escapes. Eats the pie. Sheriff collars bum. I'd sketch that. Bum to jail. . . .

I'd keep this up for three or four hours, the rough drawings piling up on the floor. Then, worn out, I'd arrive at the absolute conviction that I was dried up, through, finished. So I'd go to bed, completely discouraged.

The next morning I'd be desperate. After pawing at my breakfast eggs for a few minutes, I'd push them away and drag myself out to the studio. What was I going to do? No ideas. I'd kick my trash bucket and suddenly, as it rolled bumpety-bump across the floor, an idea would come to me like a flash of lightning. I'd given my brain such a beating the night before that it was in a sensitive state. Pretty soon I'd have a *Post* cover.

Nowadays I don't think up ideas in exactly the same way, but the process is just as nerve-racking. You'd think that by this time I would have thought up a simple, efficient system, but I haven't. A good idea for a *Post* cover is hard to come by. I have to work for it. But a picture is worth any amount of bother. I cling to this belief in spite of the trouble it's got me into. Further on I'll tell

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about how I bought almost all the old clothes in Hannibal, Missouri, because of it. And why I'd be embarrassed if I met Stan Musial, Van Johnson, Loretta Young, or Lassie on the street.

It's a marvel to me the situations I've got into and out of during my life. When I was 15 years old, I taught French and athletics at a private school, though I couldn't speak a word of French or play a slow game of tiddlywinks. Later on, my life was complicated by impostors who committed practical jokes—even swindles—in my name. Compounding confusion, my name is sometimes mistaken for that of Rockwell Kent, the noted artist, writer, and left wing sympathizer. But all these stories are for later telling. Right now, I guess, I'd better begin at the beginning.

I was born on February 3, 1894, in a shabby brownstone-front house on 103rd Street and Amsterdam Avenue in New York City. My mother was an Anglophile—I wore a black arm band for six weeks after Queen Victoria died—and she named me after Sir Norman Perceval, an English ancestor who reputedly kicked Guy Fawkes down the stairs of the Tower of London after he had tried to blow up the House of Lords. The line from Sir Norman to me is tortuous but unbroken, and my mother insisted that I always sign my name Norman Perceval Rockwell.

"You have a valiant heritage," she said. "Never allow anyone to intimidate you or make you feel the least bit inferior. There has never been a tradesman in your family. You are descended from artists and gentlemen."

But I had the notion that Perceval was a sissy name. I darn near died when a boy called me "Mercy Percy"; to my relief, the name didn't stick. When I left home I dropped the Perceval immediately, despite my mother's protestations.

My family moved to an apartment on 147th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue when I was two years old. It was narrow and gloomy, with few windows. My father had to carry coal for our two stoves up four flights from the basement. But the flat was uptown from 103rd Street and, in those days, that meant we had risen in the world.

It was a pitifully genteel neighborhood—a few private houses, but mostly four- or five-story apartment houses; a grocery store or saloon on every corner; here and there a vacant lot strewn with bottles and cans. It wasn't a slum neighborhood; just lower middle class, with a smattering of poorer families.

When I was six or seven my father's mother died, and we moved in with my grandfather, who lived in an apartment at 152nd Street and St. Nicholas Avenue. Again we had taken a step up. There were two small elm trees in front of our house, and our apartment had a mock fireplace with a plaster mantelpiece.

There was a lot of racial and social prejudice in New York City in those days. Children felt it. Boys whose families could afford to live in private houses looked down on those who rented. Sons of white-collar workers disdained boys whose fathers worked with their hands.

I remember one boy, Ewald E. Swenson, whose mother took in washing. That put him below the rest of us kids socially, and we somehow knew it. One day his uncle, a drunkard, dropped dead in the street. When the police arrived in the pie wagon to take the body away, a lot of us boys were gathered around. The policeman asked who the dead man was. We pushed Ewald to the front. "It's Ewald's uncle," we said.

"Well," said the policeman, "come on, the whole bunch of you, get in the wagon. Ewald there will have to identify the body down at the station." We grabbed Ewald, who was almost paralyzed with fright, and piled into the patrol wagon. We were heroes for a week. From then on Ewald was an honored member of our gang. We even initiated him into our secret society, the Jamel Athletic Club. He signed his name in blood and swore eternal secrecy.

The J.A.C. was devoted to knowledge. We read the Rover Boys and Horatio Alger, even G. A. Henty, who was considered a peg above the rest because it always said, "Based on Historical Fact," on the title pages of his books. We made expeditions along the Hudson River. Sometimes we went over to Amsterdam Avenue to look under the swinging doors of saloons; it gave us a thrill to see the feet of the men standing at the bar.

We dug holes to China in vacant lots and, kneeling down, one ear pressed to the bottom of the hole, listened intently. "D'ya hear anything?" "Yeah, yeah, I hear something. Quiet!" (Breathless silence) "Whatta ya hear?" "Voices. They're talking Chinese; I can't understand them."

We boasted about our families. I was thought to be tops in culture because my family had two Caruso records. We climbed telegraph poles, played prisoners' base, sat on the stoops of our houses in the evening watching the lamplighter climb his ladder and light the gas lamps. I guess we led the average life of city kids around the turn of the century.

Whenever I think of my parents, I recall a scene which was repeated day after day during my childhood. It is late afternoon, and I am playing on the stairs of the apartment house. My father comes up the stairs, tired by his day at the office and his hour's ride home on

Continued on page 130

NOISE!

You may be damaging your hearing without even knowing it. Here's how to find out.

Every day our ears are exposed to more and more noise.

Unfortunately, many of us are paying the price with impaired hearing.

Decibels, the units for measuring the loudness of sound, range from 0, the sound of human breathing, to 140, the sound of a jet plane taking off. At the top of the scale the ear drum can rupture. But even before that, exposure to excessive noise can result in loss of hearing.

At 80 decibels you have to shout to be heard. 120 decibels are actually painful. Yet many of us are exposed to sound levels like these daily.

Where?

In the home, playing music too loudly. In noisy work environments. Or at rock concerts. Discos.

Here are three ways to tell if you're experiencing noise that may be damaging your hearing.

1. You have to shout above the noise to be heard by a person close to you.

2. Your ears ring or buzz after being exposed to noise.

3. Sounds of voices seem muffled after the noise stops.

What should you do?

Turn down the volume. Leave the area. Put your fingers in your ears. Wear earmuffs or ear plugs.

Be on guard. *Loss of hearing can be so gradual and painless, you may not be aware of it.*

If you suspect you have a loss of hearing, seek professional help at once. Most hearing loss is treatable. See your general physician or hearing health care professional.

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Babe Ruth

continued from page 94

beer from the night before and threw the ball right over the top of the press box. Boy, Hug was sore. He slapped a hundred-dollar plaster on me. I told him to keep his shirt on, I'd get the games back for him."

"And did you?"

"Sure. I got hold of two the next day. Day after, I clobbered 'em. I got a single, a double, and two triples. Hug took the plaster off."

"What about the kid from Biloxi?"

"He quit blubberin'. He'll go out and try to win the next three games and make 'em forget his error."

I moved so that the light from the moon through the window fell onto my face. The Babe suddenly turned his head and took a good gander at me.

"Say," he said, "I seen you before someplace. Hey, wait a minute! Ain't you that red-faced turkey used to sit back of the boxes behind third base in the Stadium and ride me all the time in the old days? I can't remember the name—"

Babe never could remember anybody's name, not even the guys on his own team. But I could of busted with pride and almost cried to think he knew me.

"Murphy," I said, "Old Leather-Lung Murphy!"

The Babe slapped his knee. "That's the son-of-a-sailor," he said. "Boy, that brass voice of yours used to get under my skin."

"You may have three wishes or two toll-free calls."

How it all came back to me then, those years when I used to give it to him back in the old days! The Babe would come up to bat, and I'd holler, "Strike out, ya bum! Oh, what a bum!" And if he'd hit one, I'd bawl, "Oh, you lucky stiff!"

They said my voice would carry all the way down to the 138th Street Harlem River Bridge. The crowd would whoop and holler and laugh and turn around and point me out, saying, "That's Leather-Lung Murphy from Detroit. He always rides the Babe."

It was like I could close my eyes and be back there more than 25 years ago and see the Yankee Stadium on a summer afternoon with the Babe up to bat. He had a body shaped like a pear and he'd stand up on those thin, pipestem ankles of his with the number "3" on his back, leaned over and waving his big bat a little. I remember how the elevated trains would slow down as they passed the Stadium, so the motorman could see whether the Babe got hold of one.

He'd have his big paws wrapped around that bat handle so it looked like a matchstick in his fingers. The pitch would come; he'd miss it with an almighty swipe and wrap himself around so his legs was twisted like a pretzel. A roar would go up, and on top of it would be me, like a brass trumpet, yelling, "Strike out, ya bum!"

There'd be another throw, and he'd be taking a backswing before the ball got out of the pitcher's grip. Then you'd hear a click—it wasn't a crack, or a bang, or a thud, but a click like no other sound you ever hear. It was never different, and it always meant the ball was out of the park, clear over the right-field fence.

Boy, that roar! And that big ape trotting around the bases on them too small dogs of his, tipping his cap. And maybe giving me a grin when I handed him the bird as he rounded third base.

Pretty soon the game'd be over, the fans would be streaming across the diamond. I'd go home to a big thick steak my good wife, Ellen, would have cooked for me and tell my Jimmy, who was eight then, what his big hero, the Babe, had done that day.

The Babe shifted in his chair next to Jimmy, Jr.'s, bed and said, "What was it you had it in for me for in them days, Murph?"

"Nothing personal, Babe," I replied. "I come from Detroit, so there was only one ballplayer in the world for me—Ty Cobb."

Babe was scratching his head like he was trying to think back on something. After a while it come to him.

"What made you quit riding me, Murph? Seemed like one day all of a sudden you wasn't there any more. I missed you, keed. You used to get my goat so I'd want to bust that apple clear out to Hunt's Point."

I said, "On the level, don't you remember, Babe?"

He looked at me with surprise. "Naw," he replied. "What happened, keed?"

"Don't you remember little Jimmy Murphy in St. Agatha's Hospital—the kid who was so sick the doctors give him up?"

The Babe still looked blank. Me, I could hardly choke down the lump in my throat. Ever since I come into the room and see him sitting there by Jimmy, Jr.'s, bedside, I got another scene in my mind just like it, when my boy Jimmy was dying back in 1926. Some sports writer got wind of it and fixed up a visit from the Babe because my kid was as crazy a fan for Babe Ruth as I was for Ty.

I can still see it like yesterday, the big monkey sitting next to my Jimmy's bed in the hospital. It was God come down from heaven in a tan polo coat and go-to-hell cap, holding an autographed baseball. He said, "You listen to the game tomorrow, keed. I'm gonna bust one for you."

He did, too. I was with Jimmy and seen the glaze go out of his eyes and the color come back to his cheeks. After that, am I going to razz the Babe any more? To me, he's just the greatest man in the world.

"Yeah?" said Saint Bambino. "So what happened?"

I said, "You come to the hospital, autographed a baseball for him, and promised to hit a home run for him."

"Yeah?" said Saint Bambino. "Did I? How'd he make out?"

He didn't remember. I suppose he visited a lot of kids in hospitals in his career. There was that Johnny Sylvester for whom he hit a home run in the World Series, and a boy in New Jersey, one in Chicago, and another in Boston.

I said, "He got well. But he wouldn't of if it hadn't been for you."

"That's good," Saint Bambino said. "He must be a big guy now. Whatever become of him?"

I swallowed so I would steady my

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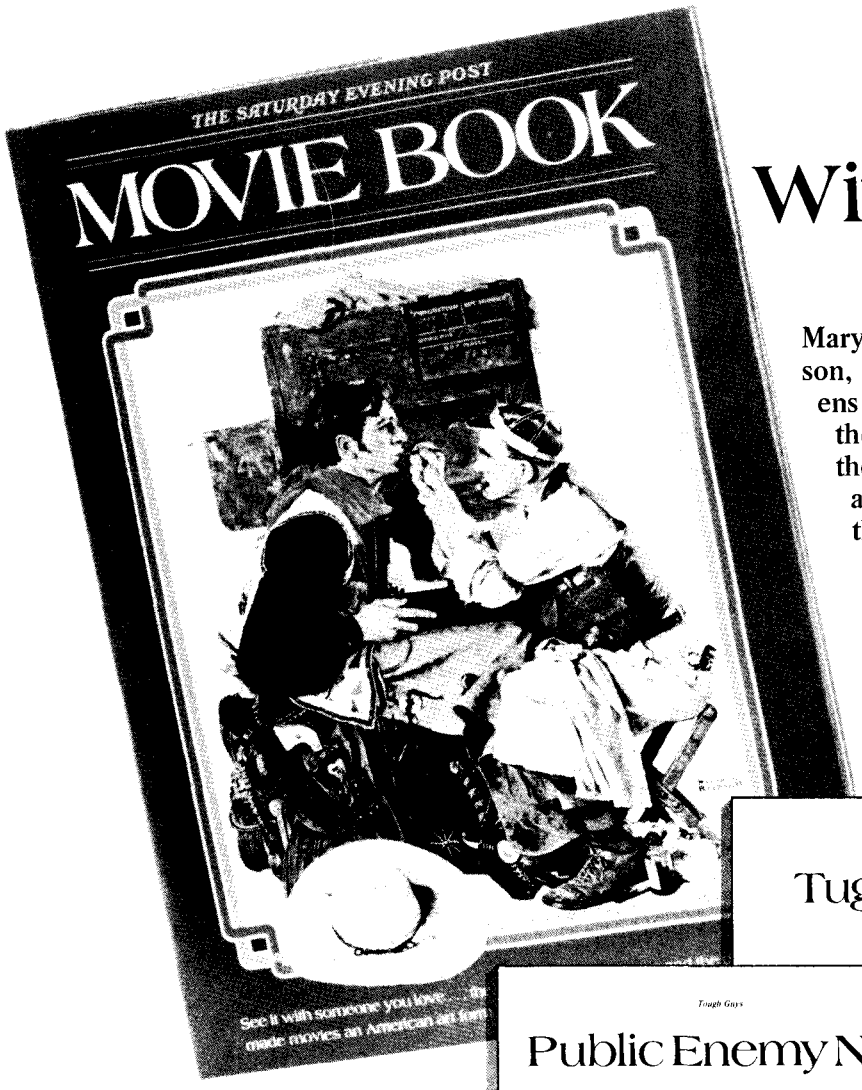


See It With Someone You Love

Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Gloria Swanson, Groucho Marx, Marilyn Monroe, and dozens of others. They are the names that gave the silver screen its sparkle. From the first, the *Post* followed the stars. Join them again as they take you behind the scenes and into the life and literature of Hollywood—the techniques, the business, and the scandals.

Horror Shows 55

I've Created a Monster

by Richard G. Hubler

"Say," he said enthusiastically, "let's have *The Ghost of Frankenstein* end with the monster melting down before your eyes on the fire!"

"Fine," growled Waggner. "Great! And what do we start the next *Frankenstein* with? A grease spot?"

"All I want to see," one horror writer confided, "is the horror picture to end all horror pictures. It should be called *Frankenstein Meets Mickey Rooney*. And I don't care how it comes out!" (1942)

Post Movie Stories 101

Tugboat Annie

by Norman Reilly Raine

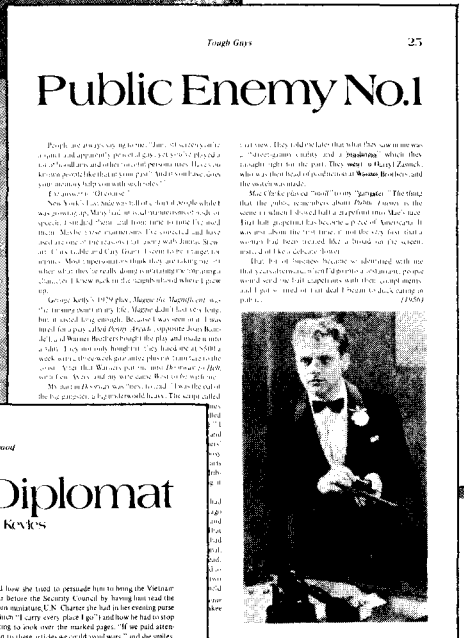
The door opened and Severn held his breath. Mr. Conroy entered, a businessman from his crisp, graying hair, precisely parted, to his efficiently polished English oxfords. Mr. Conroy liked to convey the impression of a micrometrically functioning, hard-glazed piece of steel mechanism; and his impersonation was highly successful.

"Morning, Severn," he said crisply, but Tugboat Annie heaved herself forward.

"Say!" she demanded. "Are you the lallapalloosa that says I'm fired?"

Mr. Conroy drew back, hastily adjusting his glasses. "Why, I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Neither do I. Neither does Alec. So who does?"


Tough Guys 25

Public Enemy No.1

People are always saying to me, "Jane, if Shirley can't sing and can't act, she's a terrible actress." Well, Shirley can't sing and can't act, but she's not a terrible actress. She's a delightful little girl who has been very successful playing delightful little girls. I can't help it if Shirley Temple can't sing and can't act. I'm not responsible for her success. I'm not responsible for her failure. I'm not responsible for anything she does or doesn't do. I'm not responsible for anything anybody does or doesn't do. I'm not responsible for anything anybody says or doesn't say. I'm not responsible for anything anybody thinks or doesn't think. I'm not responsible for anything anybody writes or doesn't write. I'm not responsible for anything anybody reads or doesn't read. I'm not responsible for anything anybody hears or doesn't hear. I'm not responsible for anything anybody sees or doesn't see. I'm not responsible for anything anybody feels or doesn't feel. I'm not responsible for anything anybody smells or doesn't smell. I'm not responsible for anything anybody tastes or doesn't taste. I'm not responsible for anything anybody eats or doesn't eat. I'm not responsible for anything anybody drinks or doesn't drink. I'm not responsible for anything anybody wears or doesn't wear. I'm not responsible for anything anybody owns or doesn't own. I'm not responsible for anything anybody buys or doesn't buy. I'm not responsible for anything anybody sells or doesn't sell. I'm not responsible for anything anybody makes or doesn't make. I'm not responsible for anything anybody builds or doesn't build. I'm not responsible for anything anybody destroys or doesn't destroy. I'm not responsible for anything anybody creates or doesn't create. I'm not responsible for anything anybody imagines or doesn't imagine. I'm not responsible for anything anybody dreams or doesn't dream. I'm not responsible for anything anybody hopes or doesn't hope. I'm not responsible for anything anybody wishes or doesn't wish. I'm not responsible for anything anybody prays or doesn't pray. I'm not responsible for anything anybody believes or doesn't believe. I'm not responsible for anything anybody knows or doesn't know. I'm not responsible for anything anybody understands or doesn't understand. I'm not responsible for anything anybody forgives or doesn't forgive. I'm not responsible for anything anybody loves or doesn't love. I'm not responsible for anything anybody hates or doesn't hate. I'm not responsible for anything anybody likes or doesn't like. I'm not responsible for anything anybody wants or doesn't want. I'm not responsible for anything anybody needs or doesn't need. I'm not responsible for anything anybody has or doesn't have. I'm not responsible for anything anybody is or doesn't be

Nixon

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way to deal with the Soviets, that while the Soviets do not want war, they will take advantage of American weaknesses to engage in adventurous policies without fear of retaliation, and therefore the United States could suffer a defeat without war.

The remedy, by his thinking, is to maintain military superiority over the Soviets and not to allow them to limit U.S. options to a nuclear response causing the mass destruction of civilians. A SALT agreement that only maintains instability is a danger, therefore, and a bad agreement is worse than none at all.

As for the Middle East, Nixon thinks the removal of Egypt as a military threat to Israel ends the possibility of a significant war in that region. But the Palestinian problem remains, and he believes it is in Israel's best interest to be as generous as possible on the West Bank question in order to protect Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's position in the rest of the Arab world.

In any case, Nixon thinks, the Soviets must be kept out of the Middle East, Israel must be kept strong enough to defend itself, the United States should stay friendly with Israel's Arab neighbors so the Soviets can't move in, and Sadat must be kept in power as a guarantee to future stability.

He is less restrained in commenting on "human rights." In characteristic form, Nixon says, "I applaud Mr. Carter's fine rhetoric on human rights" and then proceeds to raise questions.

"Did anybody suggest that Saudi Arabia is not an absolute monarchy," he asks, "and that we are going to say to King Khalid or Prince Fahd, 'Look, boys, until you unveil the women—the Shah of Iran has already done that—we won't buy your oil?' H— no!

"We can criticize, but the bottom line is to keep friends of the United States. I don't approve of kicking our friends in public, like the Argentinians and the Brazilians. The Latins are proud, and they're going to tell us, 'Up yours.'

"Where are the human rights in China? Are we going to change our policy on China because they don't have human rights? H— no!

"On this question, there are no good choices in the world. The Shah is authoritarian, but we don't want to lose the Shah. In Manila, Marcos has a d— military government, but do you want Communism out there? Those are authoritarian states, but they don't threaten their neighbors and they are our friends. Totalitarian Communist states do threaten their neighbors and they are not our friends."

The same distinction must be drawn, Nixon says, in terms of what South Vietnam was and what Communist Vietnam is today. He says that while South Vietnam was not wholly democratic and had corruption, there were 17 newspapers, dissent, political opposition. Now there are concentration camps, no dissent, no political opposition, and one newspaper—that of the Communist regime.

"Look at this situation concerning the move to deport General Loan," he says. "Why don't people get more het up about what Communist Vietnam is doing to its own people, letting them starve on those boats? It was Lenin who said that refugees are people who vote with their feet, and that still holds.

"When it came to atrocities in the Vietnam war, yes, there were atrocities in the South, including My Lai. But two wrongs make two wrongs. The atrocities in the South were brought on by atrocities by the North, which were infinitely worse, on a magnitude of ten to one.

"President Carter is right on the General Loan case in saying it is ridiculous and that the man shouldn't be deported. The Immigration and Naturalization Service is wrong. I couldn't agree with Carter more. Good for him."

If Nixon is restrained on Carter, and occasionally even praises him, he is outright warm and admiring of the late Senator Hubert Humphrey. Nixon and Humphrey developed a friendship via long-distance phone in the last two years of Humphrey's life.

"Hubert was always good to me," Nixon recalled. "As he approached the end, he was sympathetic to me, I guess because I had been sick, too, and all that crap."

In December 1976 Humphrey, while recuperating in his Waverly, Minnesota, home from the enormous surgery which removed his cancer-ridden bladder, told me: "Nixon was always respectful with me. He went out of his way to be so. When we left Washington after his inauguration, he sent us home in the Presidential plane and with our household goods aboard. He phoned me with wishes to get well when I was recovering from my surgery."

Nixon now recalls: "When he left Washington in 1969 I gave him the Air Force One backup plane and Secret Service protection for six months. [Lyndon] Johnson objected to all that, I don't know why. He didn't object as a personal matter. He just said it wasn't good precedent.

"One reason I did it was that when I was in the unusual position of being a Vice President

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

Clothing merchants in a certain Midwestern city were plagued by a series of thefts from their storerooms. Special burglar alarm systems failed to halt the well-planned depredations. Although the police answered the alarms promptly, they always found the racks stripped of thousands of dollars' worth of garments, hangers and all, and the thieves gone.

Soon the police captain of the district was told by his superiors, "Get those guys or else." Studying the technique of the gang carefully, the captain came up with a plan which soon ended the burglaries. What would you have done?

Noting that all the clothes were hung with the hanger hooks facing the same way, for convenience in handling, the captain asked the clothiers to alternate the hangers on the racks. The next time an alarm went off, the burglars were caught. Instead of grabbing armloads, they were slowly removing the clothes, hanger by hanger.

—Glenn V. Carmichael

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who had run for President and lost in a close election [1960], I had no transportation home, no Secret Service, no nothing, not even a pension (Vice Presidents now get federal pensions). I knew what Hubert was going through, and I wanted to make it easier on him.

"Hubert was a man who had many people disagreeing with him, but he had no enemies. Hubert was just a guy you liked. He could say outrageous things. He kicked the — out of me in 1968. He went around shouting that I was Richard the Chicken-Hearted. I just laughed about it. Hubert wasn't like McGovern, bitter and vicious and all that. It was just good old Hubert on the stump.

"I had Hubert down to the White House as often as I could, and I had Barry Goldwater down there, too. But the d— Republican leadership, and the Democratic leadership, too, bitched about it. They didn't want those guys down there because they weren't the leadership. Wasn't that terrible? They should have wanted them down there for every meeting!"

Anyway, Humphrey remembered Nixon by phoning him in 1976 to wish him Merry Christmas and even called him on his birthday, January 9, 1978, when Humphrey was only four days from death. Muriel Humphrey recalls that she thinks Nixon's voice broke on both occasions while her husband spoke with him.

There was a stir and some sniping when Nixon came to Humphrey's funeral service in the Capitol Rotunda. It was Nixon's first visit to Washington since he resigned in disgrace in 1974. But Muriel Humphrey wanted Nixon to be there. She once told me: "I made that decision easily. Hubert and he had been in touch with one another off and on, particularly on special occasions. I was very pleased when I learned that President Nixon was coming to the funeral. It gave some healing to him and Pat."

The Nixon-Humphrey relationship says more about Humphrey's live-and-let-live philosophy than it does about Nixon's views of adversaries. Nixon still harbors strong and resentful feelings about many of those he regards as enemies, including the press.

"The press is going to be the same toward me, and I don't mind," he told me. "The press was in an adversary relationship long before I became President.

"I beat them too many times. I beat them on the Hiss case. I beat them on the fund controversy [1952], and I beat them when I came back and won the Presidency. They have never been for me.

"They don't agree with me. I am an economic conservative, and they aren't. They supported me on the China initiative, but for the wrong reasons. They just didn't understand what it was all about."

He laughed at this point and said, "They thought I had finally seen the light and felt that Communism wasn't all that bad. How naive.

"There's nothing personal in my feelings about the press. It's part of life. That's the way it has been, and that's the way it will be. Oh, in 1968 I got good press for a while, because they were trying to kick Johnson in the a—. As soon as Hubert gave his Dove speech in Salt Lake City, the press went very strong against me, particularly television.

"The writing press is much fairer than the television press, which has no balance whatsoever. You cannot name a top television commentator employed by one of the three big networks who is on the conservative side. Oh, Howard K. Smith [of ABC] is conservative on foreign policy issues. He's been decent, but can you name another?

"The writing press will stick the hook in you now and then, but they sort of feel that they have to live with you, and after they think about it, they are fairer.

"The television press is far overpaid. That's one reason I admire people who stick in the writing press. What the h—, they aren't in it for the money but because they feel they are contributing something. It's life to them."

After 32 years of contention, of fighting with those he regards as enemies, of being in the thick of politics nearly all this time, Nixon has a record of accomplishment as well as failure. The record will always show that he was the first President forced to resign from office due to scandal. He admits he "screwed up" on Watergate and claims, "I paid the price."

No one, including his most vehement opponents, ever denied that this man was blessed with a first-class mind and an unsurpassed understanding of the international situation. What he did with this mind and the power that came to him in elective politics is the judgment history will make.

Now, as he makes obvious moves to restore his reputation and to enter again the arena of disputation, Nixon reminds us how durable he has been in our lifetime. He is still feisty, even belligerent, about what it means to get into that arena and survive.

"After this last election," he said, "I wrote to some of the guys who lost, and I told them I won some and I lost some, and winning is more fun. When you win, you hear from everyone. When you lose, you only hear from your friends.

"In these modern days, particularly with the kind of crap they put out in the universities, life is supposed to be a

Continued on following page

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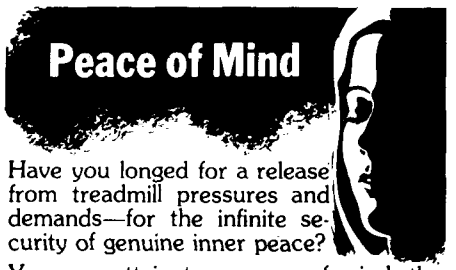

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Happily Ever After

continued from page 85

one-minute scene in which he played a crying, crippled soldier in *With a Song in My Heart.* These early roles were obtained just in time, because nearly 12 months before he had agreed to go into his father's steel business should he be unable to break into the movies within a year.

The tears shed in his early film quickly changed to smiles when Spencer Tracy requested him for two important co-starring roles in *Broken Lance* and *The Mountain.* The Detroit-born but California-raised Wagner seemed well on his way to becoming a major motion picture star.

But R. J. was constantly being compared with his more celebrated wife. Although he was not living in Natalie's shadow, many chose to place him there. Accordingly, he had to forge an identity of his own in addition to establishing a career. When the marriage ended, he took off for Europe and drifted into a performer's purgatory where one is perpetually making the film that will finally push him over the top.

The big break came in 1968 when he landed the starring role in the immensely popular series "It Takes a Thief." His name and face became among television's most easily recognizable.

In 1969, about the same time "Thief" neared the top of the Nielson ratings, Natalie announced her semiretirement from acting just after the release of *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice.*

"I thought I had finally put my time in," she explains. "I had been acting for 25 years, and I felt it was time to devote myself to raising a family."

For ten years the two met only sporadically, and then just to exchange a few words. But at a 1970 Hollywood dinner party, it became obvious to both that their love was burning as strong as ever.

"We talked all evening," says Natalie. "It was bittersweet. He walked me to the car. It was raining, and he was worried about my driving home to Bel Air by myself. He said, 'Are you happy?' What I didn't realize was that he was at the party alone because he and his wife had just separated."

Though they didn't admit it to anyone, including themselves, from that point on each believed that somehow they would get back together. And when Natalie's marriage to London theatrical agent Richard Gregson came to a peaceful end, the opportunity arose. They had drifted away from each other once. It could not be allowed to happen again. The couple were remarried in 1972.

Now the years of doubt, reflection, and searching are over. R. J. and Natalie have survived and survived marvelously. Hollywood places great strains on any marriage. But the Wagners have been through it before. Theirs is a relationship strengthened by an awareness of the mistakes of the past and a determined desire to avoid making them in the future. They are basking in a security that is both personal and professional. Natalie, after 20 years of unsuccessfully combining the two, has finally found the proper blend.

"There's nothing more fascinating than watching kids grow," she says. "And if I had another child now I think I'd take another couple of years off, because when they're very young I'm not able to be away from them. But now Natasha, who's almost eight, and Courtney, who's almost five, don't mind if I work."

Nat and R. J. plan their shooting schedules so one is always home, and they never go away together for more than two weeks at a time. One of these rare trips was supposed to have been an annual jaunt to Cannes for the film festival this past summer. But Natasha was scheduled for minor surgery at the last minute, so all plans were cancelled. It's not hard to tell where the Wagners' priorities lie.

"*Meteor* was like a test run to see if I could do both," says Natalie. "And I found that I could. My children didn't suffer."

Today the Wagners' personal life is a quiet one. They have tempered their celebrity with a heavy dose of successful family existence.

At the helm of the couple's 60-foot yacht, *The Splendor*, R. J. seems in control of both the sea and his destiny. Neither he nor Natalie has any regrets about where they have been or where they are going. After years of excessive highs and equally excessive lows, they are rejoicing in the pleasantly mundane consistency of their lives together.

"I've learned to enjoy those special moments in life instead of thinking about *how* to enjoy them," says R. J. "I'm a lucky man."

"We're lucky people," adds a smiling Natalie. ☒

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Ambitious Sophomore

continued from page 71

"In rehearsals, with nobody but fellow musicians around," said Helmholtz, "Leroy has brilliance and feeling that would make you weep and faint. But when Leroy marches, with strangers watching, particularly girls, he gets out of step, stumbles, and can't even play 'Row, Row, Row Your Boat.'" Helmholtz brought his fist down on his desk. "And that's not going to happen at the State Band Festival!"

The bill in Haley's hand was rumpled and moist now. "The message I came to deliver today," he said evenly, "remains unchanged: You can't get blood out of a turnip. The total cash assets of the band are $75, and there is absolutely no way for the school to provide the remaining $20—absolutely none."

He turned to the delivery boy. "That is my somber message to you, as well," he said.

"Mr. Kornblum said he was losing money on it as it was," said the delivery boy nervously. "He said Mr. Helmholtz came in and started talking, and, before he knew it——"

"Don't worry about a thing," said Helmholtz coolly. He brought out his checkbook and, with a smile and a flourish, wrote a check for $20.

Leroy came in slowly, shuffling, still doing his fan dance with the piccolo case and portfolio, apologizing as he came.

"Thought you might like to try on your new uniform for the Band Festival, Leroy," said Helmholtz.

"I don't think I'd better march," said Leroy. "I'd get all mixed up and ruin everything."

Helmholtz opened the box dramatically. "This uniform's special, Leroy."

Helmholtz gently removed Leroy's jacket. Leroy stood humbly in his shirt sleeves, relieved of his piccolo case and portfolio, comical, seeing nothing at all comical in being bell-shaped.

Helmholtz slipped the new uniform's blouse over Leroy's narrow shoulders. He buttoned the great brass buttons and fluffed up the gold braid cascading from the epaulets. "There, Leroy."

"Wow!" said the delivery boy admiringly. "Man, I mean wow!"

Leroy looked dazedly from one massive, jutting shoulder to the other, and then down at the astonishing taper to his hips.

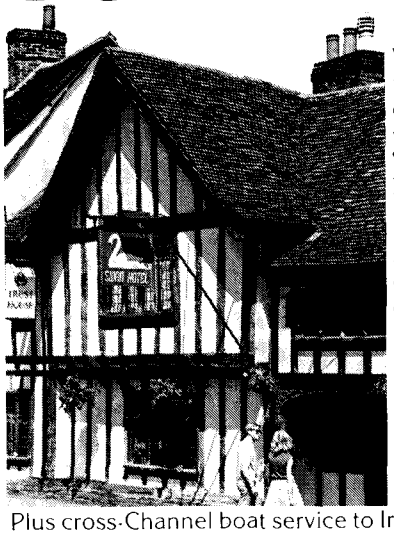
"Walk up and down the halls, Leroy," said Helmholtz happily. "Get the feel of it."

Leroy blundered through the door, catching his epaulets on the frame.

"Sideways," said Helmholtz; "you'll have to learn to go through doors sideways."

Continued on page 131

HOW TO GET TO THE HEART AND SOUL OF BRITAIN.



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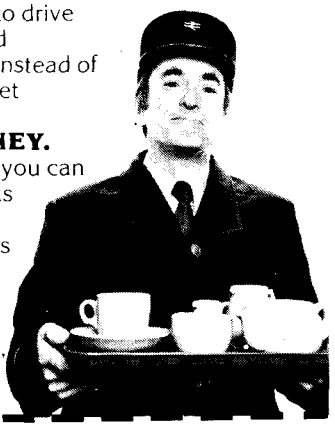

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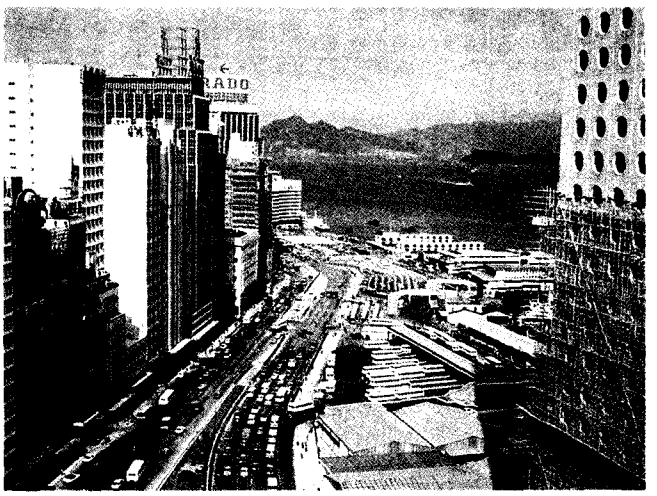
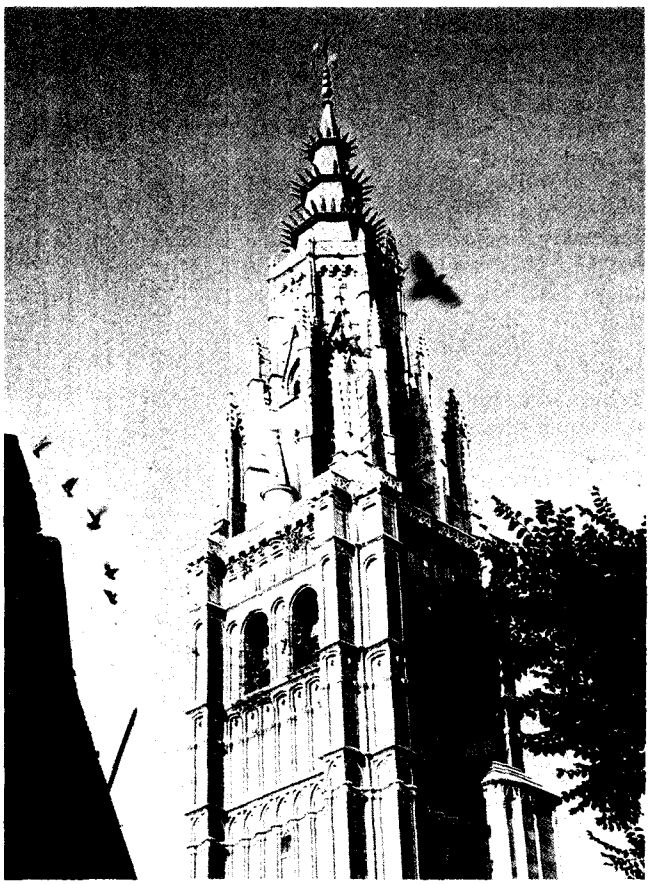
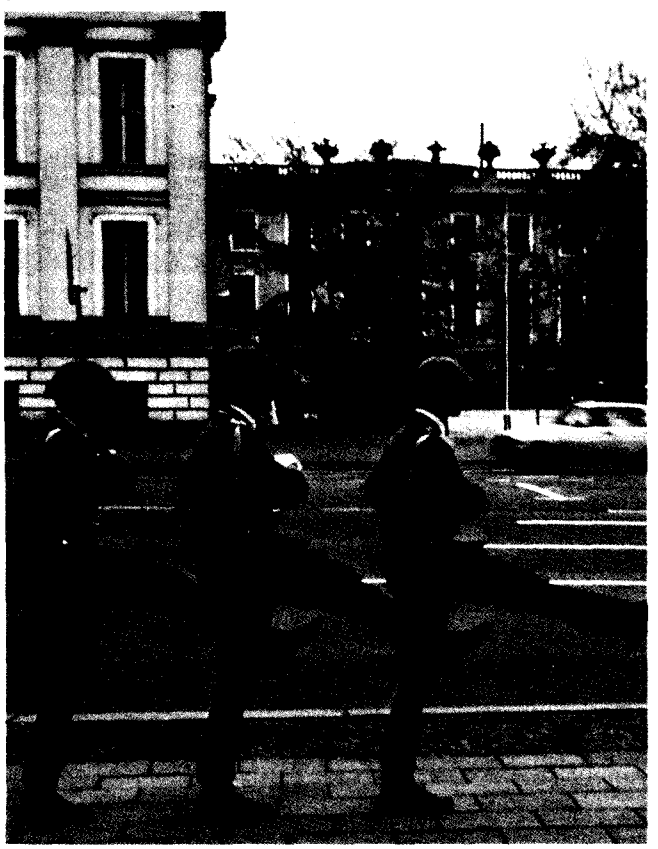


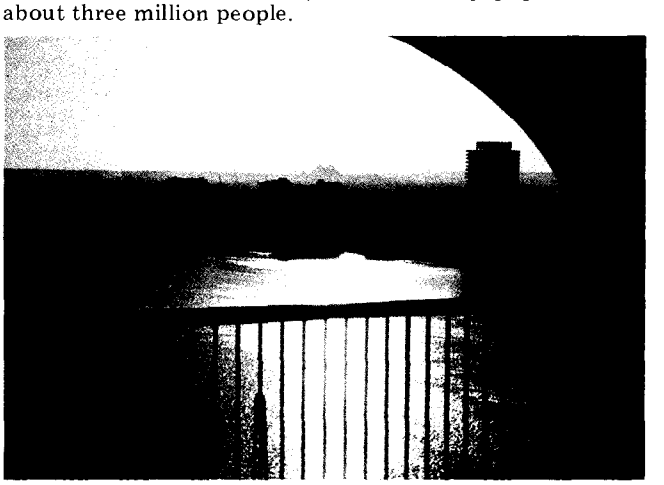
1 ☐ Hong Kong ☐ Miami Beach ☐ Montevideo
This bustling strip of real estate may be worth millions of dollars, but no, it's not for sale. The international city is set against a picturesque harbor dotted with a series of islands. A range of mountains is visible in the background.



2 ☐ Madrid ☐ St. Augustine ☐ Palermo
Catholicism is the dominant religion in this city, and it is reflected in the beautiful cathedrals. A favorite destination of tourists, the area boasts mild weather, landmarks such as the Prado Museum, and a friendly population of about three million people.



3 ☐ Havana ☐ East Berlin ☐ Managua
Although state-operated stores line the main boulevard of this city, few residents have the money to shop. Many people don't realize the metropolis is a booming industrial center. However, most of the manufactured goods are exported.



4 ☐ London ☐ Providence, RI ☐ Cairo
Situated on a river, this capital city boasts several museums and historical monuments. An educational center, one of its universities has an enrollment of more than 30,000 students. A city by the same name is located in southern Illinois.

Answers on page 140

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1. If you're from out of state and park your car in Salt Lake City, Utah, should you put any money in the parking meter? A. Yes B. No
2. What Caribbean Island offers a real get-away-from-it-all vacation with privacy and luxury? Here's a helpful hint, it has no roads, cars, pollution, television, telephones or even crime! A. Guanaja B. Barbados C. Jamaica
3. What does Romantik mean in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Denmark, and Sweden? A. An association of small historic Inns B. a Latin Lover C. a fine wine
4. How much does a professional Travel Agent normally charge for his services? A. Nothing B. 5% fee C. $50.00
5. Where can you get eight pages of current information on the constantly changing travel industry? A. TRAVELER'S UPDATE B. Your local newspaper C. from the CAB

ANSWERS

1. In this case, the answer is "no". Obeying the law always pays, except when you're stopping in Salt Lake City for a few days. In place of a traffic citation the police will leave a courtesy ticket on your windshield (if you're from out-of-state) redeemable for a coupon book worth about $25 in discounts for meals and area attractions.
2. Guanaja is a tiny tropical island fifty miles off the coast of Honduras that offers the chance for the jaded traveler to get away from traditional tourist enclaves.
3. Actually, Romantik is an association of small, historic inns scattered throughout the Germanic countries that provides an opportunity to get off the beaten tourist tracks and enjoy the picturesque countryside at unbeatable bargain prices.
4. Travel agents charge you nothing, they are paid commissions by hotels, airlines, etc. not passengers.
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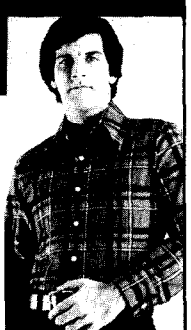

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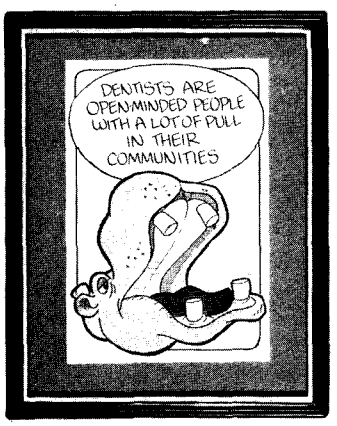

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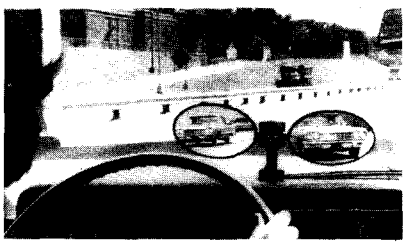

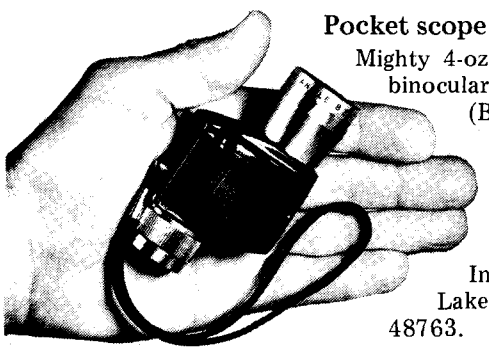

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Mighty 4-oz. pocket scope with full-size binocular view. 8-power Bushnell (Bausch & Lomb). 437-degree field at 1,000 yds. Use 24mm lens as magnifying glass. 3½" long, fully coated lenses. $34.95 plus $2 postage and handling. Holst, Inc., Dept. SP-39, 1118 W. Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763.

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Banish backache miseries. Firms old or over-soft mattress while it flattens sagging beds. This board is a full 5 feet long, ½" thick, and folds into four 15" sections. Cot size or one side of double bed, $10.95. Twin bed size, $12.95. Double bed size (2 sections), $17.95. All postpaid. Better Sleep, Inc., Dept. NT-3, New Providence, NJ 07974.

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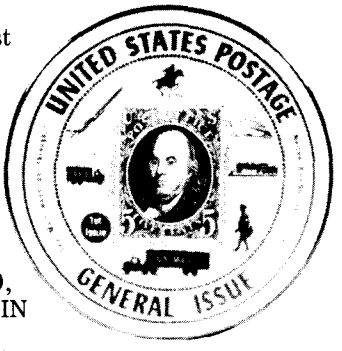
The first issue depicts the very first U.S. postage stamp ever issued. Highest quality reproduction and printing used. Stamp is in red-brown color, encircled by a field of post office blue, with designs symbolizing the long and colorful history of the Postal Service. Serially numbered; $25 each. Check, MO, BA, or M/C. Harrison House, Dept. SEP-39, 1503 E. Riverside Dr., Indianapolis, IN 46202.



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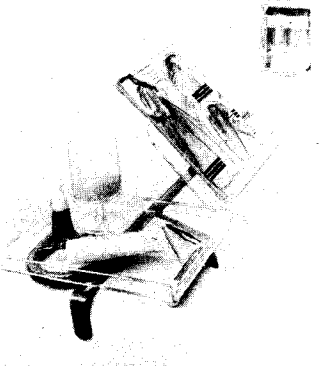

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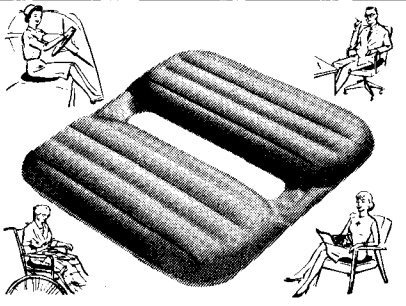

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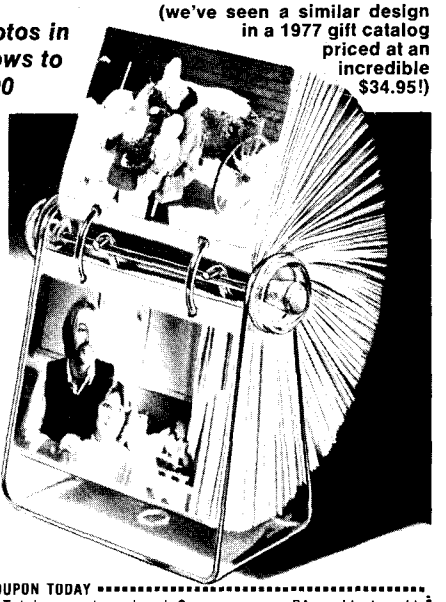

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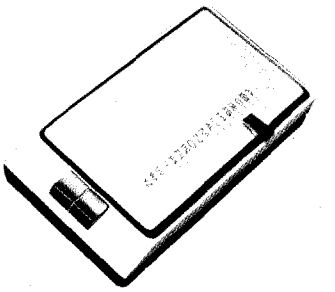

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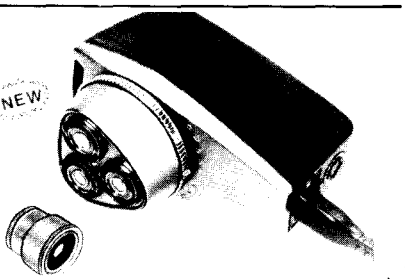

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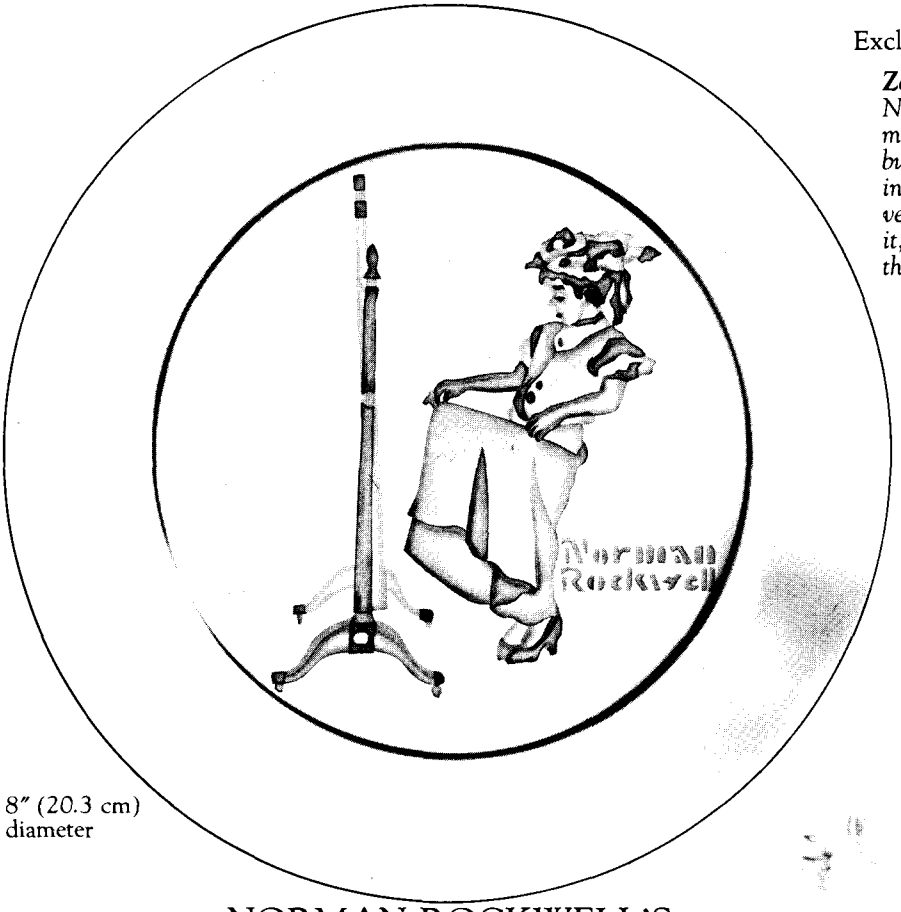

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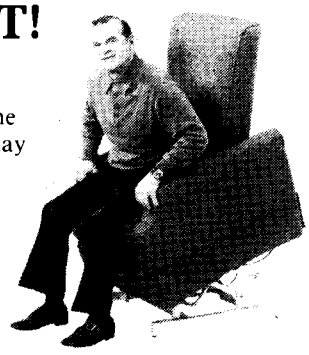

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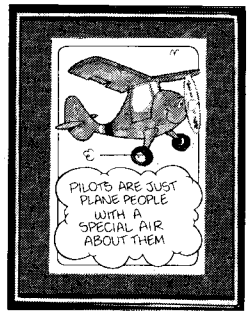

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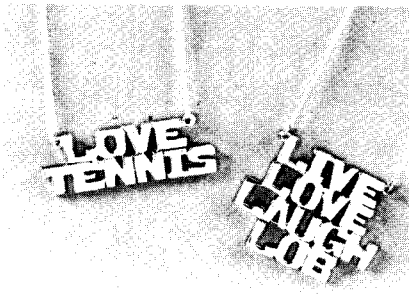

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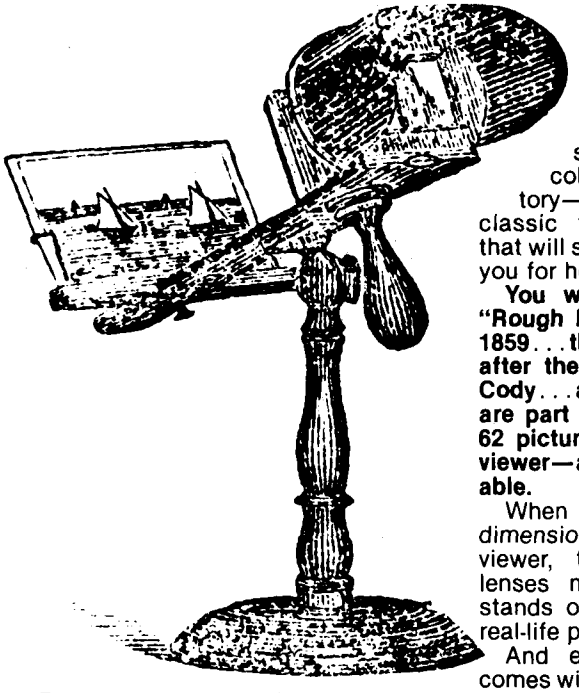

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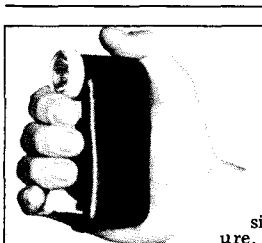

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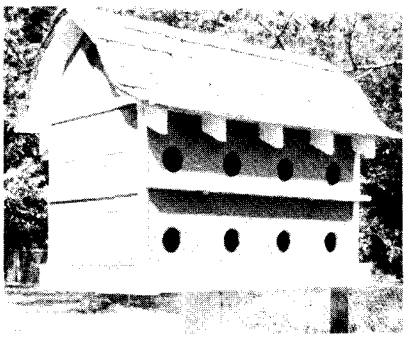

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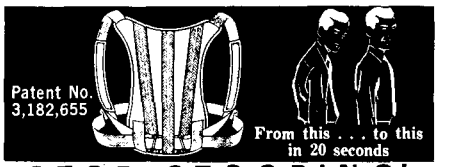

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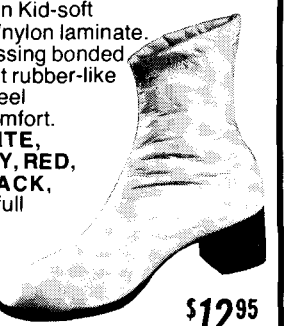

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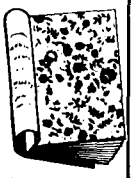

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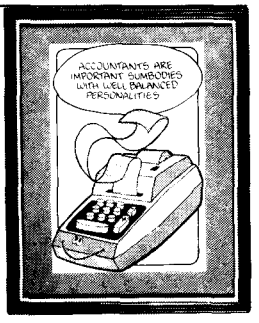

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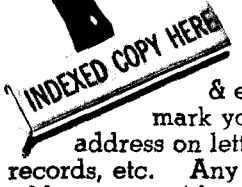

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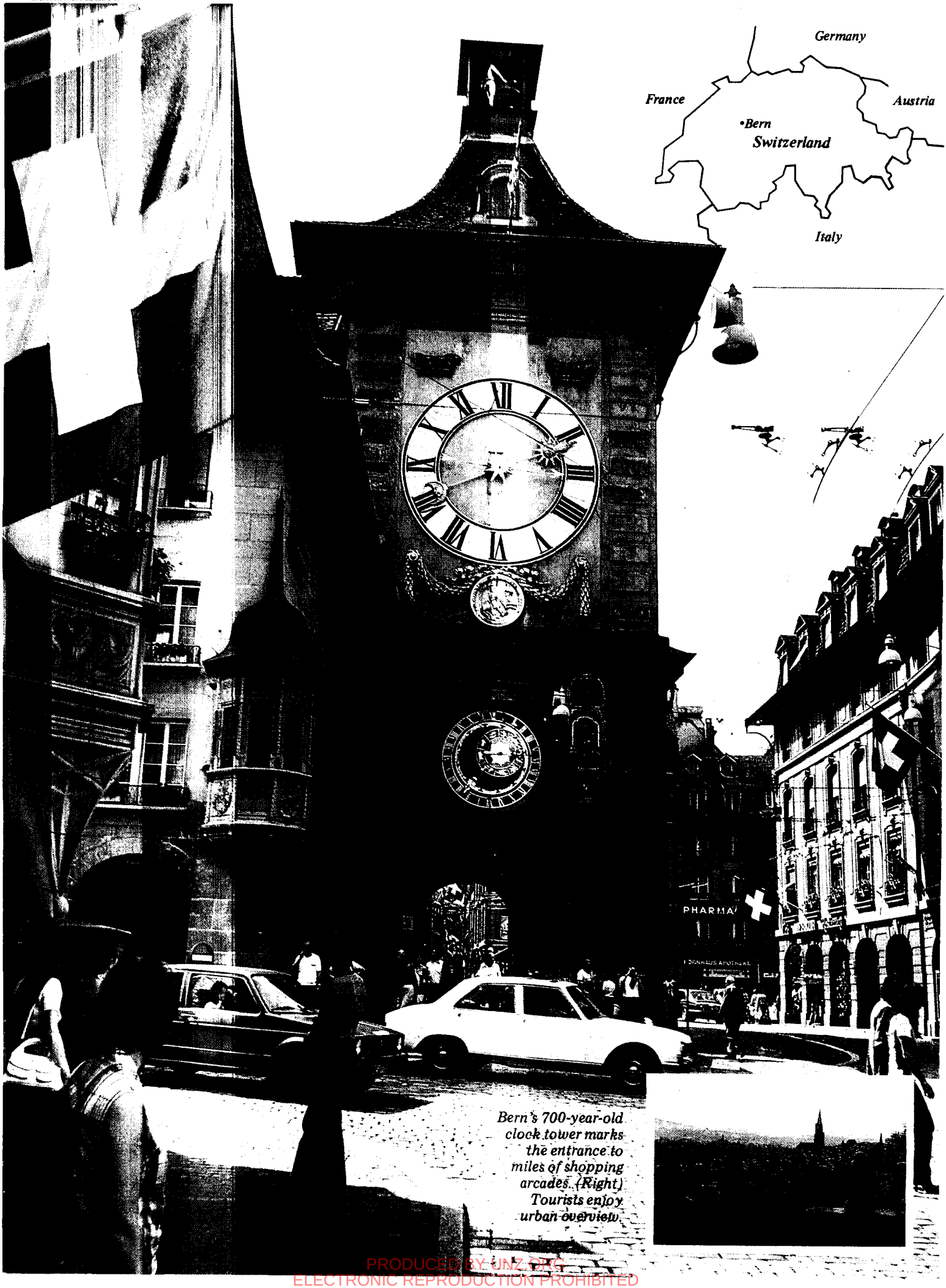

Bern's 700-year-old clock tower marks the entrance to miles of shopping arcades. (Right) Tourists enjoy urban overview.

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Swiss Cheesemaking: The Eyes Have It

The hours are long, the work is hard, but turning out two 240-pound wheels of cheese daily is a labor of love for Swiss Family Hulliger.

Text and Photography by Stan & Floramae Geiser

One of the expected rewards of a trip to Europe is the pleasure of sampling fine cuisine. And one of Europe's most memorable specialties is cheese.

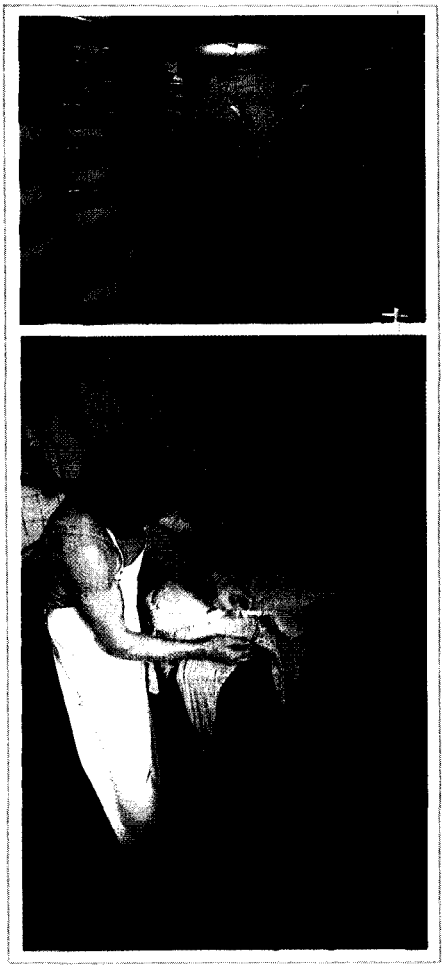
European cheeses continue to enjoy their envied reputations because of the way they are made. Their formulas, or secrets, have been handed down from generation to generation by true artisans. Even in modern cheese factories the art is carried on in an unhurried way in an otherwise cursory world.

A little knowledge of how these cheeses are made will let you savor them at a new level of appreciation. Better still, you can take a tour of a cheese factory and experience the aroma and atmosphere that will enhance your enjoyment every time you sample the product.

By special arrangement we were able to visit a small, family cheese factory in the Emmenthal Valley of Switzerland which sweeps north and east of Bern.

The setting for cheese factory No. 357 is Bangerten, a minivillage of flower-laden Swiss homes located just 15 miles north of Bern. Farmers from two tiny villages bring milk from their big-boned Simmental dairy cattle to the Hulliger family for conversion into Emmenthal Swiss cheese.

The Hulligers were quick to point out that Emmenthal, sometimes called the "king" of cheeses, is the true Swiss. It is favored in fondues and is famous for its large holes (or eyes) and sweet, nutty flavor. Another Swiss cheese, Gruyère—originally made at Gruyères, Switzerland—has smaller eyes and is slightly more nutty and sharper in taste.



Curds are removed in huge cheesecloth nets and pressed into molds. Wheels are stored in curing rooms where they are cleaned and turned each week.

Hulliger's cheese factory is located in his home—truly, a cottage industry. Many rural Swiss homes are a combination of barn and family residence, sharing a common roof and interior wall. In similar fashion the Hulligers' home and cheese factory are joined.

Hulliger, his wife, and two young daughters move frequently through the door that separates their living and cheese-processing areas. The labor of cheese-making is a full-time family affair.

It's a seven-days-a-week profession because the cows never miss a day in their milk giving. Hulliger works 80 hours a week and an apprentice 56 more to turn out two 240-pound wheels of cheese every day.

But the long hours don't bother Hulliger, who takes great personal pride in his product.

"Our quality control standard is 1,800 holes to the wheel," he says. "This results in the highest quality Emmenthal Swiss. Bigger factories may be more mechanized and produce more cheese, but I can beat them in controlling quality because of my personal involvement in every step of the process."

We understood how Hulliger produces cheeses of top flavor and texture once we followed him through the process. We stepped into a room dominated by two huge copper vats. The comforting aroma of warm milk filled the air.

Every morning Hulliger fills the vats with cow's milk from the evening before and that morning. He heats the milk to 90 degrees F.—a perfect environment for the "starter," a combination of three strains of helpful bacteria. These are the workhorses of cheese-making.

Two lactic acid-producing

Continued on following page

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strains make the milk more acidic. The third strain, *Propionibacterium shermanii*, unique to Emmenthal Swiss, goes to work during the curing process to give this cheese its special nutty flavor and large holes.

When the acidity of the milk lowers to about pH 5, rennet is added to coagulate the solids out of the milk. The coagulated solids are cut with a special wire whisk to increase the surface area and release more water from the solids. Together, heat, acid-forming bacteria, rennet, and whisk combine to release 95 percent of the water, called whey. What remains is curd containing milk solids rich in protein, fats, minerals, and vitamins.

While he was talking with us, Hulliger checked one of the vats and discovered that the curd was just the right consistency for the next step. His friendly manner suddenly shifted into high-geared activity. Quickly he attached a cheesecloth to a circular frame and slipped it into the curds and whey in the vat. Then, using a winch, he lifted the curds out of the vat with the cheesecloth.

The curds were drained briefly, then placed in a mold. Hulliger pressed the curds into the form firmly by hand, jumping up on the table beside the mold to give the full force of his body to the pressing action. Finally, Hulliger used a mechanical press to form the shape of the wheel, turning the cheese to get uniformity throughout.

The whole process took only about two hours. But it was only the beginning. Now, the cheese would be lavished with first hourly, then daily, and later, weekly attention. After one hour Hulliger turns the cheese, repeating the turning every six hours for the first day. He is well-muscled from wrestling the big cheeses, which are nearly three feet across and ten inches high at the center.

Hulliger led us down an outside wooden stairway to the curing chamber, the next step in the process.

In the damp and dimly lit room we saw several cheeses floating in a 22 percent brine solution. They stay in the brine two days. Then, removed from the solution, they remain in the curing chamber for an additional five to ten days. Daily they are turned and bathed with a salt solution until a rind develops.

The next step is the 75-degree F. curing room for ripening. Deep wooden shelves hold hundreds of the big wheels. Here, where the cheese is turned every two days, bacteria slowly digest the protein, break down the fats and lactose, and change the wheel from curd to cheese. In the process, propionic acid and carbon dioxide are produced to make the flavor and the characteristic large eyes of real Swiss cheese.

The final aging of Swiss cheese takes place in a humidity-controlled 52-degree F. atmosphere. The longer the cheeses remain here, the firmer and drier the texture. Since Swiss is aged four to eight months, it qualifies as a firm-textured cheese.

Swiss Emmenthal qualifies, too, for other enjoyments beyond its choice for fondues. For appetizers, desserts, and between meals it complements all the fine white wines—the dry, semisweet, and fruity—you'll encounter in Europe.

Check out the cheeses of Europe on your own. You might reach our conclusion: When it comes to cheeses, the Swiss "eyes" have it.

WHERE IN THE WORLD?

(Answers from page 110)

1 Photographed against a background of Hong Kong Harbor and the mountains of Mainland China, Hong Kong is a British crown colony with a booming economy. Skyscrapers contrast sharply with thousands of junks cruising the shoreline.

2 Madrid, the highest capital city of Europe, lies near the center of the Iberian peninsula. Among Madrid churches deserving mention are San Francisco el Grande (eighteenth century), Capilla del Obispo (Gothic), and Montserrat (baroque).

3 Communist soldiers goosestep their way down an East Berlin boulevard. Beset with a multitude of economic and political woes since World War II, East Berlin provides an oppressive counterpoint to its prosperous neighbor to the West.

4 The beautiful Nile River, with the city of Cairo and the ancient Egyptian pyramids in the background, is viewed and photographed from the Cairo Tower just before sunset. The largest city in Africa, Cairo has some 400 historical monuments.

Babe Ruth

continued from page 104

voice. "He was leading a company in the Hurtgen Forest in the last war," I said. "Some Nazi threw a potato masher. He covered it with his body to keep his men from being clobbered."

Saint Bambino chewed his wad for a considerable time before he nodded and said, "That's bad."

I nodded toward Jimmy, Jr., asleep next to him. "That's his kid there."

The Saint looked down at him. I never would have thought such tenderness could spread over that ugly mush. For the first time I noticed a faint glow that seemed to surround or come from the wide-brimmed camel's-hair cap on the big head.

"Is it now?" he said. "What would be his trouble? What made you send for me?"

I had to swallow again hard before I spoke. "Saint," I said, "he don't care about baseball."

The Babe chewed and let another stream out the window. When he spoke again, it was to say, "That's real bad. How did that happen?"

"After his father was killed, his mother never remarried," I explained. "Women don't understand about baseball like men. The kid's father was the greatest Yankee fan in the world, but Jimmy, Jr., grew up without a man around the house. All he wants to do is look at television shows and read space comics."

"That's terrible," Saint Bambino said. "Comics is O.K. if a game is rained out and you got nuthin' else to do."

"A year or so ago, his mother smarted up to what was going on," I continued. "The boy was pale and didn't eat good. He should'a been out with the other kids, running the bases, beltin' that apple, and have his head full of something worthwhile instead of them bum television jokes. I was back in Detroit, where I had a string of garages. When the good wife, Ellen, died six months ago, I sold out and retired. Janet—that's Jimmy, Jr.'s, mother—telephoned me to come here and live with them and work on the boy. But it's too late. He just don't care."

So we sat there a minute, looking down at Jimmy, Jr. He was a good-put-together kid, with his mother's mouth and his father's fighting chin, but he was thin, and his color wasn't right.

Saint Bambino leaned forward a little in his chair and began to talk in a low, deep voice. Only he wasn't talking to me any longer but to the kid.

"Jimmy, Jr., listen to me," he said. "Don't you make no mistake. Baseball's the greatest game in the world, and any man can be proud to have a connection with it, no matter what, even if it's only sitting in the grandstand and keeping a box score and yelling for the home team to git out and get them runs."

I thought Jimmy, Jr., would wake

Continued on following page

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up, but he don't. He just moved a little in his sleep.

"Do you know what baseball can do, Jimmy, Jr.?" the Saint continued. "It can take a nobody out of the gutter, maybe somebody that's seen the inside of a jail or a reform school, and make him a bigger man than the President of the United States. Now you tell me any other game that can do that, and I'll kiss your fist."

The moon was starting to slide past the open window now, and it seemed like the glow coming from the camel's-hair cap on the big dark head was brighter.

"Don't kid yourself, Jimmy, Jr.," the Saint went on. "You gotta be a man to play baseball. It's the toughest game in the world, because you gotta have everything. You gotta have condition, coordination, speed, science, know-how, hustle, and moxie. Plenty of moxie, son, because if you ever show a yellow streak, the pitchers'll dust you, the base runners'll cut you to ribbons, and the bench jockeys will ride you right out of the league.

"You can't let up for a minute, keed. You got to give it everything you got and use the old bean besides. You let one get by you in April, and maybe you find out it's the error that's cost you the pennant in September. You can't slack off or ease up. When you're in there at bat or running the bases, you got nine guys working against you, and a big brain sitting on the bench as well, figuring how to make a monkey out of you.

"Keed, there never was a game figured out prettier to test a man for speed and guts and the old whip; whether the runner gets to the bag first or the ball beats him. Ninety feet between bases, and guys like Ty Cobb was fast enough to steal home while the pitcher is winding up and letting it go. Sixty feet six inches from the pitcher's mound to home plate, and you got maybe a half a second while the ball is in the air to pick out whether you're going to be a hero or a bum. It takes real men to put together a double play and make it look easy and graceful-like.

"Why do you suppose so many millions of people—grown-up men and women as well as kids, Jimmy, Jr.—love baseball? Why, for so many reasons I could sit here all night long and tell ya. Some of the finest men that ever breathed the air of our country has been in baseball, men everybody can look up to and be proud of because they never give anything but the best they had.

"It's a game, and yet it's like life, keed, and it gets you ready for it. Maybe the score is six to nothing against you in the ninth with two out. Half the crowd is heading for the exits because they figure you ain't got a chance. But you know you ain't dead until there's three out, so you go up there to the plate and take your cut, and next thing you know the pitcher is walking to the showers, the new one ain't warmed up good, and you clobber him. The fans stop walking out, and five minutes later you got the game in the bag. Nobody ever played baseball, keed, or followed them that did, that wasn't the better for it."

His voice dropped even lower, until it was just like a deep, soft, friendly growl, "It's a team game, Jimmy, and it's ours. It come out of the guts of this country. That's why we're so hard to lick when the chips are down, because when we get into a jam, we play it like a team instead of every man for hisself. A soldier or a sailor or an airman will back up his buddy because maybe he's learned somewhere on some sand lot or inside a stadium that a pitcher can throw his heart out, but you gotta spear those liners and pick those drives off the fences and then go out and get him some runs, or it don't do no good. It's like you're a family or a lot of brothers working together. It's the only game you don't have to play to feel the good in it and learn the lessons that are gonna help you sometimes when you're in need."

The Saint paused for a moment, then gently patted Jimmy, Jr., on the shoulder.

"That's all for now, keed," he said. "Think it over. Good luck. I may be seeing you again sometime." I thought that Jimmy, Jr., seemed to smile in his sleep. The Saint turned to me, "O.K., Murph. I guess I won't be needed around here any longer, so I'll be beating it. The kid'll be O.K. If you ever need me again, holler. I'll be keeping an eye on him."

I was all choked up, but I managed to say, "Is there anything I can do for you, Babe—I mean Saint Bambino?"

He thought for a moment, and then got up from the chair. The moon was gone, but from the glow on his cap I could see a kind of sheepish grin on his big mug.

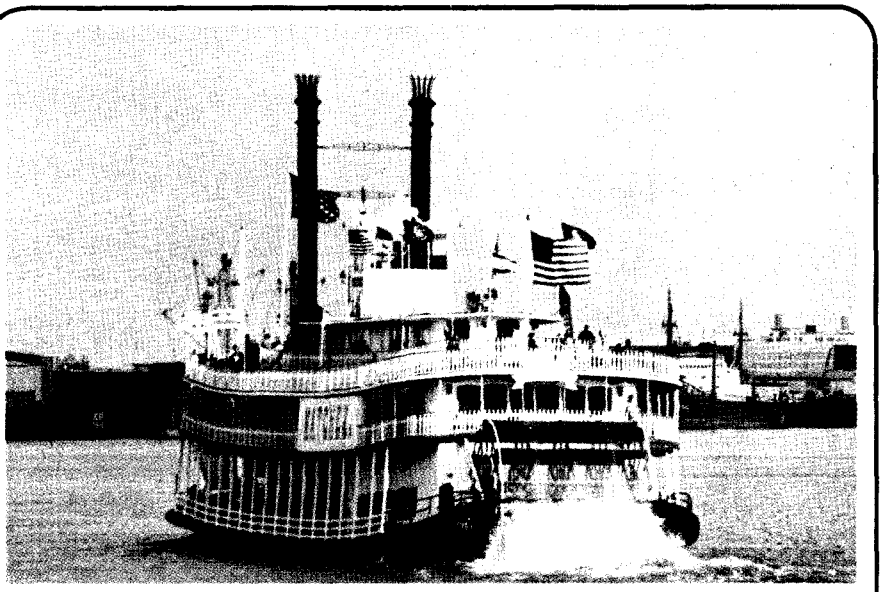
"Yeah," he said, "maybe there is. Things are kind of quiet-like where I am. Just for old time's sake, gimme the old razz. I'd like to hear the old leather lung just once more."

"Which one?" I asked. "I hate to do it to you, Babe."

He grinned again. "The strike-out one. It used to keep me on my toes."

I saw he was on the level, so I let him have it just like I used to, with all the brass and steam I had left.

"Strike out, ya bum!"



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Southern, Eastern, Central

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Louisiana. What a way to get away.

For a moment I thought I could hear the roar of the crowd again, and the sharp click that meant the management was out another baseball.

Jimmy, Jr., woke up with a start, but when he saw me, he quieted right down. "Oh, Granddad!" he said. "Was that you? I was having a dream about Babe Ruth and baseball."

I started to say that the Babe, or rather Saint Bambino, was right there, but when I looked to where he had been, he was gone.

Instead, Jimmy, Jr.'s, mother came hustling into the room in her dressing gown, saying, "Land's sakes! What's happened, Dad, you yelling fit to wake the dead?"

I said, "I was only showing Jimmy, Jr., how I used to holler at the Babe in the old days."

"At this time of morning, when the child ought to be getting some rest! I declare, you men——"

But Jimmy, Jr., just lay there looking up at the ceiling. After a little, he said, "That was a funny dream, but I liked it. Granddad, can I go to the ball game with you tomorrow?"

Yeah, there's one more part to the story, and you don't got to believe that either.

Last week Jimmy's school nine is playing in the crucial game, with Jimmy, Jr., catching and batting in the clean-up position. It's two out in the ninth; Jimmy is up. The bases are loaded and we need those runs. In a couple of seconds, the pitcher, a big, tough kid with a nasty eye, has breezed two strikes past my Jimmy, Jr., and one of 'em is a duster that almost took the P.S.A.L. lettering off his chest. Two and none, and I see the boy is shaken by the duster. We're in a bad hole.

All of a sudden I hear a familiar voice say, "Move over, keed." I look up, and it's the big guy in the tan polo coat and go-to-hell cap. He sits down next to me.

"Babe," I said, "you got here just in time. The kid's in a spot."

The Saint laughs his deep, rumbling laugh. "Take it easy, keed," he says. "Just you watch him."

I look. And there's Jimmy, Jr., standing at the plate, his bat over one shoulder, and with his free hand he's pointing out to the center-field fence just like the Babe did that day in the World Series in Chicago. It rattles the tough kid just enough. He lets the pitch go. *Smack!*

No, it wasn't a homer, but for what was needed, just as good, a triple to deep center that clears the bases.

The Saint laughs again, deeper and more satisfied. "The old trademark," he says, and grins out to where Jimmy, Jr., is roosting on third base. "That's the keed. Didn't get enough of the old back porch into that one. A little more meat on your piazza and it's over the fence. Gotta work on them wrists of yours, too. Ain't quite cocking them enough on the backswing. Well, so long, keed."

I heard that big laugh again as he vanished, and then it was lost in the noise of the crowd cheering for Jimmy, Jr. ☒

Gray Panthers

continued from page 34

older people to play, to recreate, not to do anything too serious. Until we obliterate that attitude, we will find many older people who are disengaged from life. These people need to redirect their goals, not try to-retire from life."

Maggie thinks that old people ought to go back to college or at least participate in the many continuing education programs now going on.

"Education has traditionally been deemed for the young. Work is for the middle years, and leisure for the later years. Life, which is a continuum, has been chopped up into age-segmented pieces. Instead, education, meaningful work, and leisure should all be lifelong experiences."

"Radicals"—sometimes the Panthers are so called. But Maggie Kuhn is not bothered by the term. "We are radical," she says, "in the classical sense. A radical, by definition, is the person who looks to the roots of the problem."

The individuals in contact with Maggie also have to deal with her unsettling probes. "What have you done with your life so far?" is one of her favorite openers when she faces a Gray Panther "consciousness-raising" group. In conjunction with its answer, members are instructed to do a "life line," writing the year of their birth at one end, a purely assumed year of their projected death at the other, and a "present-day status" point in-between. Above the line, they list the high points and traumas of their personal lives: marriage, first job, biggest failure, major illness, etc. Below the line they list the societal events that were happening concurrently: wars, natural disasters, recessions, moral changes, etc. Seeing this analysis reduced to a single page startles most individuals into recognition of the many changes they have witnessed, the many traumas they have survived, both in society and in their personal lives. As Maggie puts it, "It's exciting and invigorating to get a historical perspective on one's own life."

At this point Maggie Kuhn usually asks her favorite final question—unnerving to us all—which sums up her own measure of individual and social worth: "What will you do with the rest of your life?" ☒

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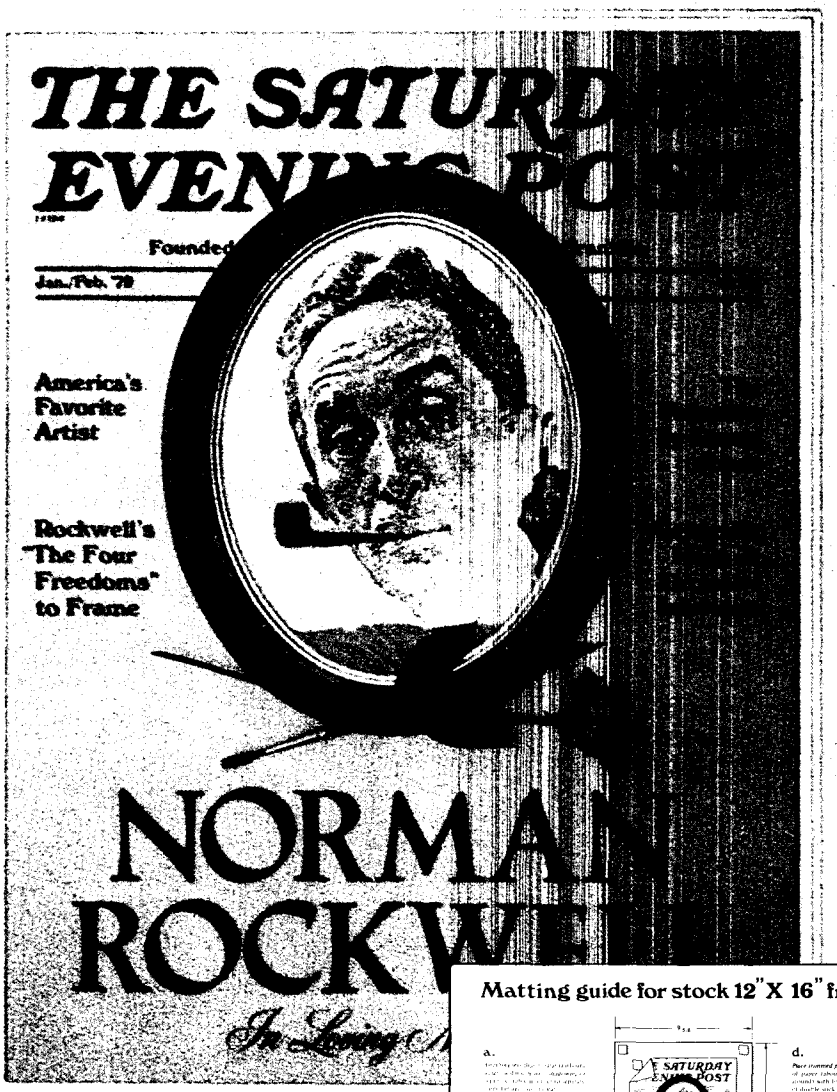

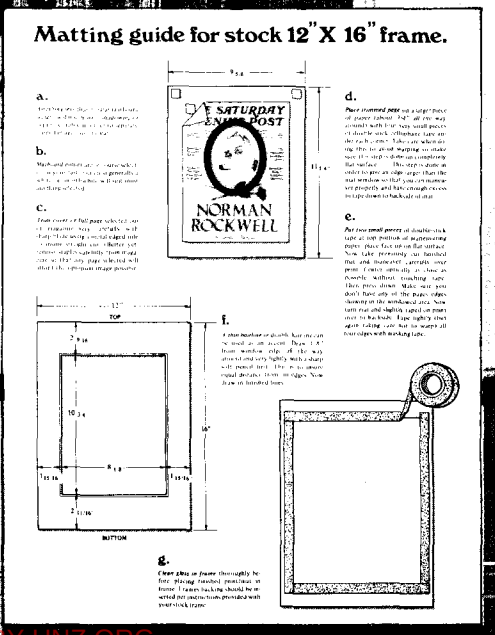

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Autobiography

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the trolley. He goes into the apartment, and I hear him say to my mother, "Well, now, Nancy, how are you?"

She would reply, "Oh, Waring, I've had such a hard day, I'm just worn out."

"Now, Nancy," my father would say, "you lie down on the couch there, and I'll get a cold towel for your head." Then I could hear my mother complaining, interrupted at long intervals by my father speaking in tones of gentle sympathy.

"Your father's a saint!" the neighbors used to tell me. "He's a wonderful, wonderful man." I agreed. Soon after he married my mother, a small, pretty woman, she fell ill. That was the beginning of a long series of illnesses continuing through her whole life—she lived to be 85 years old. The doctors often said there was nothing wrong with her. I think she felt that my father was lowering himself when he married her, the daughter of a wild, impoverished artist. When I was a child she would call me into her bedroom and say, "Norman Perceval, you must always honor and love your mother. She needs you." Somehow that put a barrier between us.

My father was a very handsome man. There was something aristocratic about his fine dark eyes, his neatly trimmed mustache, the way he carried himself. He wore dark, well-tailored suits and never removed his coat in the presence of ladies. He did not drink but was a gentlemanly smoker. Dignified, gentle but distant, aware of Jarvis and me, always treating us as grown-up sons even when we were children—that's how I remember my father. I was never close to him.

He worked all his life for George Wood, Sons and Company, a textile firm, rising from office boy to manager of the New York office. He was intensely loyal to the firm. Every so often he would come home from the office beaming with pleasure, a sure sign that Mr. Wood had been in the office and spoken to him. At dinner Jarvis and I would beg him to tell us what Mr. Wood had said, and he would repeat the conversation verbatim.

My parents were very religious. Jarvis and I weren't allowed to play with our toys or read the funny papers on Sunday. I was a choirboy, first at St. Luke's, and then at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. At the Cathedral we sang four services every Sunday. There were rehearsals three afternoons a week after school and again on Friday evenings. I didn't enjoy it much; it was hard work.

After the Spanish-American War many churches organized miniature army units. All the boys of the congregation were drilled by some church member who had had military training. On holidays we marched in parades, dressed in copies of Spanish-American War uniforms and carrying wooden guns. I was the smallest boy in the St. Luke's Battalion and marched alone in the rear—my father used to call me "the High Private in the Rear Rank." Sometimes I'd be strutting along trying to hold myself ramrod straight, eyes front, and the motorman of the trolley following the parade would bring his car quietly up behind me, then clang the bell and nudge me with the cowcatcher—to the great detriment of my military bearing.

"Your wife's here. Are you in?"

On Sundays, if my mother was too ill to go to church, we would sing hymns in the parlor. On weekday evenings, after Jarvis and I had finished our homework, we sat around the dining room table while my father read Dickens aloud. I drew pictures of the different characters as I imagined them—Mr. Pickwick, Oliver Twist, Uriah Heep. They were crude drawings, but I was impressed and moved by Dickens. I suffered with Little Dorritt in the Marshalsea Prison, had nightmares over Bill Sikes and Fagin, felt ennobled by Sidney Carton: "It is a far, far better thing that I do . . . ." The variety of life in Dickens—its sadness, horror, happiness, treachery, the sharp impressions of dirt, food, inns, horses—shocked and delighted me. *So that*, I thought, *is what the world is really like*.

Two memories of the city overshadow all else, unfairly perhaps. One is of the night President McKinley was shot. I remember the streets were dark except for the yellow pools of light beneath the gas lamps. The newsboys were shouting, "Extra! Extra! Extra! McKinley assassinated! Extra! Extra!" People were gathering under the gas lamps, reading the news and brushing off their faces the moths that swarmed about the light. There was a kind of horror in the streets. Because I did not understand the meaning of the word "assassinate," I thought McKinley had been mortally wounded in some cruel, torturing way. I was only seven at the time. The next day we went to church, where they played "Nearer, My God, to Thee," McKinley's favorite hymn. My father and mother cried.

The other memory is of a vacant lot in the cold, yellow light of late afternoon and a drunken woman in filthy rags beating a man over the head with an umbrella until he fell, then standing over him, kicking and striking him again and again. We kids watched from the edge of the lot until a policeman ran up and grabbed the woman. The man got up slowly and, seeing the policeman struggling with the woman, attacked him, swaying drunkenly and swearing. I forget how it ended. But the memory of that night and of that drunken woman became my image of the city.

Against this image of the city—distorted as it is, I have never been able to rid myself of it entirely—I set the country. Until I was nine or ten years old, my family spent every summer in the country at various farms which took in boarders. The grownups played croquet, or sat in high slat-backed rockers on the front porch. We kids were left to do just about anything we wanted. We helped with the milking, fished, swam, trapped birds, cats, turtles, and snakes, smoked corn silk behind the barn, fell off horses and out of lofts—did everything, in fact, that country boys do, except complain about the drudgery and boredom of farm life.

Those summers, as I look back on

Continued on page 134

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Ambitious Sophomore

continued from page 109

"Only about ten percent of what's under the uniform is Leroy," said Haley, when Leroy was out of hearing.

"It's all Leroy," said Helmholtz. "Wait and see—wait until we swing past the reviewing stand at the Band Festival and Leroy does his stuff."

When Leroy returned to the office, he was marching, knees high. He halted and clicked his heels. His chin was up, his breathing shallow.

"You can take it off, Leroy," said Helmholtz. "If you don't feel up to marching in the Band Festival, just forget it." He reached across his desk and undid a brass button.

Leroy's hand came up quickly to protect the rest of the buttons. "Please," he said, "I think maybe I could march after all."

Leroy buttoned the button again. "Gee," he said, "I walked past the Athletic Office, and Coach Jorgenson came out like he was shot out of a cannon."

"What did the silent Swede have to say?" said Helmholtz.

"He said that only in this band-happy school would they make a piccolo player out of a man built like a locomotive," said Leroy.

Late that afternoon, George M. Helmholtz appeared in the office of Harold Crane, head of the English Department. Helmholtz was carrying a heavy, ornate gold picture frame and looking embarrassed.

"I hardly know how to begin," said Helmholtz. "I—I thought maybe I could sell you a picture frame." He turned the frame this way and that. "It's a nice frame, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," said Crane. "I've admired it often in your office. That is the frame you had around John Philip Sousa, isn't it?"

Helmholtz nodded sadly. "I thought maybe you'd like to frame some John Philip Sousa in your line—Shakespeare, Edgar Rice Burroughs."

"That might be nice," said Crane. "But, frankly, the need hasn't made itself strongly felt."

"It's a $39 frame," said Helmholtz. "I'll let it go for $20."

"Look here," said Crane, "if you're in some sort of jam, I can let you have——"

"No, no, no," said Helmholtz, holding up his hand. Fear crossed his face. "If I started on credit, heaven only knows where it would end."

Crane shook his head. "That's a nice frame, all right, and a real bargain, but, frankly, I'm in no shape to lay out $20 for something like that. I've got to buy a new tire for $23 this afternoon and——"

"What size?" said Helmholtz.

"Size?" said Crane. "Six-seventy, fifteen. Why?"

"I'll sell you one for $20," said Helmholtz. "Never been touched."

"You don't mean your spare, do you?" said Crane.

"Yes," said Helmholtz, "but I'll never need it. I'll be careful where I drive. Please, you've got to buy it. The money isn't for me; it's for the band."

"What else would it be for?" said Crane helplessly. He took out his billfold.

When Helmholtz got back to his office and was restoring John Philip Sousa to the frame, Leroy walked in, whistling.

"You still here, Leroy?" said Helmholtz. "Thought you went home hours ago."

"Can't seem to take the thing off," said Leroy. "I was trying a kind of experiment with it."

"Oh?"

"I'd walk down the hall past a bunch of girls," said Leroy, "whistling the piccolo part of 'The Stars and Stripes Forever.' "

"And?" said Helmholtz.

"Kept step and didn't miss a note," said Leroy.

The city's main street was cleared of traffic for eight blocks, swept, and lined with bunting for the cream of the state's youth, its high school bands. At one end of the line of march was a great square and a reviewing stand. At the other end were the bands, hidden in alleys, waiting for orders to march.

The band that looked best to the judges in the reviewing stand would receive a great trophy donated by the Chamber of Commerce. The trophy was two years old and bore the name of Lincoln High School as winner twice.

In the alleys, 25 bandmasters were preparing secret weapons with which they hoped to prevent Lincoln's winning a third time—special effects with flash powder, flaming batons, pretty cowgirls, and at least one three-inch cannon. But everywhere hung the smog of defeat save over the bright plumage of the ranks of Lincoln High.

Beside those complacent ranks stood Stewart Haley, assistant principal, and, wearing what Haley referred to privately as the uniform of a Bulgarian rear admiral, George M. Helmholtz, director of the band.

Lincoln High shared the alley with bands from three other schools, and the blank walls on either side echoed harshly with the shrieks and growls of bands tuning up.

Helmholtz was lighting pieces of punk with Haley's lighter, blowing on them, and passing them in to every fourth man, who had a straight, cylindrical firework under his sash.

Continued on following page

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"First will come the order, 'Prepare to light!'" said Helmholtz. "Ten seconds later, 'Light!' When your left foot strikes the ground, touch your punk to the end of the fuse. The rest of you, when we hit the reviewing stand, I want you to cut off as though you'd been shot between the eyes. And, Leroy——"

Helmholtz craned his neck to find Leroy. As he did so, he became aware of a rival drum major, seedy and drab by comparison with Lincoln's birds of paradise, who had been listening to everything he said.

"What can I do for you?" said Helmholtz.

"Is this the Doormen's Convention?" said the drum major.

Helmholtz did not smile. "You'd do well to stay with your own organization," he said crisply.

The drum major walked away, chuckling, insolently spinning his baton.

"Now, where's Leroy got to this time?" said Helmholtz. "He presents a disciplinary problem every time he puts on that uniform. A new man."

"You mean Blabbermouth Duggan?" said Haley. He pointed to Leroy's broad back in the midst of another band. Leroy was talking animatedly to a fellow piccoloist, who happened to be a very pretty girl with golden curls tucked under her cap.

"Everything's built around Leroy," said Helmholtz nervously. "If anything went wrong with Leroy, we'd be lucky to place last. . . . Leroy!"

Leroy paid no attention.

Leroy was too engrossed to hear Helmholtz. He was too engrossed to notice that the insolent drum major, who had lately called Helmholtz' band a Doormen's Convention, was now examining his broad back with curiosity.

The drum major prodded one of Leroy's shoulder pads with the rubber tip of his baton. Leroy gave no sign that he felt it. The drum major laid his hand on Leroy's shoulder, and slowly dug his fingers several inches into it. Leroy went on talking.

The drum major, with an audience gathering, began a series of probings with his baton, starting from the outside of Leroy's shoulder and moving in toward the middle, trying to locate the point where padding stopped and Leroy began.

The baton at last found flesh, and Leroy turned in surprise. "What's the idea?" he said.

"Making sure your stuffing's all in place, general," said the drum major genially. "Spring a leak, and we'd all be up to our knees in sawdust."

Leroy reddened. "I don't know what you're talking about," he said.

"Ask your boyfriend to take off his blouse so we can all see his rippling muscles," the drum major said to Leroy's new girl. He challenged Leroy, "Go on; take it off."

"Make me," said Leroy.

"All righty, all righty," said Helmholtz mildly, stepping between the two.

"You think I can't?" said the drum major.

Leroy swallowed and thought for a long time. "I know you can't," he said at last.

The drum major pushed Helmholtz aside and seized Leroy's blouse by its shoulders. Off came the epaulets, then the citation cord, then the sash. Buttons popped off, and Leroy's undershirt showed.

Suddenly, Leroy exploded. He hit the drum major's nose, stripped off his buttons, medals, and braid, hit him in the stomach, and went over to get his baton, with the apparent intention of beating him to death with it.

"Leroy! Stop!" cried Helmholtz in anguish. He wrenched the baton away from Leroy. "Just look at you! Look at your new uniform—wrecked!" Tragically, he touched the rents, the threads of missing buttons, the wrenched padding. He raised his hands in a gesture of surrender. "It's all over. We concede—Lincoln High concedes."

Leroy was wild-eyed, unrepentant. "I don't care!" he said. "I'm glad!"

Helmholtz called over another bandsman and gave him the keys to his car. "There's a spare uniform in the back," he said numbly. "Go get it for Leroy."

The Lincoln High School Ten-Square Band swung smartly along the street, moving toward the bright banners of the reviewing stand. George M. Helmholtz smiled bravely as he marched along the curb beside it, but inwardly he was ill, angry, and full of dread. With one cruel stroke, Fate had transformed his plan for winning the trophy into the most preposterous anticlimax in band history.

He couldn't bear to look at the young man on whom he had staked everything. He could imagine Leroy with appalling clarity, slouching along, slovenly, lost in a misfit uniform, a jumble of neuroses and costly fabrics. Leroy was to play alone when the band passed in review. Leroy, Helmholtz reflected desolately, would be incapable of even recalling his name at that point.

Ahead was the first of a series of chalk marks Helmholtz had made on the curb earlier in the day, marks of carefully measured distances from the reviewing stand.

Helmholtz blew his whistle as he passed the mark, and the band struck up "The Stars and Stripes Forever," full-blooded, throbbing, thrilling. It raised the crowd on its toes and put roses in its cheeks. The judges leaned out of the reviewing stand in happy anticipation of the coming splendor.

Helmholtz passed another mark.

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"Prepare to light!" he shouted. And a moment later, "Light!"

Helmholtz smiled glassily. In five seconds the band would be before the reviewing stand, the music would stop, the fireworks would shoot up American flags hung from parachutes, and in the silence would come Leroy's pathetic, ridiculous tootling before the judges in the reviewing stand.

The music stopped. Fireworks banged and up went the parachutes. The Lincoln High School Ten-Square Band passed in review, lines straight, plumes high, brass flashing.

Helmholtz almost cried as American flags hung in air, and, seeming to hang among them like a shower of diamonds, was the brilliant piccolo solo of Leroy.

The bands were massed before the reviewing stand. George M. Helmholtz stood at parade rest before his band, between the great banner bearing the Lincoln High Black Panther on a scarlet field and Old Glory.

When he was called forward to receive the trophy, he crossed the broad square to the accompaniment of a snare drum and a piccolo. As he returned, staggering slightly with 30 pounds of bronze and walnut, the band played "Lincoln's Foes Shall Wail Tonight," which he had composed.

When the parade was dismissed, Haley hurried from the crowd to shake Helmholtz' hand.

"Shake Leroy's hand," said Helmholtz. "He's the hero." He looked around for Leroy, beaming, and saw that Leroy was with the pretty, blond piccolo player again, more animated than ever. She was responding warmly.

"She doesn't seem to miss the shoulders, does she?" said Helmholtz.

"That's because he doesn't miss them any more," said Haley. "He's a man now, bell-shaped or not."

"He certainly gave his all for Lincoln High," said Helmholtz. "I admire school spirit in a boy."

Haley laughed. "That wasn't school spirit; that was the love song of a full-bodied American male. Don't you know anything about love?"

Helmholtz thought about love as he walked back to his car alone, his arms aching with the weight of the great trophy. If love was blinding, obsessing, demanding, beyond reason, and all the other wild things people said it was, then he had never known it, Helmholtz told himself. He sighed and supposed he was missing something, not knowing romance and passion.

When he got to his car, he found that the left front tire was flat. He remembered that he had no spare. But he felt nothing more than mild inconvenience. He boarded a streetcar, sat down with the trophy on his lap, and smiled. He was hearing music again.

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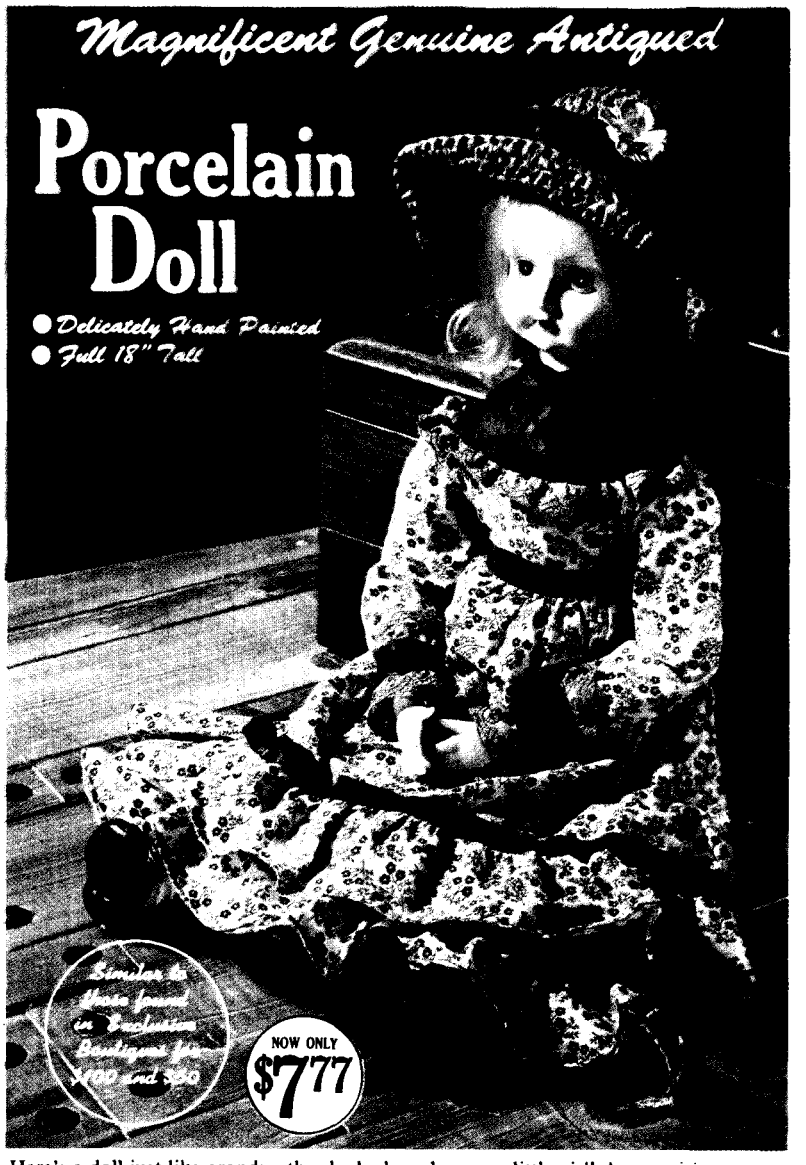

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Autobiography

continued from page 130

them now, more than 50 years later, have become a collection of random impressions outside of time, not connected with a specific place or event, and all together forming an image of sheer bliss. I remember throwing off my shoes and socks to wiggle my bare toes in the cool green grass on our first day in the country, then running off gingerly over gravel road and hay stubble for a swim in the river. I remember the hayrides, all the boarders singing as the horses trotted along the dark country lanes; the excitement of eating lunch with the threshing crew at long board tables; hunting bullfrogs with a scrap of red silk tied to the end of a pole; the turtles and frogs we carried back to the city in the fall, snuffling and crying on the train because summer was over.

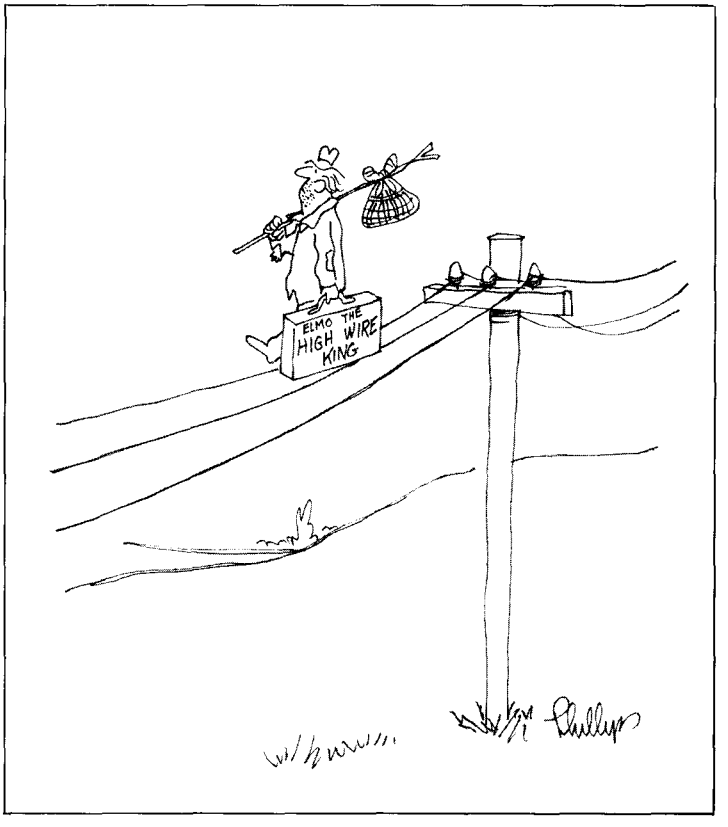
During the summer I lived an idealized version of the life of a farmboy in the late nineteenth century, and my memories of those days had a lot to do with what I painted later on. Every artist has his own way of looking at life, and this view affects the treatment of his subject matter. Coles Phillips and I used to use the same girl as a model. She was attractive, almost beautiful. In his paintings Coles Phillips made her sexy, sophisticated, and wickedly beautiful. When I painted her, she became a nice, sensible girl, wholesome and rather drab.

This view of life I communicate in my pictures excludes the sordid and ugly. I paint life as I would like it to be. Somebody once said that I paint the kind of girls your mother would want you to marry.

In 1951, for the Thanksgiving issue of the *Post*, I painted a cover showing an old woman and a small boy saying grace in a shabby railroad restaurant. The people around them were staring, some surprised, some puzzled, some remembering their own childhood; but all were respectful. If you actually saw such a scene, some of the staring people would have been indifferent, some insulting and rude, and perhaps a few would have been angry. But I didn't see it that way. I just naturally made the people respectful.

Frederic Remington painted the romantic, glamorous aspects of the West—cowboys sitting around a campfire, an attack on a stagecoach. Any old-timer can tell you that life in the wild West was often dull. But Remington, who was born and reared in upstate New York, didn't find drudgery and boredom out West. In the same way I missed the dullness of farm life. I doubt that I would have idealized the country if I had grown up as a farmboy.

Maybe as I grew up and found that the world wasn't the perfectly pleasant place I had thought it to be, I unconsciously decided to compensate. So I painted only the ideal aspects of life—pictures in which there were no drunken slatterns or self-centered mothers, in which, on the contrary, foxy grandpas played baseball with the kids and boys got up circuses in the back yard. If there were problems in this created world of mine, they were humorous problems.



The people in my pictures aren't mentally ill or deformed. The situations they get into are commonplace, everyday situations, not the agonizing crises and tangles of life.

The summers I spent in the country as a child became part of this idealized view of life. Of course, country people fit into my kind of picture better than city people. Their faces are more open and expressive, lacking the coldness of city faces. I guess I had a bad case of the American nostalgia for the clean, simple country life, as opposed to the complicated world of a city.

Then, I have other motives for painting as I do. For one thing, I have always wanted everybody to like my work, so I have painted pictures that I knew everyone would understand and like. I could never be satisfied with the approval of the critics; and, boy, I've certainly had to be satisfied without it. ☒

Work-A-Holics

continued from page 40

every day except Sundays in the executive offices until his "sudden" demise at the age of 90, only this past year.

A Rockwell tribal member to the core.

The dynamics of the arts seem to stir the life juices just as mightily as industrial challenge. Marc Chagall, at 92, recognized as one of the world's greatest painters, whose vibrant canvases pulse with life and color (and sell at five-figure prices) works constantly. "To paint, you have to be possessed," he has said. He seems possessed of the vitality that often accompanies genius. That same vitality animates the remarkable Artur Rubinstein. Now 93, he recently gave a nationally televised keyboard recital at the White House: His fortissimo was the thunder of youth, his pianissimo as delicate as a flower, his smile cherubic. His companion of the muse, 89-year-old Maestro Arthur Fiedler, vigorously wielding his baton for the Boston Pops Orchestra, brushes aside compliments on his obvious fitness. "I wave my arms all the time," he says. "That's very good exercise."

That grand lady, Dr. Margaret Mead, famed American anthropologist, received in 1970 the Senior Citizen Award from the Isabella Geriatric Center, because she personified at that time how people over 65 can continue to lead useful and productive lives. She admitted to the sin of greed—"*Greed for new experiences.*" Wide awake in a sleeping world, she continued her great task of "new directions for the human race" until her death in 1978 at 77 years, concealing until the last of her active days her private knowledge of the cancer which ultimately overcame body, but never spirit.

Sister under the skin to Dr. Mead was the fabulous Grandma Moses. Painting was only an avocation with her until her work was first recognized in 1938—her "career" began when she was 77! After that she became world famous, both for her work and her happy addiction to it. To say that she flourished is an understatement. When she died in 1961, aged 100, she had completed some 237 paint-

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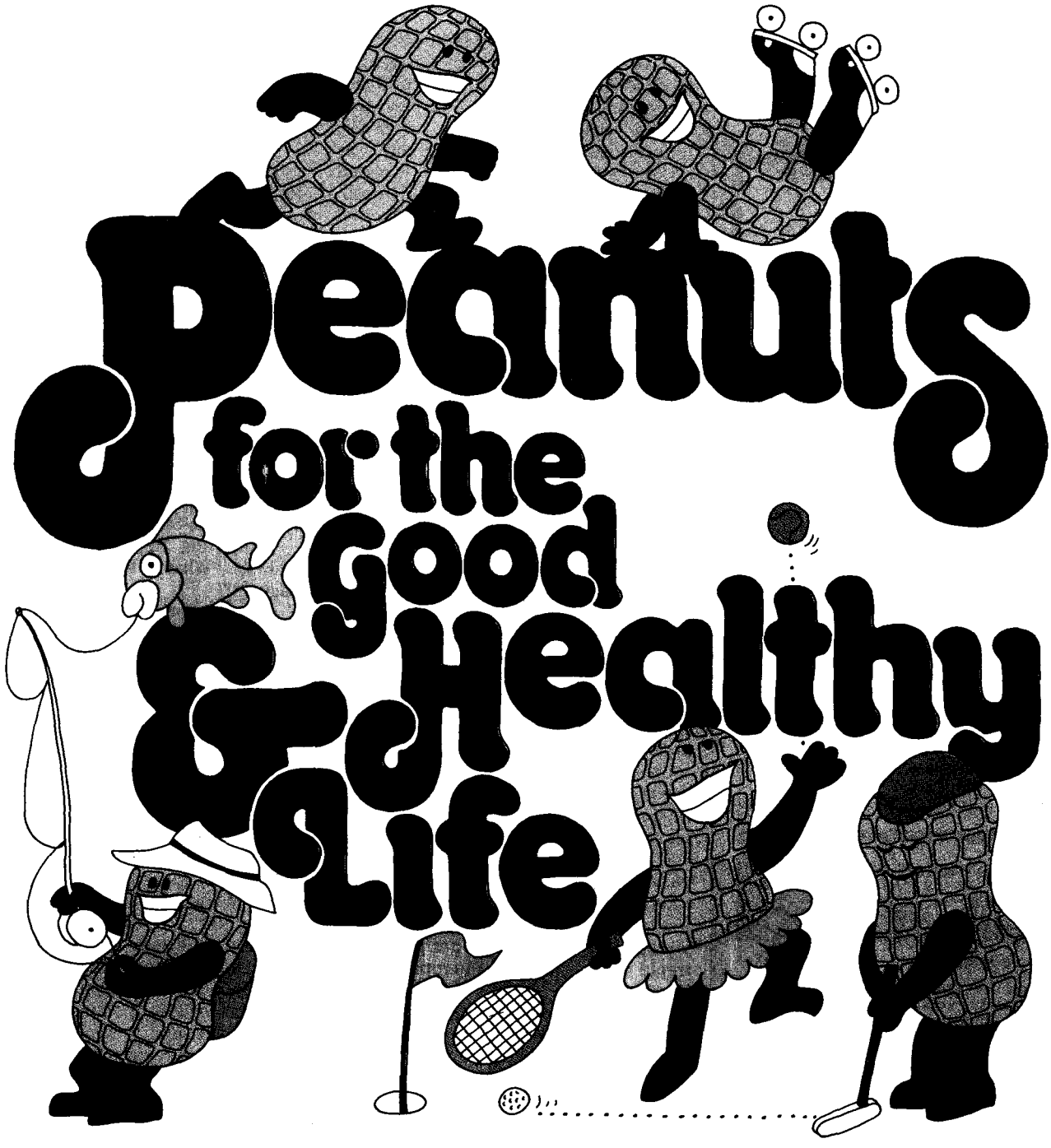

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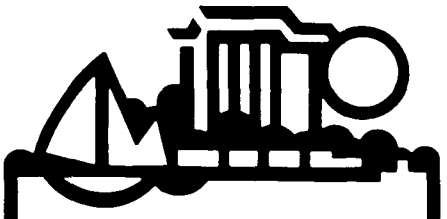

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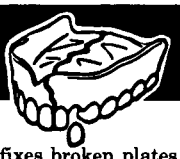

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ings, and sold many for good prices.

Lowell Thomas, who for decades has recounted the wonders of the world and the adventures of its celebrities, is a wonder himself. He lectures, he travels, he broadcasts, he explores, he skis. . .at 85. In 1977, a widower, he married again and enjoyed what he called "probably the longest and most unusual honeymoon in history"—it lasted nine months and spanned 70,000 miles. A pilot in World War I, he enjoyed the couple's return to the U.S. on the faster-than-sound Concorde.

British sculptor Henry Moore seems to be cast in the heroic mold of one of his classic statues. At 81, he is the acknowledged master of monumental sculpture. He's been working since 1928 and survives as a living monument to the creative force and his daily dedication to a demanding art.

The irrepressible Maurice Chevalier, probably the best spokesman France ever had since the Marquis de La-Fayette, sang and danced his way into his 80's and for people all over the world was the image of youthful appeal and high spirits. The gray hair and the wrinkles were inescapable, but the lilting voice and the roguish eyes never lost the charm which had made him the perennial star of the *Folies Bergère* and took Hollywood immediately by storm the minute he turned up to star in those silly musicals about nothing which still seemed to be better for the soul than all the dray-ma on Broadway. There was an unforgettable moment years later when Chevalier arrived in the U.S. on what was to be his last tour. A beautiful young thing, inspired by her role of intrepid reporter, stuck a microphone into his face on a national hookup and breathlessly asked what might be charitably called an inappropriate question. "Mr. Chevalier, having so much life behind you now, how do you feel about life, in, er, old age?" Having said it, she was embarassed and wished she hadn't, but there it was.

Chevalier always admired female beauty, and perhaps that is why he gallantly and tenderly fielded what could have been gaucherie into a beautiful, spontaneous response. With that paternal look he could wear so well in the presence of a young girl (there was still a sexy edge there to keep her slightly on guard, just the same), he flashed the famous broad, devilish Chevalier smile, and said: "Life is *merveilleuse* when you consider the alternatives." There is philosophy enough for a thousand lifetimes.

Another world figure of extraordinary vigor and accomplishment in his later years is Albert Szent-Gyorgyi, M.D., now 86, one of the world's most honored scientists. He won the Nobel

Continued on page 144

Unbreakable Alibi

continued from page 26

Had she moved the body? Or touched it?"

"I think no. No time. She say she touch a hand, and it is cold. She scream for me, and I go up. She act faint, so I put her in a chair and run to telephone."

"Could you see what had killed Mrs. Ingalls?"

"Not then, sir. All covered up. After the police came, I see. It was a stocking of Miss Ingalls."

The Scottie barked at the door to the yard, and Miguel let him in. He dropped what he was carrying and proceeded to rub his whiskers on the floor. But the linoleum did not help him. He came to Brent trustfully and scraped against his trouser leg. Brent leaned over and scratched his ears.

"Anything to oblige a friend!" he said. . . . "What's that he brought in, Miguel?"

"Just a cork. He bury, then he dig up. Is a nuisance, that dog."

He picked up the cork and threw it in the garbage pail. After that he washed his hands and went back to the tray he was preparing.

"How come you're the only help in the house?" Brent inquired. "It's a big one."

"No other servants to be had. I been here a long time. Now I get extra pay, so I stay."

"That makes sense," Brent said casually. "What kind of woman was Mrs. Ingalls? Easy to work for?"

"Not good, not bad." The man gave a faint smile. "You think I kill her, maybe? Why I go to the chair for her?"

It was logical, of course, provided the fellow had not gone berserk in the night. But it was hard to imagine Miguel, in his clean white coat, going berserk at any time. When the Filipino started upstairs with the tray, he followed. As he left, the little dog was digging frantically in the garbage pail.

Brent stood at a window while the girl drank some black coffee. Then he turned. "Let's go back over this, Miss Ingalls," he said. "How about yesterday? What happened before Townsend had the fuss with your mother? How did she seem?"

Joy put down her cup. There was a little color in her face now. "She seemed better," she said. "She came down to tea when my cousin Harry Ingalls brought his new wife to see her. They're on their honeymoon. Ken was here. He saw them."

"And after that your mother and Mr. Townsend had some words?"

"Yes. He didn't like Maud. She's the wife, and—"

Continued on following page

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"Maud," said young Townsend succinctly, "is a cheap Chicago tart. He had no business bringing her here."

"And that led to the fuss?"

"Well, not exactly. He wanted to take me out last night, and she objected. That was really it."

"And I didn't like Harry," said young Townsend. "He's been hanging on her for years. Even lived here for a while. They came here for money yesterday, and they sure as hell got it. When I came in he was putting a check in his wallet."

"It's no good to them, now that Mrs. Ingalls is dead. They couldn't cash it last night."

"No. It's the only satisfaction I've got out of the whole murderous business."

So that canceled Harry and Maud, Brent thought stoically as he got into his car and headed downtown. And it sounded innocuous enough.

Nevertheless, because it was the only lead he had, he decided to visit the honeymoon couple. Joy had said they were staying at the Davis House, and he headed in that direction. He knew it looked like an inside job and that everything pointed to the girl. But he felt more than reluctant to turn her over to the wolves at headquarters. Especially to the commissioner. Everything else aside, it was a bad time to do it. Everyone in the organization knew he was working on his annual report to the mayor, which always left him in a villainous humor.

He did not want to see him himself. He could visualize him behind his big desk, red-faced and scowling, if he appeared there. He would sit glaring at him. "Don't be a fool, Brent. This is your last case and it better be good. The girl did it, and you know it. Or else she let the Townsend fellow into the house and he did it. In either case, she's guilty as hell."

Yes, it would be like that, he thought, steering his way through traffic. And what could he say? That the girl was young and tragic, that she reminded him of the daughter he had lost? That it took a strong hand to strangle so quickly that the body and bed were barely disturbed?

The commissioner wouldn't even listen. He could almost hear his raucous voice: "Get her down here, Brent. If you don't, I'll take the case away from you. I'm no fool about a pretty face."

He would know about the stocking, too. Brent put his hand in his pocket. It was still there, and still damp. It had been a smart move, using that stocking, if the girl was innocent. Maybe it had only been added later, after the woman was dead. He'd have to ask the medical examiner about that.

He drove directly to the Davis House, which proved to be a third-class commercial hotel, with Harry Ingalls and wife registered as on the sixth floor. He went up without being announced and looked for their number. The long hall was shabbily carpeted and empty, except that at the end a trained nurse in uniform was smoking a surreptitious cigarette at a window. Outside the Ingalls door he paused. There was acrimonious talking going on inside the room, but he could not hear what it was that was being discussed.

The voices ceased when he rapped and a woman's sharp voice spoke through the door. "We're not ready yet, porter. I told you half an hour."

He rapped again and the door was flung open. A small, red-headed girl with hard eyes confronted him and stared at him.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

"I'd like to talk to Mr. Ingalls," he said. "I'm afraid I have bad news for him."

"You're telling me!" she retorted. "With a check in my bag that's no good! Come in if you like. He knows about his aunt. This cheap dump supplies radios."

The room was a mess. Half-packed bags lay on the unmade twin beds, and the girl herself looked as though she had merely crawled out of bed, thrown on a negligee, and let it go at that.

Brent looked at Harry Ingalls, a tall, scrawny man with a weak chin, just now covered with lather, as if the news had come while he was shaving. He was pale, and he looked shocked. He did not get up from his chair. And the girl spoke for him.

"He's kinda shot," said the girl. "His own aunt! And that check was to get us out of this hole and home again. I've been to the cashier downstairs, but they know she's dead. They won't cash it."

"Bad news all around, isn't it, Mr. Ingalls?" Brent inquired. "I suppose you were fond of your aunt?"

"Doted on her," said the girl. "Like a mother to him, she was."

"Why don't you let him speak for himself?" Brent inquired mildly.... "All right now, Mr. Ingalls. You saw your aunt yesterday?"

Ingalls moved. He lit a cigarette, but his hands were shaking. "Sorry,"

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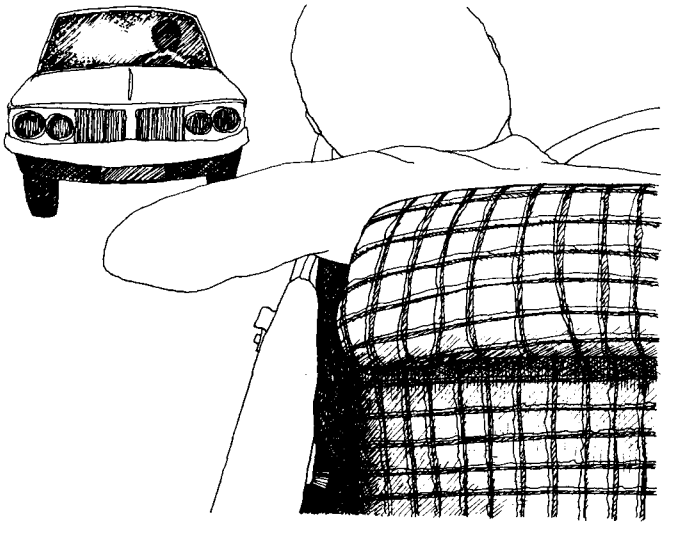

The Perfect Squelch

The record snow that blanketed Washington, D.C., slowed automobile traffic to a crawl. The taxi I was in inched cautiously along, and everything would have been perfectly safe except for a nearby car bearing the insignia of the diplomatic corps. The driver of this machine obviously had never coped with snow and ice before. He constantly fought the wheel and finally hit the brakes too hard as he approached an intersection. His car went into a skid and spun around facing the opposite direction.

As my taxi pulled up alongside, the cab driver couldn't resist remarking, "You're pointing the wrong way, Mac."

The deadpan diplomatic type at the wheel drawled back in a rich British accent, "Perfectly aware of it, old man—decided to have a go at it backwards."

—*A. H. Livingston*

Where Do You Think You Are?

from page 128

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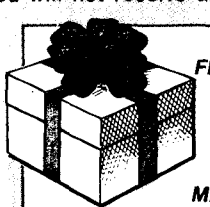

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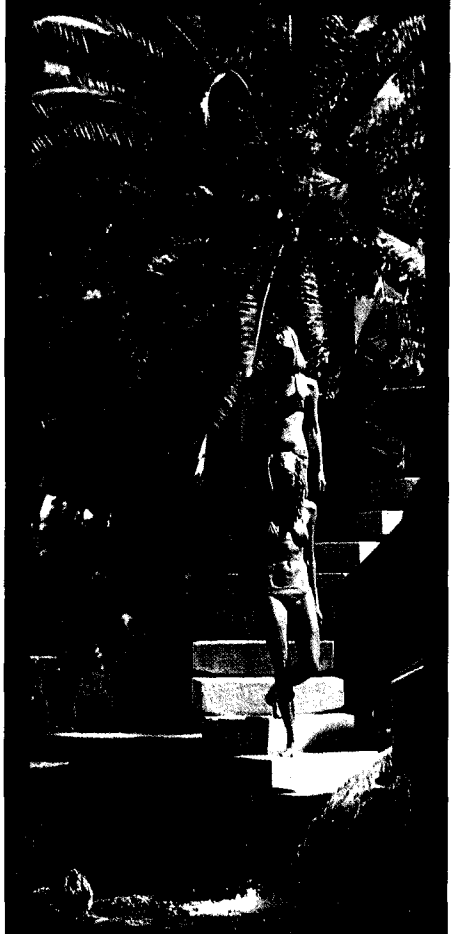

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SEP 6

he said. "I've had a blow. She was all right yesterday. Never saw her better. Who are you anyhow? Should I know you?"

"I'm a police officer," Brent told him. "I'll have to ask you both a few questions. As the last people to see her—"

"Not the last," interposed the redhead. "That stuck-up daughter of hers. She was there last night, too, when it happened, wasn't she?"

"She was, but, as a matter of fact, daughters don't often murder their mothers," Brent said, mildly.

"Oh, don't they? You'd be surprised!"

"Shut up, Maud." Harry Ingalls had pulled himself together. He got up, cleared a chair, and asked Brent to sit down.

"I'll be glad to help you," he said. "I was fond of her. She'd always been good to me. Don't mind if I take a drink, do you? I'm not feeling too good. Maybe you'll have a snort yourself?"

Brent declined, and Harry Ingalls poured himself a substantial whisky out of a half-empty bottle. With the glass in his hand, he gave the inspector a long look.

"As I said, " Brent told him, "this is only a matter of routine. But I'd like to know your movements last night. That's my job, you know."

"Last night?" Ingalls stared at the ceiling. "Well, I had that check in my pocket, so we blew ourselves to a large evening; dinner in the Rose Room at the Belmont and a show afterwards. I expect I've got the ticket stubs somewhere."

"And after that?"

"Home here and to bed. After all, when a man's on his honeymoon—."

He grinned, but Brent eyed him steadily. "Know what time you got in?" he inquired.

"About half past eleven, wasn't it, Maud?"

Maud lit a cigarette before she answered, indifferently. "I ain't got a watch, but it was early. I wanted to go somewhere and dance, but Harry said he was too tired."

"I suppose the night clerk saw you come in?"

"Maybe, maybe not. The way this place is run—. Say, what is this, anyhow? Can't a fellow take his bride out for an evening without being suspected for murder?"

"I didn't say you were suspected of murder," Brent said smoothly. "But just to be sure, I'd better have those ticket stubs."

Harry looked startled. Then he smiled. "Sure," he said. "We were there, all right. . . . Look in my dinner coat, honey."

Maud found the stubs and brought them—after she poured herself a drink. Brent put the stubs in his wallet.

"If you're after an alibi," Maud said, "we were here all night. And we can prove it. Just ask the night nurse next door. When I took in our breakfast, she was just going off duty."

Brent eyed the room again. Both beds had been slept in. There was nothing to disprove their story, and he felt fairly sure the night nurse in question would corroborate it. Rather unwillingly he got up.

"I guess that's all, then. But I advise you not to go to the house yet. Miss Ingalls is pretty much upset. And I'll have to ask you to stay in town for a day or two. Sorry to keep you."

"Not too long," Maud said. "Without that money we're busted."

But Brent sensed relief in her voice. He stopped in the doorway, his hand on the knob. "How long have you been here?" he asked.

"Three days, and that's plenty," the girl said sourly. "Now we're stuck in this hole, unless they throw us out."

She slammed the door behind him, but he did not leave immediately. The nurse was no longer in the hall, and after a moment he tapped at the door of the next room. When she opened it, he beckoned her outside. She looked suspicious, but she came.

"Look," she said. "I'm busy. What's it all about?"

"Not you, sister," he told her. "I just want the name and address of the night nurse on your case. The one who was here last night. Do you know it?"

"Sure I do. But she'll be asleep. Don't you go waking her."

She gave him the night nurse's address, on the promise to let her get some sleep first, and he went rather unhappily down to the lobby.

Back in his car again, he pondered his next move. So far, the Harry Ingallses had accounted for their time shrewdly, unless the night nurse could prove that one or both of them had gone out again after they came home.

Rather reluctantly he turned his car downtown. The nurse could have had only an hour or two of sleep, but murder could not wait. Twenty minutes later he drew up in front of a small, walk-up apartment. He climbed to the fourth floor and, after repeated knocking, was confronted by a sleepy and highly irritated young woman in a negligee over a nightdress. He did not tell her his business. He merely showed her his badge and asked if she had seen anyone from the room next door while she was on duty at the hotel the night before. She was slightly mollified and certainly curious.

"If you mean the redhead, I saw her this morning. What about her?"

Continued on following page

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"That's all you saw? Nobody left or came into the room during the night?"

"Not a soul. And believe you me, I was there. You don't know my patient."

Brent was a modest man. He looked uncomfortable. "But see here," he said. "You must have needed to—well, to powder your nose or something. You were on duty eight hours, weren't you?"

"Sure," she told him. "The day nurse is on from 8:00 in the morning until 4:00 p.m. The family takes over until midnight."

"The family?" he said. "Know where I could locate them?"

"All over town. Uncles, aunts, cousins, sons, and daughters. It's not a family. It's a population."

It looked hopeless. If Harry and Maud came back before twelve o'clock—.

"So you never left your post for eight hours?" he said, avoiding her eyes. But she only laughed at his discomfiture.

"So I did, I'm human. I powder my nose every now and then. But before I leave that door for any purpose I have to ring for a bellboy and put him there. My patient's a nervous case. She won't let me lock her in before I go, and she won't be left with the door unfastened. So I get a bellboy and he gets a dollar. If it's over two dollars a night she raises the roof."

Brent retired, somewhat flushed and certainly discomfited. As far as he could see, the case was going to pieces under his feet. Undoubtedly the bellboy would be off duty for the day. Only the Belmont was left. He expected nothing from it, and he was not disappointed. Evidently Maud had made an impression on the headwaiter, who, in shirt sleeves, was overseeing the preparations for lunch in the main dining room.

"Redhead in a black dress," he said, "and a tall lanky fellow with no chin? Sure I remember them. They had Table 20. Girl was a looker, all right. Man didn't eat much, but drank a lot. First cocktails, then champagne. Carried it pretty well, though."

So that part of the alibi was all right, although the idea of Maud and Harry Ingalls spending their last cent for champagne was curious. Still, some people lived that way.

He looked at his watch. He had had no breakfast. And this was as good a place as any to get it. First, however, he called Joe at the Ingalls house. The sergeant himself answered the phone.

"How's everything?" Brent inquired.

Joe lowered his voice, "Bad for a while. Girl had a hysterical fit. She's over it now. All right to let her put on some clothes?"

"So long as she keeps out of that room."

"I got both doors locked," Joe said laconically.

"Anybody try to get in?"

"Only the dog. He's scratched at the door once or twice. The Filipino's kind of hanging around, keeping an eye on the girl. And the fellow's gone. Townsend. Went about half an hour ago."

"That all?"

"Well," Joe said with obvious reluctance, "the commissioner's been on the phone. He didn't sound too good. I told him I'd have you call him soon as I heard from you."

"Then you haven't heard from me," Brent said, and hung up.

He went down to the grill and ordered a substantial breakfast. He never had worked well on an empty stomach, and he needed food before he called the commissioner. So far, he had got exactly nowhere. He was hot, too, and his feet were still bothering him.

"Hello," said a voice. "Thought you were counting eggs somewhere in the country."

It was Carver, the hotel detective. Brent glanced up at him.

"That's next week," he said dryly. "Still stooging for divorce cases?"

These courtesies exchanged, Carver grinned and sat down.

"Understand you're on the Ingalls murder," he said. "What was it? Robbery?"

"Nothing taken. Might have been scared off, of course."

The waiter brought Brent's breakfast at that moment, and Carver glanced at it and grinned.

"Ham and eggs and rolls," he said. "Funny. What would you say about a man who ordered that same breakfast up in his room and then hid it in the tank of the toilet in his bathroom? Sounds crazy, doesn't it?"

"Probably is crazy," Brent said indifferently. "Still here? Better keep an eye on him if he is."

"Gone. Checked out right after. Left 50 cents on the tray for the waiter, too. Can you beat it?"

Brent, however, was not interested. He ate hastily, knowing he would have to call headquarters when he finished. Carver talked on, but he hardly heard him. It was almost twelve when he looked at his watch, paid his check, and got up.

"Better follow that fellow up," he said. "He might be dangerous."

He left Carver there and went up to a telephone booth. As he had expected, the commissioner's voice was a blast in his ear.

"Where the devil have you been?" he roared. "This place is lousy with reporters! What do you mean, hiding out when all hell's breaking loose around here?"

"I've been working. After all, I haven't had much time."

"You've had time to call me. Now see here, Brent; I want that girl down here for questioning, and I want her soon. I want the man, too. Townsend. He's in it up to his neck."

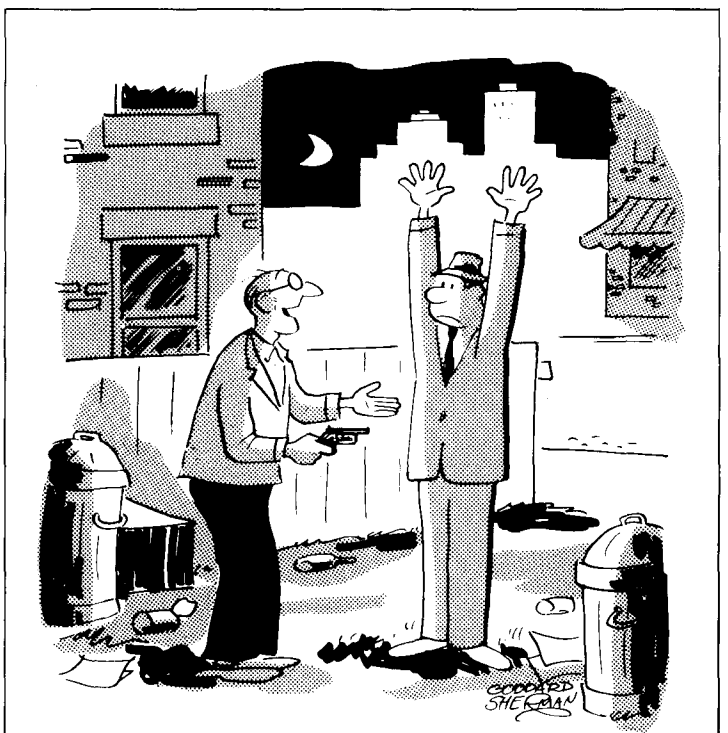
"It may take a little time," Brent said, thinking fast and ignoring what Joe had told him. "She'll have to get some clothes on. And she's in poor shape, too. Give me a couple of hours."

"Make it an hour if you can," said the commissioner, and banged down the receiver.

Brent hung up slowly. There was an implied threat in what had been said. Do it and do it fast, or else, was what it meant.

He thought of the future, of his pension cut, of Emma's chickens, his own plan for a kennel. He even had a plan for one in his desk.

(To Be Concluded)



"Yes, I get Social Security. And I used this month's check to buy this gun."

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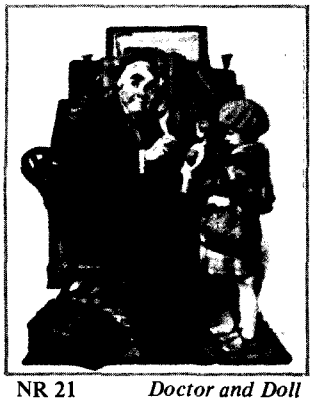

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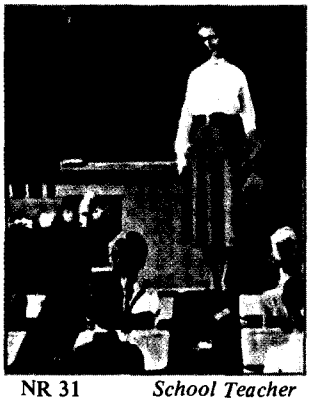

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Work-A-Holics

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prize in 1937 for the discovery of ascorbic acid, Vitamin C, and for his studies on cellular respiration. In 1954 he received the Albert Lasker Award, and his most recent research has been on the deadly mystery of cancer. The doctor credits his healthy old age to a love of his work, research, and the fight against cancer, which gives him a strong opponent. It has made him, he says, "a happy man." He has ensured that bliss by recently marrying a young lady in her 20's.

That giant of our time, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, personifies the invigorating powers of accomplishment dedicated to others. We think of him as a Christ-like figure, a missionary doctor in Africa fighting leprosy, sleeping sickness, and a host of other tropical diseases on their own grounds. We know the rigors of his life in the equatorial jungle, and his struggle to build a hospital almost single-handed. But to finance this, he also had to give organ recitals (his skills at the console were internationally recognized), lecture and preach throughout Europe, and simultaneously manage to write the definitive work on the music of Bach. His many-sided genius was driven by an astonishing capacity for arduous physical and mental labor, but underlying it all was an artist striving with humility to be a true disciple of Christ.

By the time of his death at the age of 90 in 1965, he had succeeded perhaps more than he was aware. He personified the saintliness to be found in human endeavor.

Not all heroes of a productive longevity are as celebrated as the foregoing.

We wish we could give you an endless list of the heroes and heroines of noteworthy courage and pure pizazz in their later years, but among the hundreds reviewed for this article, some few are too irresistibly appealing to pass by. Let us consider, with a bow of respect and a smile of genuine admiration, the following:

- 74-year-old Eric DeReynier, who somewhat resembles Lloyd Bridges, is a hang glider enthusiast on the dangerous and taxing cliffs south of San Francisco.
- Princess Alice of Great Britain, Queen Victoria's only surviving grandchild, is 95 and has the record for carrying out more than 20,000 public engagements.
- Inventor Dr. Robert D. Reed of Tulsa, Oklahoma, 73, would "rather perish than retire." He is holder or coholder of 345 U.S. and other patents. "Invention is the product of an active mind and unquenchable optimism," he says.
- Arthur Loeb Mayer, of Metro-Goldwyn-You-Know-Who, is 92 and spends nine months of the year on the teaching circuit with his 88-year-old wife, visiting the University of Southern California, Stanford, and Dartmouth, among others. After 70 years, he has something important to say about the history, art, and economics of the motion picture industry.
- Last year Robert Penn Warren, at 73, published another two books.
- Laura Benét, 94, has just published a memoir entitled *When William Rose, Stephen Vincent & I Were Young.* She is the author of nine biographies and six books of poetry. "My poetry comes slowly. It trickles like a spring."
- And, of course, we would not want to overlook Pearl Taylor. She is taking law-for-laymen courses at Long Beach City College in California, and at 90 years she is the oldest coed. But she is a charmer. She was recently crowned queen of the Mardi Gras at the college. She's going to continue with her classes but says, "I'm perfectly willing to give up my crown and give the younger girls a chance."

The whole situation has been summed up by France's magnificent old "Tiger" of World War I fame, Premier Georges Clemenceau. His formula for how to stay young at 80: "Go to work at five in the morning. Go to bed at eight at night. Cut trees."

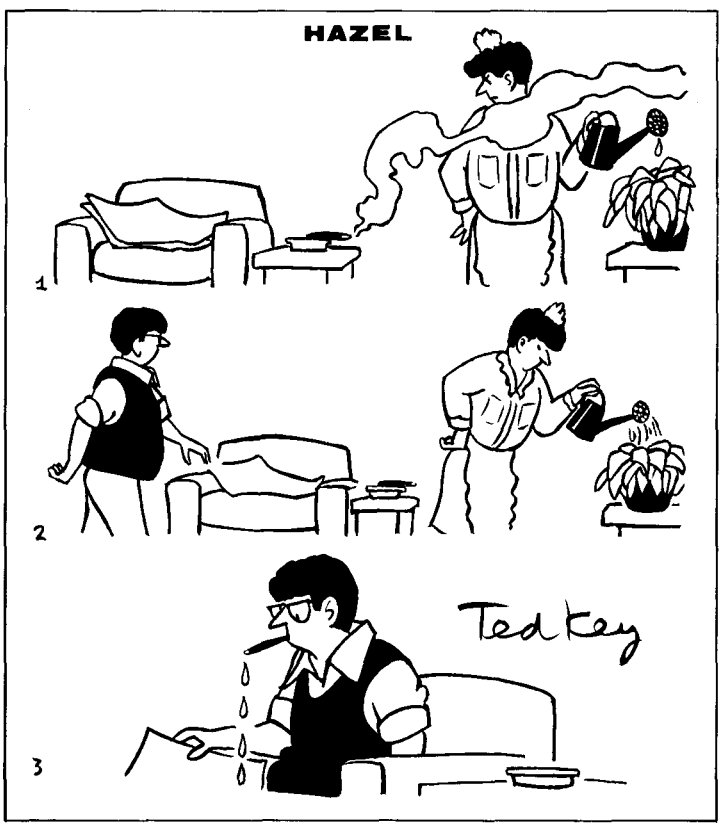
What can we learn from all of these endearing, fascinating, and frequently inspiring data?

Some helpful hints, otherwise known as you-better-believe-it facts.

Among the small army of candidates for mention in this article, we reviewed photographs of hundreds of persons who had achieved 80 and 90 years of life, and sometimes more. There was not an obese person among them, which calls to mind the instructive and crisp summation once laid upon me by a philosopher/physician: *"There are old men and there are fat men, but there are no old, fat men."*

On the spiritual and mental side, there are equally meaningful, if not so blunt, truths. You won't find many neurotics living to be 100. Why? It could well be that no one is apt to be neurotic while he is thinking about doing something for somebody else. All these valuable human beings we have met along the way in this visitation reached the splendor of their years while concerned not with themselves but with their fellow beings. Say it how you will: In terms of pure longevity, the more you give, the more you are apt to receive. ☒

Editor's Note: We are pleased to acknowledge the help of The American Association of Retired Persons in discovering some of our work-a-holics. They are in actuality a political force. But their focus is on fulfillment. In them, the vital fires burn brightly, and life's meaning is upheld.



Iran

continued from page 7

ing. The house I'm staying in is sandwiched between two resorts, 2 kilometers and 12 kilometers away, so I'll have my pick.

Later, I hope to take a train up to Russia and do some skiing there. Then, an extended trip home via Asia. I was thinking in terms of Afghanistan, Pakistan, India, Nepal, Ceylon, Burma, Thailand, Hong Kong, Taiwan, Truk Island (where all the Japanese ships were sunk in 150 feet of water—for scuba), Hawaii, and the U.S.

Iran is an exciting place. For better or worse, it is undergoing social change very quickly. The big question is: Will it all hold together or fly apart? ☒

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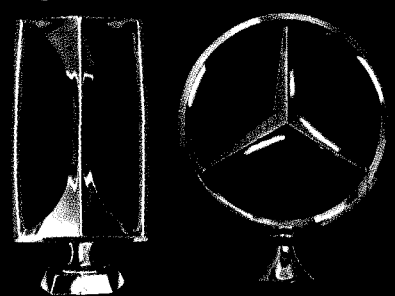
1979 GRANADA
an American Classic

Hood ornaments are one easy way to tell Granada from Mercedes at a glance...



GRANADA MERCEDES

If you sometimes confuse Granada with Mercedes, just check the hood ornaments. Two symbols of two classics.

Compare Granada's elegant style and clean, functional lines with far more expensive cars, like Mercedes.

Its ride is largely due to Granada's independent front suspension, with stabilizer bar, and Hotchkiss-drive rear suspension.

Generous amounts of insulation help absorb noise and road vibration.

Granada surrounds you in luxury with your choice of rich cloth fabrics, supple vinyls and color-keyed carpetings.

Before you pay a high price for luxury, pay a visit to your Ford Dealer. Examine the new Granada, an American classic. And if it still reminds you of that German classic, remember to compare hood ornaments.

Another way is to look at Granada's sticker price.

FORD GRANADA

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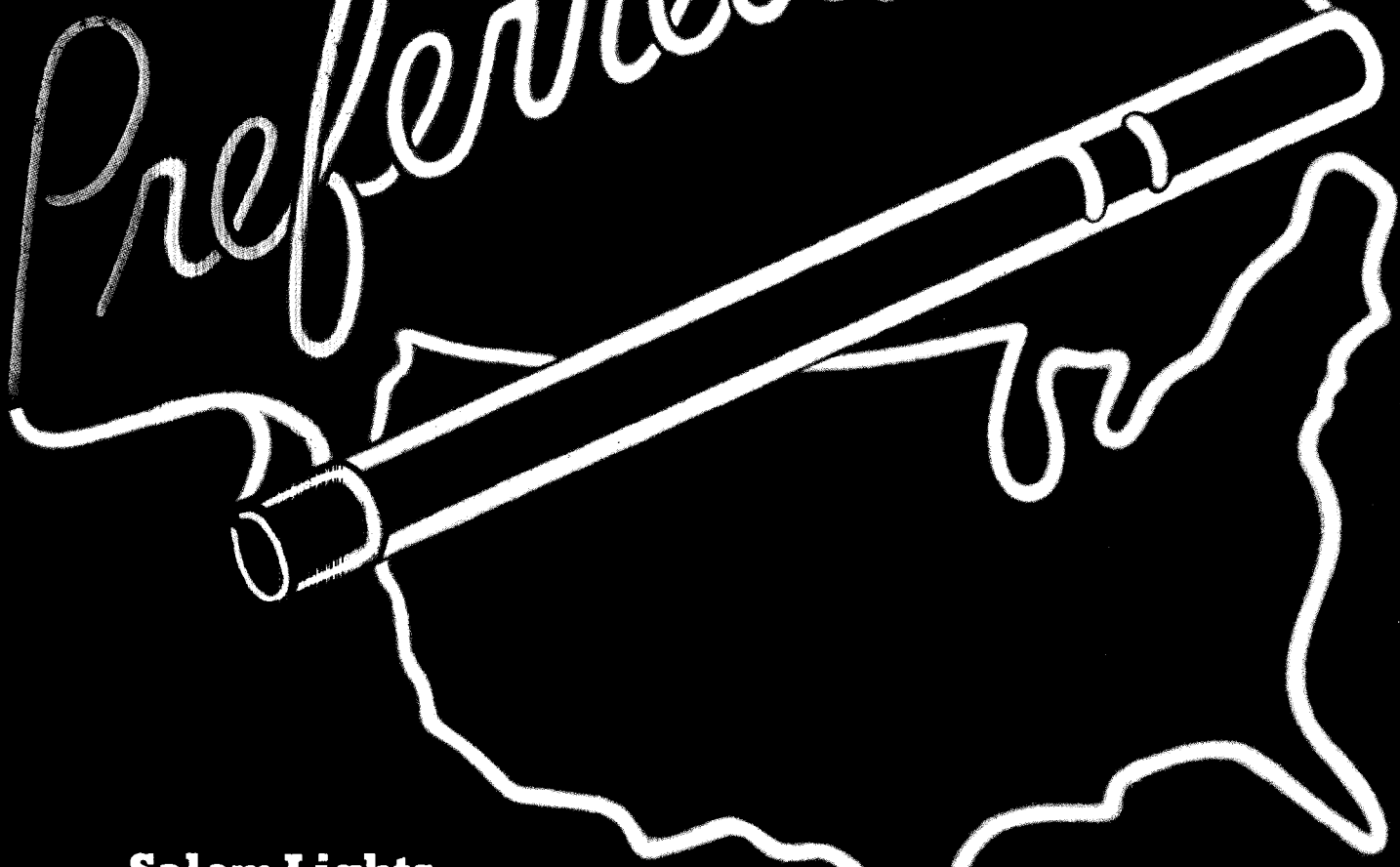
The Preferred Taste



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